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THE

# FREE SPEAKER:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

PIECES FOR DECLAMATION

ORIGINAL AS WELL AS SELECTED,

INTENDED AS A

COMPANION TO "THE HUNDRED DIALOGUES."

BY

WILLIAM BENTLEY FOWLE.

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<sup>c</sup>BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE title of this volume furnishes the best reason for its publication. The School Speakers hitherto published have been, to a great extent, reprints of old pieces ; but this professes to contain such pieces only as are not known to have been published in any text-book for schools.

Besides its NOVELTY, another peculiar feature is its FREEDOM. Wherever a suitable specimen of eloquence has been found, it has been used, and, as there has been little eloquence of late years, except in connection with the great humane or reformatory questions of the age, the proportion of this class of pieces is not small.

The difficulty experienced by the Author in carrying out his plan of inserting only *new* pieces, compelled him, as in the case of his HUNDRED DIALOGUES, to resort, very reluctantly, to his own pen, and he can only hope that this necessity will not only excuse the apparent presumption, but, in some measure, avert severe criticism.

Of the *selected* pieces, a few were already adapted to public speaking, but most of them needed some alteration ; so that, besides heartfelt thanks to the gifted ones, whose labor he has appropriated, the Author owes an apology to several for the liberties taken in the necessary adaptation of the pieces to the purpose of the volume.

No system of elocution encumbers the book, for the reason, mainly, that it would be an encumbrance, however well executed ; for children would not use it, and teachers should have something more complete. Every piece needs special instruction, and this the teacher only can furnish. Then, if he will make the pupil understand the piece, and encourage him to deliver it naturally, success will be almost certain.

The Author is sure that the young will thank him for this attempt to meet their call for "something new," and to them and their teachers the fate of this publication is respectfully committed.

Boston, *July*, 1859.

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# FOWLE'S SPEAKER.

## TRUE ELOQUENCE.

Extracted from WEBSTER'S Address on the Completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1842.

*Eulogy on Adams & Jay*

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, with spontaneous, original, native force.

*Funeral  
Hall  
Book  
1826*

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of rhetoric, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain; all, all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, in the presence of higher qualities; then nature is eloquent; then patriotism is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic; — the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming in the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man

onward, right onward to his object, — this, this is eloquence, or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

But it is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow. The real speaker stands motionless before us. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. To-day, it speaks to *us*. Its future auditories will be the successive generations of men, as they rise up before it and gather around it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind, and of the immortal memory of those, who, with heroic devotion, sacrificed their lives for their country, and for the world. If the true spark of civil and religious liberty be here kindled, it will burn. Human agency can not extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

---

### POPULAR ELOQUENCE.

Extracted from an Address before the Alumni of Harvard College, July 22, 1862, by ROBERT C. WINTEROP.

GREAT results, I know, are to be produced, and great results are often, in fact, produced, in these days, as in days of yore, by the influence of the spoken word, upon the many or the few who hear it; and much greater results might be produced in this way, if the voice, the manner, the emphasis, the gesture, the whole art of oratory were

more carefully studied and cultivated ; but I deem it no disparagement to any one, among the living or the dead, to express the opinion, that, for immediate power over a deliberative or a popular audience, no man in our republic has ever surpassed the great statesman of the West,\* over whom the grave is just closing. Owing nothing to the schools, nothing to art or education, he has furnished a noble illustration of what may be accomplished by the fire of real genius, by the force of an indomitable will, by the energy of a constant and courageous soul, uttering itself through the medium of a voice, whose trumpet tones will be among the cherished memories, of all who ever heard it.

Where can be found a more striking and impressive example of the pervading and almost miraculous power of the spoken word at the present day, than that which has been witnessed in our own land during the last few months ? A wandering exile from the banks of the Danube, fresh from a long and cruel imprisonment, comes to thank our government, and our people, for the sympathy and succor to which, in part, he had owed his liberation. A Shakspeare and a Johnson's Dictionary, carefully studied in prison, suffice to furnish him with a better stock of English than is possessed by the great majority of those to whom it is native, and he comes to pour forth in our own tongue the bitter sorrows and the stern resolves, which had been so long pent up in his own aching breast. He comes to pray a great and powerful people to aid and avenge his down-trodden country. He lands upon our shores. He puts forth his plea. He speaks, and, within one week from his first uttered word, the whole mind, and heart, and soul of this vast nation is impressed and agitated. Domestic interests are forgotten ; domestic strifes are hushed, and questions of local ambition postponed. A new mission is seriously opened to our country, and even the great principle of non-interference in European affairs called in question, though sanctioned by the words and example of Washington.

For a moment, the ship of state seems reeling before the blast, and trembling, as for a fatal plunge, upon the verge of an unfathomed and unfathomable vortex, involv-

\* Henry Clay, of Kentucky.

ing and implicating the New World in the falling ruins and floating wrecks of the Old, in the more than doubtful experiment of setting up republics in Europe for emperors or would-be emperors to overthrow. Kossuth will be remembered by many of us, as he has been received by us all, with the kindness, the respect, and even the admiration, which a man of real genius, of marvellous eloquence, of unsubdued energy, hoping against hope, refusing to despair under circumstances of desperation, and struggling against fate in a holy cause, can never fail to inspire. But the great moral of his visit, the great lesson which he has left behind him, and one never to be forgotten, is that of the power of a single individual, of one earnest and heroic man, in a foreign language, by the simple enginery of the tongue, to shake the solid mind of a whole nation, to agitate the mighty heart of a vast continent, and even to affect and modify the public opinion and the public affairs of the world.

---

### PLYMOUTH ROCK.

WILLIAM B. FOWLE.

Who hath not heard of Plymouth Rock ?  
Who hath not seen the thousands flock  
To pour their vows out on the shore  
Touched by the Puritans of yore ?  
And what the charm ? Has exiled band  
Ne'er touched before a foreign strand ?  
Have want, oppression and distress  
Sent none before to the wilderness ?  
Have waves engulfed, or tempests driven  
No other frail bark from its haven ?  
Why is the Mayflower's landing held  
A mighty fact unparalleled ?  
Poor human vision saw not then  
That those few, free, God-guided men  
Were planting in this distant field  
A seed, predestined once to yield  
A tree, that, in far distant years,  
Nurtured by prayers, and blood, and tears,

Should tower to heaven, and bid the oppressed  
Beneath its branches safely rest ;  
A tree, whose balsam, flowing free,  
The healing of the lands should be ;  
The tower of refuge evermore  
For truth, and liberty, and law.

God help the tree ! may no rude brute  
E'er lay the axe unto its root ;  
May no corruption e'er reduce  
To poison its balsamic juice ;  
May it be evergreen, and send  
Offshoots to earth's remotest end ;  
And may the sacrilegious arm,  
That seeks the noble tree to harm,  
Fall blasted from its shoulder-blade ;  
For, when the Pilgrim tree shall fade,  
The sun of Freedom, glorious light,  
Will set in baleful, hopeless night.

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### THE OLD CHURCH.\*

Anonymous. Altered.

A TRAIN passed through the old church door,  
And stood within its nave ;  
The morning sun upon the floor  
Its light through shadows gave.  
A mother brought her babe, new-born,  
For the holy man to bless ;  
To give it, in its young, fresh morn,  
God's hallowed, high impress.  
The babe looked up in the good priest's face,  
And smiled as it took the sign of grace.  
The train passed out through the arch of stone,  
And the old gray church was left alone.

The mid-day sun beams on a crowd,  
That throng this holy spot ;  
With merry shouts and laughter loud,  
Their cares are all forgot.



A trusting maid and loving youth  
 Kneel at that good man's feet ;  
 And, after him, their vows of truth,  
 Of faith, of love, repeat.  
 The lovers look in each other's eyes, —  
 Will they live a life of smiles or sighs ?  
 The crowd passed out through the arch of stone,  
 And the old gray church was left alone.

At eve, within that old church door,  
 A silent group appears ;  
 The sun is set, their mirth is o'er,  
 And laughter quenched in tears.  
 The coffin, and the gloomy pall,  
 And breaking hearts are there ;  
 The holy man, at sorrow's call,  
 Breathes out the mourner's prayer.  
 Morn, mid-day, eve, complete life's day,  
 Youth, manhood, age, all pass away.  
 The groups pass out through the arch of stone,  
 And the old gray church is left alone.

• —————

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

WILLIAM B. FOWLE.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ! St. Patrick's Day !  
 Of that I have a word to say,  
 But yill not spake one word or two,  
 Till I've described the Saint to you.  
 You know in England he was caught  
 A doing what he did n't ought,  
 And so they cut his head off short,  
 And as this accident might be  
 Quite inconvenyent to him, you see,  
 He swore, without an oath, he'd quit  
 The cursed isle ; but all his wit  
 Could never find a ship or boat,  
 Except the waves, on which to float  
 Across the Irish Sea. The Saint,  
 With loss of blood a little faint,

Prepared to swim, but how the deuce  
 To manage with his head so loose,  
 Not aisy was, for 'neath a limb  
 Superior, it might bother him,  
 And under wathther divil a bit  
 Of the way to Ireland see could it.  
 At last, flat lying, no, lying flat,  
 It is the truth I would be at,  
 He swam across, the legend vow'th,  
 And held his own head in his mouth.  
 The infidels, to a man, allow  
 They could n't do this any how ;  
 But when a Saint like him is dead,  
 'T is jist as aisy to carry his head  
 In his mouth, as his mouth in his head ;  
 So howld your prate, and don't belave  
 A Catholic saint would e'er desave.

Well, when St. Patrick reached the shore,  
 His head in his mouth, as I said before,  
 The snakes, and toads, and other bastes,  
 And varmin, that no Christian tastes,  
 Though they taste Christians, on my word,  
 All left the isle and went abroad,  
 And divil a bit did you ever see  
 Of a snake on the isle, except a flea.

Now when St. Patrick died indade  
 (For he did n't die when he lost his head),  
 His Irish converts met, did they,  
 To celebrate his natal day,  
 That manes the day when first he came  
 To verdant Ireland, yes, that same.  
 But when the blessed advent fell,  
 St. Patrick was not there to tell,  
 And so one party swore that he,  
 March ninth, in the morning, crossed the sea.  
 Whilst others just as stoutly swore  
 He crossed the sea the night before,  
 The blessed eighth. That both were right  
 They settled by a friendly fight ;  
 And when they 'd beaten out their eyes,  
 They fell into a compromise,  
 And so, to fix the glorious day,  
 They split the difference, did they,

For, nine and eight made seventeen,  
And that's St. Patrick's Day, I ween,  
In the Emerald Isle, that lies between  
Itself and England, as you've seen.

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## AFTER THE BATTLE.

Household Words. Altered.

THE drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;  
There's a pause in the valley, a halt on the hill;  
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill,  
Where heaps of the dead bar the way;  
For a great field is reaped, the grave's garners to fill,  
And Death's harvest-home is to-day.

There's a voice in the ranks, like the wind's lowly cry;  
'T is the muster-roll calling, and who shall reply?  
Not those whose wan faces gaze blank on the sky,  
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,  
As they wait that last trump, which they may not defy,  
Whose cold hands the sword clutch so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,  
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,  
As the burial service is chanted aloud,  
The groans of the death-stricken drowning,  
While Victory looks on, like a queen, in a shroud,  
And o'er the grave waits for her crowning.

Far, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe,  
Like a storm-wave retreating, spent, moaning, and slow;  
They are fled, they are gone; but O, not as they came,  
Ere the mists had rolled up to the sky.  
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,  
For the hero must conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced, the death lots are cast,  
And the heroes of battle are slumbering fast,  
Do they dream of the Pale Horse that rode on the blast,  
And that trampled both ranks of the brave?  
O Jesu, how long shall thy kingdom be passed,  
And glory be sought in the grave!

## THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!

Though lips of bards thy brim may press,  
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,

And song and dance thy power confess,  
I will not touch thee; for there clings  
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree

Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,  
And, as from that, there comes from thee  
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."  
I dare not lift thy liquid gem;  
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed

For Paul upon Melita's shore,  
Thou 'st been upon my guests bestowed;  
But thou shalt warm my house no more.  
For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,  
Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!

What though of gold the goblet be,

Embossed with branches of the vine,  
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see  
Such clusters as poured out the wine?  
Among those leaves an adder hangs!  
I fear him, for I've felt his fangs!

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,

And felt the fiery serpent's bite,  
Looked up to that ordained of God,  
And found that life was in the sight.  
So the worm-bitten's fiery veins  
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep, cold wells!

Ye gems from mossy rocks that drip!  
Springs, that from Earth's mysterious cells  
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!  
To you I look; your largess give,  
And I will drink of you, and live.

## THE LITTLE BOY'S BED-TIME.

MISS LONDON, from the French. Altered.

"SLEEP, little Paul! what! crying? hush! The night is  
very dark;  
The wolves are all around us, and the dogs begin to bark;  
The clock has struck your bed-time, and your sweet angel  
weeps,  
When his little Paul, beside the fire, so late a play-time  
keeps."

"I do not like to go to sleep, I'd rather watch the light  
Of the fire upon my new tin-sword, so glittering and  
bright.  
I'll kill the saucy wolves with it, if they come near the  
door."  
And, in his night-gown, naughtily, sat Paul upon the floor.

"May God forgive the wilful boy, that mocks his mother's  
word,"  
She said; the boy looked up at her, but not a step he  
stirred.

"The little birds since set of sun, are sunk in slumber  
deep."

"Well, I am not a bird, mamma, and why should I, too,  
sleep?"

"The sinking moon is peeping in, her farewell look to  
take,  
And, pale and angry, asks, who is this child I see awake?  
See there! into her cloudy bed she'll be retiring soon."

"Well, what of that," said wilful Paul, "I don't sleep  
with the moon."

"The little beggar, now alone, is wandering in the street;  
Poor fellow, he has no mamma, to warm his naked feet;  
He wanders, for he knows not where to rest his weary  
head;  
I'll call him in; how thankfully he'll sleep in your soft  
bed!"

Then little Paul, still holding fast his shining, new, tin-  
sword,  
Took up his clothes, and went to bed without another  
word.  
There is a moral in this tale, let all apply it, too,  
For Paul is but another name, my selfish friend, for you.

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### THE PENSION LIST.

Extract from a supposed Speech in Congress on the bill to grant a pension to the officers and soldiers who served three months or more in the war of 1812-15. — WM. B. FOWLE.

MR. SPEAKER: I do not hesitate to declare my conviction that the whole system on which the bill before us is founded, is at war with all my notions of prudence, economy and justice. Why, sir, what are we called upon to do? to bestow an annual reward upon some hundreds, and perhaps thousands of men, who, years ago, entered into a contract with the existing government of the United States, to do the fighting that might be necessary to compel Great Britain to desist from certain alleged encroachments upon our commerce. Sir, I will not enter into the question of the justice or necessity of that war. You know that the country was divided almost to disunion on the subject. We will grant, for the sake of argument, that the war was both necessary and just; but what has this to do with the question before us, the justice or necessity of bestowing the public money upon those who fought in that war? Were these soldiers, let me ask, conscripts, torn from their families, and compelled to fight the battles of their country against their will? No, sir, no. The records of the War Department show that they were all volunteers. Did they volunteer to repel invaders or to defend their country at their own expense? Did they leave profitable trades, and sacrifice valuable employments, to serve their country? No, sir. The same record shows that they received a bounty in money and land, and were paid what must have been more than they could earn in any other pursuit, or they would not have left their home for the camp, comfort

for inconvenience, safety for peril, and, as is too often the case, morality for licentiousness. It was a fair bargain, sir. The state was to feed, clothe, support, and pay them, and they were to make part of the pageant that was to frighten our enemy, or, if need were, to fight in what is called a war between nations, and a duel between individuals; a doubtful method, at least, of settling moral or political questions, and, in my opinion, the most absurd work in which reasonable beings can engage.

I need not go into an elaborate argument to prove that war is the most fruitful source of every evil that can curse a nation. It is not necessary for me to prove this; for, if it be conceded, as it no doubt will be, that war is destructive of domestic happiness, impeding the progress of civilization, and shocking, revolting in its details, enough is conceded to authorize me to declare, that it is not so superior to all other trades and professions, that the soldier should be supported by the government, after he has ceased to render an equivalent, and, monstrous injustice, that he should be supported by citizens more deserving than himself! (I know we are accustomed to hear much about the patriotism of the soldier; but, sir, I trust the time is not far distant when men will see that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a greater patriot than he who lays waste whole districts, and tramples under foot the blessed gifts of a beneficent Providence.) I hope the hour impends when men will see that the teacher who educates a generation, or the faithful pastor who directs his flock towards heaven and leads the way, is the true patriot, and far more worthy of a pension than he who labors to defeat every work of love and peace, of improvement and humanity. I need not enlarge. My position is, that it is wrong, in the sight of God and man, to reward the soldier who volunteers, and is paid for his services, in what all must allow to be the least useful and the most objectionable of all occupations, and to neglect the servants of God and humanity, who have fainted in their work and become disabled in the service; and to tax the benefactors of their race, the peaceful, industrious, moral and religious citizen, to support those who have done so much to check the progress of peace, civilization, and good will among men.

## THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

New York Tribune.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,  
And less for battle-fields and glory ;  
If, writ in human hearts, a name  
Seemed better than in song and story ;  
If men, instead of nursing pride,  
Would learn to hate it and abhor it ;  
If more relied  
On Love to guide,  
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,  
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal ;  
If Love's work had more willing hands  
To link this world to the supernal ;  
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,  
And on bruised human hearts would pour it ;  
If "yours" and "mine"  
Would once combine,  
The world would be the better for it.

If more would *act* the play of Life,  
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal ;  
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife  
Till Good became more universal ;  
If Custom, gray with ages grown,  
Had fewer blind men to adore it ;  
If talent shone  
In Truth alone,  
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things ;  
Affecting less in all their dealings ;  
If hearts had fewer rusted strings  
To isolate their kindly feelings ;  
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,  
Would strike together and restore it ;  
If Right made Might  
In every fight,  
The world would be the better for it.



## THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

N. P. WILLIS.

\* \* \* \* \* It was night ;  
 And softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,  
 Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,  
 Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.  
 The breaking waves played low upon the beach  
 Their constant music, but the air beside  
 Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,  
 In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,  
 Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,  
 Waked by the power of wisdom. Suddenly,  
 As on his words entrancedly they hung,  
 The crowd divided, and among them stood  
 JAIRUS THE RULER. With his flowing robe  
 Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,  
 And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew  
 The twelve disciples to their Master's side ;  
 And silently the people shrunk away,  
 And left the haughty Ruler in the midst,  
 Alone. A moment longer on the face  
 Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,  
 And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light  
 Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear  
 Steal to his silver beard ; and, drawing nigh  
 Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem  
 Of his coarse mantle, and, with trembling hands,  
 Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,  
 "*Master ! my daughter !*" — \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* The same silvery light,  
 That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,  
 Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,  
 As at the door he stood, and welcomed in  
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still.  
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
 Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,  
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,  
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps  
 He trod the winding stair ; but, as he touched

The latchet, from within a whisper came,  
*"Trouble the Master not, for she is dead!"*  
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,  
 And his steps faltered, and his broken voice  
 Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand  
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear  
 The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,  
*"She is not dead, but sleepeth!"*

They passed in.  
 And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,  
 And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard  
 The quickening division of his breath  
 As he grew earnest inwardly. There came  
 A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;  
 And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved  
 The silken curtains silently apart,  
 And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form  
 Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay,  
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
 And over it her white, transparent hands.  
 'T was heavenly beautiful! The Saviour raised  
 Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
 The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,  
*"Maiden, arise!"* — and suddenly a flush  
 Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips,  
 And through her cheek, the rallied color ran;  
 And the still outline of her graceful form  
 Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped  
 The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark eyes  
 Full on his beaming countenance, AROSE!

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### KILSPINDIE THE DOUGLAS.

Altered by the Editor.

KILSPINDIE was a Douglas bold,  
 Who, when the king was young,  
 Had pleased him in the gallant chase,  
 Had pleased him when he sung;

Had pleased him by his sword that cropped  
The knights of their renown,  
And by a foot, so fleet and firm,  
No horse could tire it down.

But James had sworn an angry oath,  
That, when he king was crowned,  
No Douglas evermore should set  
His foot on Scottish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race  
Too haughty and too strong ;  
Only Kilspindie of them all  
Had never done him wrong.

A boon ! a boon ! Kilspindie cried,  
Pardon that here am I ;  
In foreign lands I have grown old,  
In Scotland I would die.

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie wept,  
His Douglas pride was gone ;  
The king, he neither spoke, nor looked,  
But sternly rode right on.

Kilspindie rose, and, pace for pace,  
Ran on among the train,  
His cap in hand, his looks in hope,  
His heart in doubt and pain.

Before them rose proud Stirling's hill,  
The way grew steep and strong ;  
The king spurred onward suddenly,  
And up swept all the throng.

Kilspindie said within himself,  
"He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,  
And wishes pleasantly to see  
What speed may still be mine."

On rode the train, Kilspindie ran,  
His smile grew half distressed ;  
There was n't a man in that company,  
Save one, but wished him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,  
His breath he scarce could get ;  
There was n't a man in that company  
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The king has entered Stirling town,  
Nor grace has granted first ;  
Kilspindie sat him down, and asked  
Some water for his thirst.

The courtiers marked the monarch's face,  
And how he kept his pride ;  
And old Kilspindie, in his need,  
Is water's self denied.

Upon the heather then he fell  
In Scotland's dear embrace ;  
Kilspindie died of broken heart  
Before King James's face.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath  
The monarch sadly drew,  
And in the thoughts of that dread hour  
Kilspindie crossed him too.

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### MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk (Va.), in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro, Somerset, in England, in 1772. — JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE blast from Freedom's northern hills, upon its southern  
way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay ;  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horse-  
men's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go ;  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow ;  
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,  
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread  
for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and  
high  
Swell harshly on the southern winds which melt along  
our sky;  
Yet not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labor  
here;  
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves that lash the reefs along St. George's  
bank,  
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;  
Through storm and wave and blinding mist stout are the  
hearts which man  
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape  
Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy  
forms,  
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines, or wrestling with  
the storms;  
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves  
they roam,  
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky  
home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day  
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel  
array?  
How, side by side with sons of hers, the Massachusetts  
men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Corn-  
wallis then?

Forgets she how the Bay State then, in answer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil  
Hall?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pealing on  
each breath  
Of northern winds the thrilling sound of "Liberty or  
Death!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have  
proved  
False to their fathers' memory, false to the faith they loved;

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn,  
Must *we* of Massachusetts too from Truth and Duty turn?

*We* hunt your bondmen flying from slavery's hateful hell!  
*Our* voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell!  
*We* gather at your summons above our fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched  
slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;  
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;  
Dream not, because her pilgrim blood moves slow, and  
calm, and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave  
and tool!

All that a *sister* state should be, all that a *free* state may,  
Heart, hand and purse we proffer, as in our early day;  
But that one dark, loathsome burthen, ye must stagger  
with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have  
sown!

## LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

C. MACKAY.

WHEN in gay youth's too fleeting hours,  
You roam the earth alone,  
And have not sought some loving heart  
That you may make your own;  
Remember woman's priceless worth,  
And think, when pleasures pall,  
That little fools will love too much,  
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,  
Absolve poor human kind,  
Nor rail against your fellow-man,  
With malice in your mind;  
But in your daily intercourse,  
Remember, lest you fall,  
That little fools confide too much,  
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe be trustful still ;  
And in the deepest care  
Be bold and resolute, and shun  
The coward fool, Despair.  
Let work and hope go hand in hand ;  
And know, whate'er befall,  
That little fools may hope too much,  
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or mirth,  
Your rule be still the same,  
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,  
Your love a steady flame ;  
Your mirth not boisterous, but to cheer,  
So shall your joy not pall ;  
For little fools enjoy too much,  
But great ones not at all.

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### THE HIGHER LAW.

Conclusion of a Speech by CHARLES SUMNER, on his motion to repeal the  
Fugitive Slave Bill, Aug. 26, 1852.

MR. PRESIDENT, I have occupied much time ; but the great subject still stretches before us. One other point yet remains, which I should not leave untouched, and which justly belongs to the close. The slave act violates the Constitution and shocks the public conscience. With modesty, and yet with firmness, let me add, sir, it offends against the Divine Law. No such enactment can be entitled to support. As the throne of God is above every earthly throne, so are his laws and statutes above all the laws and statutes of man. To question these is to question God himself. But to assume that human laws are beyond question, is to claim for their fallible authors infallibility. To assume that they are always in conformity with those of God, is presumptuously and impiously to exalt man to an equality with God. Clearly human laws are not always in such conformity, nor can they ever be beyond question. If Congress should command the perpetration of murder, the office of conscience, as final arbiter,

is undisputed. But, in every conflict, the same queenly office is hers. By no earthly power can she be dethroned. Each person, after anxious examination, without haste, without passion, solemnly for himself, must decide this great controversy. Any other rule attributes infallibility to human laws, places them beyond any question, and degrades all men to an unthinking passive obedience.

According to St. Augustine, an unjust law does not appear to be a law ; and the great fathers of the church, while adopting these words, declare openly that unjust laws are not binding. Sometimes they are called "abuses," and not laws ; sometimes "violences," and not laws. And here again the conscience of each person is the final arbiter. But this lofty principle is not confined to the church. A master of philosophy in early Europe, a name of intellectual renown, the eloquent Abelard, in Latin verses addressed to his son, has clearly expressed the universal injunction : "The mandates of an earthly power may be discussed ; those of heaven must at once be performed ; nor can any agreement constrain us against God." Such is the rule of morals. Such, also, by the lips of judges and sages, has been the proud declaration of the English law, whence our own is derived. In this conviction, patriots have fearlessly braved unjust commands, and martyrs have died.

And now, 'sir, the rule is commended to us. The good citizen, as he thinks of the shivering fugitive, guilty of no crime, pursued, hunted down like a beast, while praying for Christian help and deliverance, as he reads the requirements of this act, is filled with horror. Here is a despotic mandate, "to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law." Again let me speak frankly. Not rashly would I set myself against any provision of law. This grave responsibility I would not lightly assume. But here the path of duty is clear. By the Supreme Law, which commands me to do no injustice ; by the comprehensive Christian law of brotherhood ; *by the Constitution, which I have sworn to support*, I AM BOUND TO DISOBEY THIS ACT. Never, in any capacity, can I render voluntary aid in its execution. Pains and penalties I will endure ; but this great wrong I will not do. "I can not obey ; but I can suffer," was the exclamation of the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, when imprisoned for disobedience to an earthly



statute. Better suffer injustice than do it. Better be the victim than the instrument of wrong. Better be even the poor slave, returned to bondage, than the unhappy Commissioner.

There is, sir, an incident of history, which suggests a parallel, and affords a lesson of fidelity. Under the triumphant exertions of that apostolic Jesuit, St. Francis Xavier, large numbers of the Japanese, amounting to as many as two hundred thousand, among their princes, generals, and the flower of the nobility, were converted to Christianity. Afterwards, amidst the frenzy of civil war, religious persecution arose, and the penalty of death was denounced against all who refused to trample upon the effigy of the Redeemer. This was the Pagan law of a Pagan land. But the delighted historian records that scarcely one from the multitudes of converts was guilty of this apostasy. The law of man was set at naught. Imprisonment, torture, death, were preferred. Thus did this people refuse to trample on the *painted* image. Sir, multitudes among us will not be less steadfast in refusing to trample on the *living* image of their Redeemer.

Finally, sir, for the sake of peace and tranquillity, cease to shock the public conscience; for the sake of the Constitution, cease to exercise a power, which is no where granted, and which violates inviolable rights expressly secured. Leave this question where it was left by our fathers, at the formation of our national government, in the absolute control of the states, the appointed guardians of personal liberty. Repeal this enactment. Let its terrors no longer rage through the land. Mindful of the lowly whom it pursues; mindful of the good men perplexed by its requirements; in the name of charity, in the name of the Constitution, repeal this enactment, totally and without delay. Be inspired by the example of Washington. Be admonished by those words of Oriental piety, — "Beware of the groans of the wounded souls! Oppress not to the utmost a single heart; for a solitary sigh has power to upset a whole world!"

## THE ORIGINAL ABOLITIONISTS.

Extracted from a Speech of CHARLES SUMNER, in 1852.

THE Revolution had been accomplished. The feeble government of the Confederation had passed away. The Constitution, slowly matured in a national convention, discussed before the people, defended by masterly pens, had been already adopted. The thirteen states stood forth a nation, wherein was unity without consolidation, and diversity without discord. The hopes of all were anxiously hanging upon the new order of things and the mighty procession of events. With signal unanimity Washington was chosen president.

The government thus organized was anti-slavery in character. Washington was a slaveholder; but it would be unjust to his memory not to say that he was an abolitionist also. His opinions do not admit of question. Only a short time before the formation of the national Constitution, he had declared, by letter, "that it was among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery may be abolished by law;" and again, in another letter, "that, in support of any legislative measure for the abolition of slavery, his suffrage should not be wanting;" and still further, in conversation with a distinguished European abolitionist,\* he had openly announced, that, to promote this object in Virginia, "he desired the formation of a society, and that he would second it." By this authentic testimony, he takes his place with the early patrons of abolition societies.

By the side of Washington, as, standing beneath the national flag, he swore to support the Constitution, were illustrious men, whose lives and recorded words now rise in judgment. There was John Adams, the vice-president, the great vindicator and final negotiator of our national independence, whose soul, flaming with freedom, broke forth in the early declaration that "consenting to slavery is a sacrilegious breach of trust," and whose immitigable hostility to this wrong has been made immortal in his descendants. There also was a companion in arms and attached friend, of incomparable genius, the yet youthful Hamilton, who, as a member of the Abolition Society of

\* Brissot de Warville.

New York, had recently united in a solemn petition for those who, "*though free by the laws of God, are held in slavery by the laws of the state.*" There, too, was a noble spirit, the ornament of his country, the exemplar of courage, truth, and virtue, who, like the sun, ever held an unerring course, John Jay. Filling the important post of minister of foreign affairs under the Confederation, he found time to organize the Abolition Society of New York, and to act as its president, until, by the nomination of Washington, he became Chief-justice of the United States. In his sight slavery was an "iniquity," "a sin of crimson dye," against which ministers of the Gospel should testify, and which the government should seek in every way to abolish. "Were I in the Legislature," he wrote, "I would present a bill for this purpose, and I would never cease moving it, till it became a law, or I ceased to be a member. Till America comes into this measure, her prayers to Heaven will be impious."

But they were not alone. The convictions and earnest aspirations of the country were with them. At the North, these were broad and general. At the South, they found fervid utterance from slaveholders. By early and precocious efforts for "total emancipation," the author of the Declaration of Independence placed himself foremost among the abolitionists of the land. In language now familiar to all, and which can never die, he perpetually denounced slavery. He exposed its pernicious influences upon master as well as slave; declared that the love of justice and the love of country pleaded equally for the slave, and that the "abolition of domestic slavery was the greatest object of desire." He believed that the "sacred side was gaining daily recruits," and confidently looked to the young for the accomplishment of this good work. In fitful sympathy with Jefferson was another honored son of Virginia, the orator of liberty, Patrick Henry, who, while confessing that he was a master of slaves, said, "I will not, I can not justify it. However culpable my conduct, I will so far pay my devoir to Virtue, as to own the excellence and rectitude of her precepts, and lament my want of conformity to them." At this very period, in the Legislature of Maryland, on a bill for the relief of oppressed slaves, a young man, afterwards by his consummate learning and forensic powers the acknowledged head of the American bar, William Pinckney,

in a speech of earnest, truthful eloquence, better far for his memory than his transcendent professional fame, branded slavery as "iniquitous and most dishonorable;" "founded in a disgraceful traffic;" "as shameful in its continuance as in its origin;" and he openly declared, that, "by the eternal principles of natural justice, no master in the state has a right to hold his slave in bondage a single hour."

And yet these convictions are now placed under formal ban by politicians of the hour. The generous sentiments which filled the early patriots, and which impressed upon the government they founded, as upon the coin they circulated, the image and superscription of LIBERTY, have lost their power. The slave-masters, few in number, amounting to about three hundred thousand, according to the recent census, have succeeded in dictating the policy of the national government, and have written SLAVERY on its front. And now an arrogant and unrelenting ostracism is applied, not only to all who express themselves against slavery, but to every man who is unwilling to be the menial of slavery. A novel test for office is introduced, which would have excluded all the fathers of the republic, — even Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin! Yes, sir, startling it may be; but indisputable. Could these revered demigods of history once again descend upon earth, and mingle in our affairs, not one of them could receive a nomination from the national convention of either of the two old political parties! Out of the convictions of their hearts, and the utterances of their lips against slavery, they would be condemned.

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### SISYPHUS.

N. G. G., in the Boston Traveller.

[The editor owes an apology to the author of the following lines for venturing to condense his first three stanzas into one. The *idea* of the lyric was too good to be lost.]

In ancient times, so reads the classic story,  
Down to the Shades a noted sinner passed,  
Grim Sisyphus, — a rogue oppressed with glory, —  
And this the sentence hit upon at last:

Up a steep hill, with terrible endeavor,  
A huge round stone it was his doom to roll,—  
Excelsior, excelsior, and aye, whenever  
He seemed to reach the toil-suspending goal,  
Adown in cruel mockery rolled the stone,  
And all his labor must again be done.

Something like this on earth we see enacting ;  
Vast multitudes are striving to impel  
Up the rude cliff, with labor most exacting,  
Burdens that speak our world no fabled hell !  
Most ponderous lusts and appetites upheaving,  
How many hearts strain in unhallowed toil ;  
Still vain desires and fruitless plans conceiving,  
Only to fall beneath their sure recoil.

The swell of pride, the longing of ambition,  
Miserly grasping, and licentious lust,  
Revenge, foul slander, and unkind suspicion,  
The glutton's craving, and the drunkard's thirst ;  
The pang of jealousy, hope's baseless vision,  
Deceit, doubts, fears, conjectures most untrue,  
These are the cursed stones, which in derision  
Still drive us back, to struggle up anew !

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## THE WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

WE cross the prairie, as of old  
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men  
On Freedom's southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged northern pine !

We 're flowing from our native hills,  
As our free rivers flow ;

The blessing of our mother-land  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells. .

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams  
That feed the Kansas run,  
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall flout the setting sun !

We'll sweep the prairie, as of old  
Our fathers swept the sea,  
And make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free !

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## STANZAS TO THE UNITED STATES.

Adapted from Tait's Magazine.

Too long it hath been said and sung,  
My country, unto thee,  
Thy banner floats on every gale,  
Thy keel ploughs every sea ;  
O'er every continent and isle  
Thine influence is flung,  
And not a spot on earth but knows  
The accents of thy tongue ;  
Not Rome had wider spreading sway,  
Not Greece, when Greece was young.

How hast thou used the boundless power  
That unto thee was given ?  
The seeds of good thou hadst to sow,  
How have they grown and thriven ?

The barren places of the earth  
Hast thou like gardens made ?  
Do arid wildernesses smile  
With green bough and with blade ?  
And doth the Gospel make you free  
As heretofore it made ?

Thou answerest, yes ; the mental waste  
Is now a waste no more ;  
My missionaries have gone forth  
To earth's remotest shore ;  
My merchant ships have oceans crossed  
To civilize mankind ;  
No more the savage is a brute,  
The heathen no more blind ;  
And broken are the chains that bound  
The body or the mind.

O, no ! O, no ! hadst thou done this,  
Thou unabashed mightst stand  
Before the judgment-seat ; but there  
Are red spots on thy hand ;  
And pride is throned upon thy brow,  
Dominion in thy heart ;  
The red man has been sacrificed,  
And every baser art  
Has been employed to oppress the slave,  
Until a slave thou art.

O, thou hast run a mad career,  
And bowed thee down to gold ;  
Thy patriotism party is,  
Thine offices are sold ;  
Too ready thou on weaker foes  
To draw the avenging sword ;  
Too ready for the stretch of power  
To break thy given word ;  
With lawless thought, and passion wild,  
Too readily upstirred.

The rival nations now look on  
In jealousy and fear,  
To see thy wide possessions still  
Enlarging year by year ;

And joyful see extended rule  
 Portend the certain doom,  
 And premature decrepitude,  
 Like that of Ancient Rome,  
 Which on the ambitious and the vain  
 In sudden vengeance come.

O, let unrighteousness be stayed ;  
 Thy strength no longer waste ;  
 Be just, contented, merciful,  
 Nor self-destruction haste.  
 Let equal laws be felt by all ;  
*Excelsior* be thine aim.  
 Unchain thy slaves ! Let liberty  
 Be free as heaven's breath,  
 Or it may hap, that, scorpion-like,  
 Thou 'lt sting thyself to death.

### NAPOLEON FIRST.

WM. B. FOWLE.

NAPOLEON'S dead, the mighty one !  
 His day of judgment has begun ;  
 We leave him with the Judge on high,  
 Who sees all hearts with equal eye.  
 The lesson of his dreadful fall,  
 The lesson of his life is all  
 We care to know, is all we need ;  
 This page of glory all should read.

A petty island waked to birth  
 Napoleon, mightiest of the earth ;  
 A petty island later saw  
 The throneless exile on its shore ;  
 A barren rock, far off and lone,  
 Then saw his fading star go down.  
 The child of fate, he ruled his hour,  
 The incarnation of false power ;  
 With ruthless foot he made of thrones,  
 To boundless rule, the stepping-stones.



From Alps to Pyramids he led  
His legions ; and beneath their tread  
The mountains bowed, the rivers fled,  
And passage gave to him who wore  
The fatal charm of conqueror.

Who knows not in ambition's war  
Life, mercy, justice, always are  
The sacrifice they lay, the vow,  
On glory's altar when they bow ?  
Who, while the victory elates,  
The fearful cost e'er calculates ?  
Who, when the charge-shout rends the sky,  
Of pity hears the feeble cry ?  
Who, in the rush of battle, heeds  
The breast on which his war-horse treads ?

If, as the holy record says,  
One human life the world outweighs,  
How will such countless sacrifice  
Before the eternal throne arise ?  
And when the question comes, as come  
It must, in the great day of doom,  
" From Corsica to Waterloo  
What benefit did e'er accrue  
To God or man for slaughter done ? "  
The murdered hosts will thunder — none !

Fair Freedom fell his sword before,  
Ambition's iron will was law ;  
Religion was a tool, a jest,  
Obedient to the stern behest  
Of him, who Rome's usurping seat  
But made a footstool for his feet.  
And France, for whom he claimed to rule,  
His victim was, his slave, his fool.  
The sum of all the mighty gain  
To the undazzled eye is plain ;  
And men will read in future story  
That all his country gained was — glory !

Glory, thou mighty falsehood, he  
Forsook all truth to follow thee !

The *ignis fatuus* led him on,  
 And higher rose and brighter shone,  
 And dark went out. Then who shall dare  
 To envy him, or wish to share  
 The disappointment, the regret,  
 The baffled hope that lingered yet,—  
 The inglorious death, the lonely grave,—  
 Away from France,—that England gave!  
 O ye who worship Glory, come  
 To St. Helena's dungeon-tomb!

### WHO ARE THE RICH?

London Inquirer.

Who are the rich? — the favored few,  
 Whose hands their dazzling treasures hold,  
 With luxury deck their halls, and strew  
 Their paths with gold?

No; for the wealth so proudly got,  
 Is borrowed all,—the fatal bond  
 May grant it to the grave, but not  
 An hour beyond.

They are the rich whose treasures lie  
 In hearts, not hands,—in heaven, not here;  
 Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,  
 And mercy's tear.

No borrowed wealth, no failing store,  
 These treasures of the soul remain  
 Its own; and, when to live is o'er,  
 To die is gain.

Who are the poor? — the humble race,  
 Who dwell where luxury never shone,  
 Perchance, without one friendly face,  
 Save God's alone?

No! for the meek and lowly mind,  
 Still following where its Saviour trod,  
 Though poor in all, may richly find  
 The peace of God.

They are the poor, who, rich in gold,  
 Confiding in that faithless store,  
 Or tremble for the wealth they hold,  
 Or thirst for more ;—

Whose hands are fettered by its touch,  
 Whose lips no generous duty plead ;—  
 Go, mourn their poverty, for such  
 Are poor indeed !

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### THE FRENCHMAN AND THE GIGOT.

WM. B. FOWLE.

Among the refugees that fled from doom  
 And in our happy country found a home,  
 Was Monsieur Dugot,  
 Which name you know  
 Must be pronounced without the T,  
 And why the deuce they keep it there  
 Is to the Yankee mind a mystery,—  
 But I don't care,—  
 I only know Monsieur was one  
*Au fait* at every kind of fun,  
 And he who quizzed Monsieur Dugot,  
 Must be quite wide awake, I trow.

One day, the exile sauntered forth  
 To buy some mutton for some broth,  
 And in the market found a side ;  
 But, when to buy the leg he tried,  
 The man refused it to divide,  
 He would the whole side sell, or none.  
 The Frenchman turned his back upon  
 The butcher, when, to raise a laugh,  
 A Yankee, who was standing by,  
 Said, " Mounsheer, I should like a half ;  
 Let's take the whole side, you and I."  
 " I tanks you," said the Frenchman, — " bon !"  
 And each paid half the money down.

The Yankee cut the side in two,  
 And said, " The shoulder is for you."

"No," said the Frenchman, "no, I can't  
 Agree to dat, because I want  
 De gigot, hind leg, for some broth."  
 The Yankee, feigning to be wroth,  
 Refused to yield it to Monsieur.  
 "Mon ami," quoth Dugot, "look here!  
 Let us not for one sheep contend;  
 I show you how dis ting shall end,—  
 You turn your back in front dis way,  
 Den I will touch one piece, and say,  
 Who shall have dis?"  
 The Yankee saw he could not miss,  
 For the hind quarter nearest lay  
 To Dugot's hand, and having caught  
 The Frenchman napping, quick as thought,  
 He turned his back;—as if for life,  
 Monsieur snatched up the butcher's knife,  
 From the hind quarter cut the tail,  
 And laid it on the shoulder;—"Vell,"  
 In simple tone, he said, "now tell,  
*Mon ami*, if you please, what one  
 Shall have dis piece de tail is on?"  
 "I," said the Yankee, in great glee,  
 "The quarter with the tail is mine!"—"Oui, oui,"  
 Said Monsieur, "it shall be,  
 De shoulder, sare, is what you choose,—  
*I wish his tail was not so loose!"*

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### THE STANDING ARMY.

A supposed Speech in the House of Representatives of the United States  
 on the appropriation to support and increase the Army and Navy.—  
 WM. B. FOWLE.

MR. SPEAKER: I am aware that any one who attempts to  
 resist, or even to diminish, the appropriation now proposed,  
 will incur the certain risk of being accused of lacking that  
 public virtue, which has for years been the great excuse  
 for all the extravagance that has marked the present and  
 the preceding administration. By a sort of mismanage-  
 ment, which our politicians have dignified with the more  
 flattering epithet of manifest destiny, we have gone on

increasing our army and navy, and multiplying our batteries and military depots; and, worse than all, increasing our points of contact with other powers, until it is almost impossible for us to move without giving offence, or for any foreign power to move without infringing upon the supposed rights of some trader or manufacturer, or some mercantile adventurer, who has endeavored to force a trade that some nation at peace with us has, in self-defence, perhaps, prohibited. It has become an axiom of modern politics, that, in peace, we should prepare for war, and the world now exhibits the singular anomaly of general peace while the war establishments are more extensive, more mighty, more difficult to restrain, than they have ever been, even whilst the nations of Europe have been engaged in actual war.

It is a mortifying reflection, sir, that while efforts to spread the Gospel of Peace, and to teach the holy brotherhood of nations, have been increased in an unexampled manner, and the amount of money expended at home and abroad is reckoned in millions, and the army of missionaries and religious agents is reckoned at least by hundreds of thousands, the governments have been bringing on this unnatural condition of nations. It has not always been so, in this country at least, and I can not so outrage the benevolent character of Him who rules the nations, as to suppose that such a state of things, such a course of evil, is in accordance with his righteous administration.

It seems to me, sir, that the war power has gained such an ascendancy over the benign policy which regulated the early administration of our government, that our ruin is sealed, unless we have the manhood at once to rise, and, in the name of the Son of God, the Prince of Peace, to declare that war is an accident and not a permanent rule in the kingdom of Heaven, and that wars and fightings come from the lusts of men, and not from the ordinance of God. Every thing in this country has tended to encourage the war spirit and to repress that of mercy and peace. The unmeasured regard in which our successful warriors have always been held has led the young and the talented to seek glory as the surest passport to popularity and power; and the highest offices in the state and general government have been the reward, not of science or art, not of labor or usefulness, not of labors in the pulpit or in the school-room, where the improvement of society is the

great end and the noble aim, but of military service, the great end of which has been to subdue the scanty tribes whom we had robbed of their lands and provoked into revenge, or to extend the limits of our already too extended domain, by the annexation, not of civilized nations, from whom we might learn something in government, morals or religion, but of whole nations, all whose habits and principles, morals and religion, are at variance with our own. We boast, sir, that our empire is more extensive than that of ancient Rome, and, while we acknowledge this, let us not forget that it was the extension of her empire, and the introduction of discordant materials, that sealed her doom, and made her what she has been for centuries, the reproach of Christendom, the disgrace of the world.

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### SLAVERY AS IT AFFECTS OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER.

Extracted from a Speech of HORACE MANN, in the U. S. House of Representatives, June 30, 1848, on the question of introducing slavery into the Territories.

BEFORE considering the moral character of slavery, I wish to advert for a moment to the position which we occupy as one of the nations of the earth, in this advancing period of the world's civilization. Nations, like individuals, have a character. The date of the latter is counted by years; that of the former by centuries. No man can have any self-respect, who is not solicitous about his posthumous reputation. No man can be a patriot who feels neither joy nor shame at the idea of the honor or of the infamy which his age and his country shall leave behind them. Nations, like individuals, have characteristic objects of ambition. Greece coveted the arts; Rome gloried in war; but liberty has been the goddess of our idolatry. Amid the storms of freedom were we cradled; in the struggles of freedom have our joints been knit; on the rich aliment of freedom have we grown to our present stature. With a somewhat too boastful spirit, perhaps, have we challenged the admiration of the world for our devotion to liberty; but an enthusiasm for the rights of man is so holy a passion that even its excesses are not devoid of the beautiful. We

have not only won freedom for ourselves, but we have taught its sacred lessons to others. The shout of "Death to tyrants, and freedom for man," which pealed through this country seventy years ago, has at length reached across the Atlantic; and whoever has given an attentive ear to the sounds which have come back to us from the European world, can not have failed to perceive that they were only the far-travelled echoes of the American Declaration of Independence. But in the divine face of our liberty there has been one foul, demoniac feature. Whenever her votaries would approach her to worship, they have been fain to draw a veil over one part of her visage to conceal its hideousness. Whence came this deformity on her otherwise fair and celestial countenance? Sad is the story, but it must be told. In that dark catalogue of crimes, which led our fathers to forswear allegiance to the British throne, its refusal to prohibit the slave-trade to the colonies is made one of the most prominent of those political offences which are said to "define a tyrant." In the original draught of the Declaration of Independence this crime of King George the Third is set forth in the following words: "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN King of Great Britain. Determined to keep a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce."

Now, if the King of Great Britain prostituted his negative, that slavery might not be restricted, what, in after times, shall be said of those who prostitute their affirmative, that it may be extended? Yet it is now proposed, in some of the state legislatures, and in this capitol, to do precisely the same thing in regard to the territory of Oregon, which was done by Great Britain to her transatlantic possessions; not merely to legalize slavery there, but to prohibit its inhabitants from prohibiting it.

Slavery is an unspeakable wrong to the religious nature of man. The dearest and most precious of all human rights

is the right of judgment in matters of religion. I am interested in nothing else so much as in the attributes of my Creator, and in the relations which he has established between me and Himself, for time and for eternity. To investigate for myself those relations and their momentous consequences ; to "search the Scriptures ;" to explore the works of God in the outward and visible universe ; to ask counsel of the sages and divines of the ages gone by, — these are rights which it would be sacrilege in me to surrender, which it is worse than sacrilege in any human being or human government to usurp. Yet, by denying education to the slave, you destroy not merely the *right* but the *power* of personal examination to all that most nearly concerns the soul's interests. Who so base as not to reverence the mighty champions of religious freedom, in the days when the dungeon, the rack, and the faggot were the arguments of a government theology ? Who does not reverence, I say, Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, and that whole army of martyrs, whose blood reddened the axe of English intolerance ? Yet it was only for this right of private judgment, for this independence of another man's control, in religious concerns, that the God-like champions of religious liberty perilled themselves and perished. Yet it is this very religious despotism over millions of men, which is now proposed, not to destroy, but to create. It is proposed not to break old fetters and cast them away, but to forge new ones and rivet them on.

Sir, on the continent of Europe, and in the Tower of London, I have seen the axes, the chains, and other horrid implements of death, by which the great defenders of freedom for the soul were brought to their final doom ; by which political and religious liberty was cloven down ; but fairer and lovelier to the view were axe and chain, and all the ghastly implements of death ever invented by religious bigotry, or civil despotism, to wring and torture freedom out of the soul of man ; fairer and lovelier were they all, than the parchment roll of this House, on which shall be inscribed a law for profaning one additional foot of American soil with the curse of slavery.



## THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Extract from a Speech of HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, in the United States Senate, March 20, 1858, in reply to Senator Hammond.

MR. PRESIDENT, the senator from South Carolina tells us that "all the powers in the world cannot abolish" "the thing" he calls slavery. "God only can do it when he repeals the fiat, 'The poor ye have always with you;,' "for the man who lives by daily labor," and "your whole class of hireling manual laborers and operatives, are essentially slaves!" "Our slaves are black, happy, content, unaspiring; yours are white, and they feel galled by the degradation." "Our slaves do not vote; yours do vote; and, being the majority, they are the depositaries of all your political power; and, if they knew the tremendous secret, that the ballot-box is stronger than an army with banners, and could combine, your society would be reconstructed, your government overthrown, and your property divided."

"The poor ye have always with you!" This fiat of Almighty God, which Christian men of all ages and lands have accepted as the imperative injunction of the common Father of all to care for the children of misfortune and sorrow, the senator from South Carolina accepts as the foundation-stone, the eternal law of slavery, which "all the powers of the earth cannot abolish." These precious words of our heavenly Father, "the poor ye have always with you," are perpetually sounding in the ears of mankind, ever reminding them of their dependence and their duties. These words appeal alike to the conscience and the heart of mankind. To men, blessed in their basket and their store, they say, "Property has its duties as well as its rights!" To men clothed with authority to shape the policy, or to administer the laws, of the state, they say, "Lighten, by wise, humane, and equal laws, the burdens of the toiling and dependent children of men!" To men of every age, and every clime, they appeal, by the Divine promise that "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!" Sir, I thank God that I live in a commonwealth, which sees no warrant in these words of inspiration to oppress the sons and daughters of toil and poverty. Over the poor and lowly she casts the broad

shield of equal, just, and humane legislation. The poorest man that treads her soil, no matter what blood may run in his veins, is protected in his rights, and incited to labor, by no other force than the assurance that the fruits of his toil belong to himself, to the wife of his bosom, and the children of his love.

The senator from South Carolina exclaims: "The man who lives by daily labor, your whole class of manual laborers, are essentially slaves"—"they feel galled by their degradation." What a sentiment is this to hear uttered in the councils of this democratic republic! The senator's political associates, who listen to these words, which brand hundreds of thousands of the men they represent in the free states, and hundreds of their neighbors and personal friends, as slaves, have found no words to repel or rebuke this language. This language of scorn and contempt is addressed to senators who were not nursed by a slave; whose lot it was to toil with their own hands,—to eat bread, earned, not by the sweat of another's brow, but by their own. Sir, I am the son of a "hireling manual laborer," who, with the frosts of seventy winters on his brow, "lives by daily labor." I too have "lived by daily labor." I too have been "a hireling manual laborer." Poverty cast its dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood, and want was there, sometimes, an unbidden guest. At the age of ten years, to aid him who gave me being, in keeping the gaunt spectre from the hearth of the mother who bore me, I left the home of my boyhood, and went to earn my bread by "daily labor."—Many a weary mile have I travelled,

"To beg a brother of the earth  
To give me leave to toil."

Sir, I have toiled as a "hireling manual laborer" in the field and in the workshop, and I tell the senator from South Carolina that I never felt "galled by my degradation." No, sir—never!

Having occupied, Mr. President, the relation of employed or employer for the third of a century; having lived in a commonwealth where the "hireling class of manual laborers" are "the depositaries of political power;" having associated with this class in all the relations of life; I tell the senator from South Carolina, and the class

he represents, that he libels, grossly libels them, when he declares that they are "essentially slaves!" There can be found no where in America a class of men more proudly conscious or tenacious of their rights. Friend or foe has ever found them

"A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none."

Should the senator and his agitators and lecturers come to Massachusetts, on a mission to teach our hiring class of "manual laborers," our "slaves," the "tremendous secret of the ballot-box," and to help, "combine, and lead them," these stigmatized "hirelings" would reply to the senator and his associates: "We are freemen; we are the peers of the gifted and the wealthy; we know the 'tremendous secret of the ballot-box;' and we mould and fashion these institutions that bless and adorn our free commonwealth! These public schools are ours, for the education of our children; these libraries, with their accumulated treasures, are ours; these multitudinous and varied pursuits of life, where intelligence and skill find their reward, are ours. Labor is here honored and respected, and great examples incite us to action.

"All around us, in the professions, in the marts of commerce, on the exchange, where merchant princes and capitalists do congregate; in these manufactories and workshops, where the products of every clime are fashioned into a thousand forms of utility and beauty; on these smiling farms, fertilized by the sweat of free labor; in every position of private and of public life, are our associates, who were but yesterday 'hiring laborers,' 'slaves.' In every department of human effort are noble men who sprang from our ranks, — men whose good deeds will be felt, and will live in the grateful memories of men, when the stones reared by the hands of affection to their honored names shall crumble into dust. Our eyes glisten, and our hearts throb over the bright, glowing, and radiant pages of our history, that record the deeds of patriotism of the sons of New England, who sprang from our ranks, and wore the badges of toil. While the names of Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Nathaniel Greene, and Paul Revere, live on the brightest pages of our history, the mechanics of Massachusetts and New England will never want illustrious examples to incite us to noble aspirations

and noble deeds. Go home,—say to your privileged class, which you vauntingly say ‘leads progress, civilization, and refinement,’ that it is the opinion of the hireling ‘laborers’ of Massachusetts, if you have no sympathy for your African bondmen, in whose veins flows so much of your own blood, you should, at least, sympathize with the millions of your own race, whose labor you have dishonored and degraded by slavery! You should teach your millions of poor and ignorant white men, so long oppressed by your policy, the ‘tremendous secret, that the ballot-box is stronger than an army with banners!’ You should combine and lead them to the adoption of a policy, which shall secure their own emancipation from a degrading thralldom!”

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### LABOR.

Anonymous.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;  
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o’er us ;  
 Hark how Creation’s deep musical chorus,  
     Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !  
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;  
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;  
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“Labor is worship!” — the robin is singing ;  
 “Labor is worship!” — the wild bee is ringing ;  
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing,  
     Speaks to thy soul from out Nature’s great heart.  
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;  
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;  
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;  
     Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

“Labor is life ;” — ’t is the still water faileth ;  
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;  
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth ;  
     Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory ! — the flying cloud lightens ;  
 Only the soaring wing changes and brightens,  
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;  
     Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,  
 Rest from the petty vexations that meet us,  
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
     Rest from the syrens that lure us to ill.  
 Work, — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,  
 Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;  
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow ;  
     Work with stout heart and a resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee !  
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !  
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee !  
     Rest not content in thy darkness, — a clod !  
 Work ! — for some good, — be it ever so slowly !  
 Cherish some flower, — be it ever so lowly !  
 Labor, — all labor is noble and holy ;  
     Let thy good deeds mark thy progress to God !

### MISS ALICE.

WM. B. FOWLE.

Long and cold had the east wind blown,  
 Soaked was earth and soiled the stone ;  
 Gutters and eaves the moisture sip,  
 Till nothing was heard but drip, drip, drip !  
 Dripping at morn, dripping at eve,  
 Till the street-loving damsels were led to believe  
 That the cisterns of heaven, like a sea-beaten ship,  
 Had nothing to do but to drip, drip, drip.

Young Alice was waiting to sport her new gown,  
 Flounced and furbelowed up and down,  
 Slippers of cloth, and hosing thin, —  
 'T was a trick of the weather to keep her in,  
 And a burning shame to be shut up so,  
 When dress and shoes were longing to go ;  
 So she vowed a vow, as she bit her lip,  
 Rain or no rain, she would venture a trip.

Alice, to show her nice little feet,  
 With hose like snow, and slippers complete,  
 Skirt with scallops all worked beneath,  
 Must go to walk, if she caught her death.  
 Trailing her dress as it swept the floor,  
 To be dipped behind, and lifted before,—  
 Ankles and more must be sported again,  
 Crazing the boys, and attracting the men.

'T was dip in the mud, and dip in the mire,  
 Up to the ankle, and often up higher ;  
 Dip in the water, and dip in the spit,  
 That some *refined* gentleman placed there for it.  
 Dip went the shoes, and dip went the hose,  
 Dip went the dress, and the under clothes ;  
 Dip and drip, till the hose, alas !  
 From heel to elastic all dragged was.

Next day, poor Alice was sick and sore ;—  
 Pain in spots, and pain all o'er ;  
 Pain in the head, and pain in the teeth ;  
 Pain in the lungs, and stomach beneath ;  
 Pain in the limbs, above and below ;  
 Pain wherever a pain could go.  
 Yet parents, and all, both young and old,  
 Wondered how Alice had caught such a cold !

## THE PURITAN.

ALLEN C. SPOONER.

THE true Puritan was a solemn old man,  
 Sombre and sad were his features ;  
 He talked through his nose, and he wore plain clothes,  
 And seemed the forlornest of creatures,

Did he happen to grin, he believed it a sin,  
 And took it to heart quite severely ;  
 But should Satan provoke him to laugh at a joke,  
 He repented it very sincerely.

Amusements, he thought, were with mischief full fraught,  
Songs and dances were nothing but evil ;  
While cards, dice and plays, and all Church-holidays,  
Were snares set for souls by the devil.

All ornaments too did he strictly eschew,—  
They but filled him with horror and dread ;  
His own natural hair he would not even spare,  
But wore it cropt short round his head.

On Sundays his house was as still as a mouse —  
The highways were almost as quiet ;  
The church-warden stout caught the boy that was out,  
And gave him the stocks and low diet.

Innovations in faith they opposed unto death ,  
At the cart's-tail they dragged the poor Quaker ;  
With derision and jeers they cropped heretics' ears,  
And felt they were serving their Maker.

But loud though he prayed, let a foeman invade,  
All danger you 'd find him defying ;  
Like a tiger he 'd fight in defence of his right,  
And the last thing he thought of was flying.

But yet, after all, since the date of the Fall,  
For most that is noble in man,  
Though you searched the world over, 't were hard to discover  
The peer of the old Puritan.

No danger could shake, no adversity break  
The faith-founded force of his will ;  
Oppression's stern power, even famine's gaunt hour,  
Could not change him, although they might kill.

In the cause of the Cross all his wealth was but dross ;  
Freely left was his dear native land ;  
'Mid the ocean's fierce war, on a wild savage shore,  
He walked calm, with his life in his hand.

'Midst terrors infernal and splendors supernal,  
Lay his pathway to glory or wrath ;  
In the fear of his God straight onward he trod,  
With the Bible "a lamp to his path."

Then honored be he, the strong man and free,  
Whom love of the truth banished hither;  
To immortal renown be his name handed down,  
Wreathed with laurels that never shall wither.

And honored for aye be his festival day,—  
Through the land be its influence felt,  
Till creation expire, and the last fatal fire  
The old Rock of Plymouth shall melt.

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SEVENTY-SIX.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,  
When, through the fresh awakened land,  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,  
And to the work of warfare strung  
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,  
And ocean-mart replied to mart,  
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,  
Pealed far away the startling sound  
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,  
From mountain river swift and cold;  
The borders of the stormy deep,  
The vales where gathered waters sleep,  
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again  
Grew quick with God's creating breath,  
And, from the sods of grove and glen,  
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men  
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,  
The fair, fond bride of yester-eve,  
And aged sire and matron gray,  
Saw the loved warriors haste away,  
And deemed it sin to grieve.



Already had the strife begun ;  
Already blood on Concord's plain  
Along the springing grass had run,  
And blood had flowed at Lexington,  
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward  
Hallowed to freedom all the shore ;  
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred,—  
The footstep of a foreign lord  
Profaned the soil no more.

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### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred,  
For up came an order which  
Some one had blundered.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade !  
Take the guns," Nolan said ;  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade !"  
No man was there dismayed,  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered ;  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die,—  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them,  
     Volleyed and thundered ;  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well,  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell,  
     Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
 Flashed all at once in air,  
 Sabring the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while  
     All the world wondered ;—  
 Plunged in the battery smoke,  
 With many a desperate stroke,  
 The Russian line they broke,  
 Then they rode back, but not,  
     Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them,  
     Volleyed and thundered ;—  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 Those that had fought so well  
 Came from the jaws of Death,  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
     Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
 O, the wild charge they made !  
     All the world wondered.  
 Honor the charge they made !  
 Honor the Light Brigade,  
     Noble six hundred !

## PERSONAL LIBERTY.

Extract from a supposed Speech in the Senate of Massachusetts on the bill for the Security of Personal Liberty. — WM. B. FOWLE.

MR. PRESIDENT, the subject before us derives its chief importance from the fact, that it has been declared unconstitutional for this commonwealth to pass any law that shall conflict with the Constitution of this Union, the acts of Congress, or the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is proposed, sir, to pass a law by which every person in the state shall be protected in life and liberty, and entitled to an examination in the courts of the state, before he can be seized, and, after a hasty *ex parte* examination before an inferior officer of the United States, carried away into slavery. Now, sir, it is well known that several citizens of Massachusetts have thus been seized and carried off, and it is as well known that the victims once transferred from our free soil, whether rightfully or wrongfully, are beyond our reach and beyond all hope of justice. The *man* in Massachusetts is a *thing* in the slave states, unable to bring a suit to recover his freedom; and is it not the part of prudence, sir, is it not the clearest duty of common charity, for the state to inquire into the claims of such citizens, before they are forever beyond its reach? I assume this ground, sir, and will endeavor briefly to defend it.

It is well known that many eminent jurists have decided that the Constitution never intended to protect, or in any way recognize, the institution of slavery. They hoped, sir, that it would die out in a few years, and cease to be a blot upon our national character, a living reproach upon those patriots who had declared that "all men were free and equal, and had certain natural, essential, and inalienable rights, among which were the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties, and that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness." This is a part of our Declaration of Rights, and the Preamble to the Constitution asserts, that "it is the duty of the citizens to enact laws, and so to execute them, that every man may, at all times, find security in them." When this Constitution was framed, many citizens who acted upon its adoption

were colored men, lately slaves or the children of slaves. When the state came into the Union, it came with this Constitution, and an increased number of similar citizens. They are entitled to our protection and should have it; but, if slave-hunters are allowed to seize a colored man and convey him where he is no longer entitled to the rights that are guaranteed to him here, we are unfaithful as a state, and there is no security for life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness.

But, sir, we are told, that the Supreme Court of the United States has declared the law, which authorizes such seizure, constitutional, and resistance to the law is treason and nullification. I know it is not safe, sir, for every citizen to assume the right to expound the laws; but all human laws are imperfect, and fall short, very far short of the perfect law of God; so that in their exposition some latitude must be allowed, and every doubt should be laid in the scale of mercy and humanity. There is a reasonable doubt about the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, and, in a less important matter, one of our most popular presidents declared, that he took his oath to support the Constitution *as he understood it*. We do the same, sir, and we understand the Constitution to be adverse to slavery in its words, its spirit, its intention, and its just and humane interpretation.

But, sir, were it otherwise,—were the Constitution hostile to liberty; were the decision of the Supreme Court unanimous, as it was not; were the acts of Congress for the rendition of fugitives constitutional beyond question, what is our duty as citizens of Massachusetts, living under a Constitution about whose meaning we have no doubts? Clearly, sir, to protect all who claim to be our fellow-citizens; and the rather, sir, if, exercising the right and the faculties that our common Father has given them, they have successfully broken the chain with which cruel, selfish, and unprincipled men had bound them.

It is common for men whose standard of justice and Christian duty is low, to sneer at what is called the Higher Law; and yet, sir, there must be such a law, and all men, even these scoffers, bow down to it when the statutes of men thwart their interest, or attempt to control their vices. We are told, sir, that if we protect an alleged fugitive, even before he is proved to be such, we shall be fined and

imprisoned ; and this is the United States law that we are called upon to enforce. Sir, I declare that all the principalities and powers on earth can not enforce it. The higher law of humanity is written on the hearts of the people of Massachusetts, and no human law can override it. As long as Bunker Hill stands, as long as man is man, the slave who has committed no other offence than that of achieving his own freedom, will find protection from the people of Massachusetts ; and may my arm fall from my shoulder-blade when I cease to strike with him and for him, or refuse to give him shelter in my own home.

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### THE PHILANTHROPIST.

WM. B. FOWLE.

THE proud Potomac every hour  
Acquired velocity and power,  
Till bridges, quays, and works of man,  
Immovable since art began,  
From their foundations all were swept  
Away like chips, and wildly heaped  
Where'er the least obstruction gave  
Resistance to the maddened wave.

A bridge of stone that spanned the tide,  
And time's attacks had long defied,  
Was shattered now, till torn and cleft  
From either shore, no part was left  
But the central arch, where all could see  
The keeper and his family,  
Who, in the agony of fear,  
Spoke louder words than met the ear,  
As up to heaven they raised their hands,  
Or sank despairing on the sands.

The countless crowd upon the shore,  
All powerless, only could deplore,  
The oppressive utterance of grief,  
The misery beyond relief.  
But there are souls that seem to rise  
Sublime by human sympathies,

And see, in dark despair, the way  
That opens to a glorious day.  
No word was said, but through the crowd  
A negro man a passage ploughed,  
And seized a skiff the swelling tide  
Was sweeping by the river-side ;  
And ere the multitude could guess  
The motive of his eagerness,  
The boat was dashing through the wave  
The doomed ones on the arch to save.  
God help him ! cried each heart that saw  
The daring act from either shore ;  
And superstitious minds declared  
Not man but angel had appeared.

By force of arm, and heavenly grace,  
The peasant landed at the base  
Of the crumbling arch, and from the top,  
Down sliding by a friendly rope,  
All snugly in the boat were placed,  
Just as the flood, with awful might,  
In ruins swept the arch from sight.  
Again the brave deliverer braced  
His nerves to the effort ; tempest-tossed,  
The skiff a dozen times seemed lost ;  
But spite of ruin, wreck, and flood,  
He soon upon the margin stood.  
They 're safe, thank God ! — these words the first  
That from the noble hero burst.

Some wealthy planters, men of note,  
Who hastened to receive the boat,  
Exclaimed, Who is the *man* hath wrought  
This glorious deed ? To pay him for 't  
A thousand dollars cheerfully  
His merited reward shall be.  
The negro smiled, his arms afold,  
"I do not sell my life for gold.  
Your Court Supreme, with cursed ban,  
Decrees that I am not a *man*,  
But God has planted *here* (*smiting his breast*) a tie  
That gives their blasphemy the lie.  
If you have any thing to give  
Let those whom I have saved — receive.

THE BETRAYAL OF HUNGARY BY THE TRAITOR  
GEORGEY

KOSSUTH.\*

THE united Russo-Austrian forces could not have conquered my heroic countrymen, had they not found a traitor to aid them in the man, whom, believing in his honesty, and on account of his skill, I raised from obscurity. Enjoying my confidence, the confidence of the nation and the army, I placed Georgey at the head of our forces, giving him the most glorious part to perform ever granted to man. What an immortality was in his reach, had he been honest! But he betrayed his country. Cursed be his name forever! I will not open the bleeding wounds by the sad remembrance of this event, and will merely mention that the surrender at Vilagos was the crowning act of a long system of treachery secretly practised, by not using the advantages which victories put in his hands; by not fulfilling my commands, under cunning pretences; by destroying national feeling in the army; by weakening its confidence, and by the destruction, through unnecessary exposures to danger, of that portion of the army which he could not corrupt in his base designs to make himself military dictator. God, in his inscrutable wisdom, knows why the traitor was permitted to be successful. In vain fell the bravest of men in this long war; in vain were the

\* LOUIS KOSSUTH (*pronounced Kos-shoot'*) was born in the North of Hungary early in the present century. He was the son of a poor but respectable man, and, though what is falsely called an uneducated man, he contrived to study law, became an editor, an active, eloquent and bold defender of his country against the oppression of Austria, and, at last, on the declaration of Hungarian independence, he was elected dictator and governor. So popular was Kossuth, and so ably did he manage the concerns of the nation, its government, finances, and armies, that the Austrians were driven out of Hungary, and would have been obliged to acknowledge its independence, had not a hundred thousand Russians been invited to the aid of Austria. Even then the struggle would have been doubtful had not Georgey, the commander of the Hungarian forces, treacherously surrendered them to the Russians, and crushed the hopes of his country. Then Kossuth was obliged to flee into Turkey, where he was detained two years a prisoner by the Sultan, until, in 1851, at the request of our government and that of England, he was allowed to come to the United States, and the President placed the steam frigate *Mississippi* at his disposal.

" My sword and belt, too, let them lie,  
 And all my trappings — at my side ;  
 Gazing upon my arms, will I  
 Die, as the brave Czarnecki died ! "

And when the steed was led away,  
 The priest bore in the holy bread ;  
 On bended knee the people pray, —  
 The soldier's cheeks are pale with dread.

Old scythemen who, without a tear,  
 Poured blood, in Kosciusko's day,  
 From their own veins and foemen's, — here  
 Weep, as the parting prayers they say.

The chapel bell, at early dawn,  
 Toll for the parted soul, they hear ;  
 And now the soldiers all are gone,  
 For the fierce Muscovite is near.

Peasants crowd round the warrior dead ;  
 He clasps the cross as when he died ;  
 Upon his saddle rests his head,  
 His sword and fire-arms by his side.

But whence this virgin cheek, they said,  
 This face so femininely fair ?  
 Now, save us, Heaven ! it is a maid !  
 Emilia Plater slumbers there !

# THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY. 1685.

J. G. WHITTIER.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wear-  
 ing late,  
 Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and  
 children eight,  
 Dropping down the river harbor in the shallop " Watch  
 and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the meadows, the tided creeks between,  
 And hills rolled, wave-like, inland, with oaks and walnuts  
 green :

A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eye had never seen.



Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,  
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living  
bread  
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marble-  
head!

All day they sailed; at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze  
died,  
The blackening sky at midnight its starry lights denied,  
And, far and low, the thunder a tempest prophesied.

Blotted out was all the coast-line, gone were rock, and  
wood, and sand;  
Grimly anxious stood the helmsman, with the tiller in his  
hand,  
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what  
was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him,  
weeping sore;  
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on  
before,  
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no  
more!"

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn  
aside,  
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and  
wide;  
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the  
tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's  
despair,  
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and  
bare,  
And through it rose the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From the struggle in the darkness with the wild waves  
and the blast,  
On a rock where every billow broke above him as it  
passed,  
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying in the pause of wave  
and wind : —

“ All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind ;  
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find ! ”

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request ;  
As the strong wave swept him downward, the sweet prayer  
upward pressed,  
And the soul of Father Avery went with it to his rest.

There was wailing on the mainland from the rocks of Marblehead,  
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes for prayer  
were read,  
And long by board and hearthstone the living mourned the  
dead.

And still the fishers out-bound, or scudding from the squall,  
With grave and reverent faces the ancient tale recall,  
When they see the white waves breaking on the “ Rock of  
Avery's Fall ! ” \*

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### SANDALPHON — THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HAVE you read the Talmud of old,  
In the legends the Rabbins have told,  
Of the limitless realms of the air ?  
Have you read it, — the marvellous story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night ?

\* A dangerous rock on the coast of Essex county, Massachusetts.

The Angels of Wind and of Fire,  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
    With the song's irresistible stress,—  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder,  
    By the music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
    With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,  
    To sounds that ascend from below,—

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and implore,  
    In the frenzy and passion of prayer ;—  
From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
    Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
    Into garlands of purple and red ;  
And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Through the streets of the City Immortal,  
    Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know —  
A fable, a phantom, a show  
    Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;  
Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful strange superstition,  
    But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
    All throbbing and panting with stars,  
Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
    His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
 To quiet its fervor and pain.

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### THE ARAB HORSE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

God is great! Thus sang the poet Alimar.  
 O, Arabs, never yet since Mahmoud rode  
 The sands of Yemen, and by Mecca's gate  
 That winged steed bestrode, whose mane of fire  
 Blazed up the zenith, when, by Allah called,  
 He bore the Prophet to the walls of Heaven,  
 Was seen the like of Kubleh, wondrous horse!  
 Who ever told in all the Desert Land  
 The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can tell  
 Whence came he, whence his like shall come again?  
 Far in Arabia's sands, the legends say,  
 Did Soful find him, by a lonely palm.  
 The well had dried; his fierce, impatient eye  
 Glared red and sunken, and his slight young limbs  
 Were lean with thirst. He checked his camel's pace,  
 And, while it knelt, untied the water-skin,  
 And when the wild horse drank, he followed him.  
 Thence none but Soful might the saddle gird  
 Upon his back, or clasp the brazen gear  
 About his shining head, that brooked no curb  
 From even him, for he alike was royal.

And Soful loved him. He was more to him  
 Than all his snowy-bosomed odalisques.  
 For many years he stood beside his tent,  
 The glory of the tribe. But Kubleh died,—  
 Died while the fire was yet in all his limbs,—  
 Died for the life of Soful, whom he loved.  
 The base Jebours—on whom be Allah's curse!—  
 Came on his path, when far from any camp,  
 And would have slain him, but that Kubleh sprang  
 Against the javelin points, and bore them down,  
 And gained the open desert. Wounded, sore,

He urged his light limbs into maddening speed,  
And made the wind a laggard. On and on,  
The red sand slid beneath him, and behind.  
Whirled in a swift and cloudy turbulence,  
As when some star of Eblis, downward hurled  
By Allah's bolt, sweeps with its burning hair  
The waste of darkness. On and on, the bleak,  
Bare ridges rose before him, came and passed,—  
And every flying leap with fresher blood  
His nostril stained, till Soful's brow and breast  
Were flecked with crimson foam. He would have turned  
To save his treasure, though himself were lost,  
But Kubleh fiercely snapped the brazen rein.

At last, when through his spent and quivering frame  
The sharp throes ran, our clustering tents arose,  
And with a neigh, whose shrill excess of joy  
O'ercame its agony, he stopped, and fell.  
The Arab men came round him as he lay,  
And Soful raised his head, and held it close  
Against his breast. His dull and glazing eye  
Met Soful's, and with shuddering gasp he died.  
Then, like a child, his bursting grief made way  
In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe  
Wept for the faithful horse.

They dug his grave  
Amid Al-Hather's marbles, where he lies  
Buried with ancient kings; and since that time  
Was never seen, and will not be again,  
O Arabs, though the world be doomed to live  
As many moons as count the desert sands,  
The like of glorious Kubleh. God is great!

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### THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

WHEN troubled in spirit, when weary of life,  
When I faint 'neath its burden, and shrink from its strife,  
When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking my taste,  
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste,—  
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer,  
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear.

No pity I ask, and no counsel I need ;  
 But bring me, O, bring me, my gallant young steed,  
 With his high archèd neck, and his nostrils spread wide,  
 His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride !  
 As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,  
 The strength to my spirit returneth again !  
 The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,  
 And my cares borne away on the wing of the wind ;  
 My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,  
 And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown !  
 Now we're off,—like the winds to the plains whence they  
 came,

And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame !  
 On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,  
 Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod !  
 On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay  
 Awakes the wild echoes, away and away !  
 Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,  
 Till the rush of the startled air whirs in my ear !  
 Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track,—  
 See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back !  
 Now a glen, dark as midnight,—what matter?—we'll  
 down,  
 Though the shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown ;  
 The thick branches shake, as we're hurrying through,  
 And deck us with spangles of silvery dew.

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand,  
 Such a steed in the might of his strength may command !  
 What a glorious creature ! Ah ! glance at him now,  
 As I check him a while on this green hillock's brow ;  
 How he tosses his mane, with a shrill joyous neigh,  
 And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play !  
 Like a swift wingèd arrow we rush through the air !  
 O, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,  
 Not the wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,  
 Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,  
 Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,  
 Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er,  
 Nor the lively dance on the moonlit shore,  
 Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed  
 Of a fearless ride on a fiery steed !

## THE CORN-COB.

WM. B. FOWLE.

FAR in the West, the far West, as we say,  
To designate the country far away  
Almost to sun-down, once a squatter strolled  
To find a lot, where, ere he was too old,  
He might create a home, by toil made dear,  
A woody lot, that he in time might clear,  
And introduce to the fertilizing sun,  
As, when New York was West, his sine had done.

It happened, as he went, he saw a coarse  
Chalked notice, saying, "*Food for Man and Horse*;"  
And in he went, for, though no beast he had,  
He had an appetite like one, and glad,  
Right glad was he to find a place, at last,  
Where he might break once more his mortal fast  
Mine host was out, his wife at home, and,—good!  
Upón the coals a steamy kettle stood,  
In which, for dinner, the lone dame had piled  
Some ears of Indian corn, to be *biled*,  
As she expressed it, for but seldom there  
Did meat or grammar any day appear.

Our squatter was too hungry to be nice,  
But had the heap before him in a trice.  
So fast he stripped the corn from off the cob,  
You would have sworn him working by the job,  
Or trying a machine, by which, right well,  
An ear of corn in no time he could shell;  
So fast, in fact, a pile of cobs was reared,  
The hostess at the architect sly-leered  
As she handed him the last,—a short half yard  
At least in length,—an ear enough to kill  
A common man, but not enough to fill  
The gulf without a bottom, whose dread door  
Now oped as if it ne'er had oped before.

The ear was hard to hold; it was so long  
And crookèd, that his hold, though strong,  
It thrice escaped, yet still he tried again,  
As you have seen a pig do in his pen

When he would eat a pumpkin, that would still  
Roll round and baffle all his grinders' skill.  
The woman saw the difficulty, and  
No longer could the provocation stand,  
But keen the glutton eyeing, cried, "I say!  
Just put your foot on 't, stranger, then 't will lay."

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

HENRY WARE, JR.

Come, uncles and cousins ; come, nieces and aunts ;  
Come nephews and brothers — no *wonts* and no *cants* ;  
Put business, and shopping, and school-books away ;  
The year has rolled round, it is Thanksgiving-day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth,  
Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth ;  
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away ;  
Home, home with you all, — it is Thanksgiving-day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed ;  
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best ;  
No Caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,  
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving-day.

Pies, puddings, and custards ; pigs, oysters, and nuts ;  
Come forward and seize them, without *ifs* and *buts* ;  
Bring none of your slim little appetites here, —  
Thanksgiving-day comes only once in a year.

Thrice welcome the day in its annual round !  
What treasures of love in its bosom are found !  
New England's high holiday, ancient and dear, —  
'T would be twice as welcome, if twice in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,  
And brother and sister, long parted, embrace ;  
The family circle's united once more,  
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,  
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth ;  
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,  
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving-day.



## IT IS N'T ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It is n't all in "bringing up,"  
Let folks say what they will ;  
To silver scour a pewter cup, —  
It will be pewter still.  
E'en of old, wise Solomon,  
Who said "train up a child,"  
If I mistake not, had a son  
Prove rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass  
For lord of sea and land,  
May have the training of a son,  
And bring him up full grand ;  
May give him all the wealth of love,  
Of college and of school,  
Yet, after all, may make no more  
Than just a decent fool.

Another, raised by penury  
Upon her bitter bread,  
Whose road to knowledge is like that  
The good to heaven must tread,  
Has got a spark of nature's light, —  
He'll fan it to a flame,  
Till in burning letters bright  
The world may read the name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"  
In counsel and restraint,  
Some rascals had been honest men, —  
I'd been myself a saint.  
O, 't is n't all in "bringing up,"  
Let folks say what they will ;  
Neglect may dim a silver cup, —  
It will be silver still.

## THE COMMON LOT.

## Monthly Repository.

[2 Samuel 7 : 12. "And when thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee."]

"Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers," as they  
Are sleeping in silence with theirs ;  
And the dark grave, where moulders thine ancestors' clay,  
Shall soon be the home of thine heirs.

"Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." Thy doom,  
Like theirs, is to moulder beneath ;  
The only thing permanent here is the tomb,  
The only thing certain is — death.

"Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." Repose,  
Which flies from the wretched one's bed,  
When prayed for by weariness, courted by woes,—  
Repose is the lot of the dead.

"Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." They *were*,  
And they *are* not ; thou *art*, but ere long  
Thou shalt *not* be ; we vibrate 'twixt pleasure and care,  
And fall 'midst the sepulchred throng.

"Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." They sleep  
With their fathers ; and wave after wave  
Whelms the centuries of men to the grass-covered heap,  
Which affection hath raised o'er the grave.

"Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." Thy sons  
Shall sleep in due season with thee ;  
Till the last drop of time from its cistern which runs,  
Falls into eternity's sea.

SLAVERY AGITATION NOT TO BE REPRESSED BY  
LEGISLATION.

Extract from a Speech by CHARLES SUMNER in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 21, 1854.

SLAVERY, which our fathers branded as an "evil," a "curse," an "enormity," a "nefarious institution," is condemned at the North by the strongest convictions of reason and the best sentiments of the heart. It is the only subject within the field of national politics which excites any real interest. The old matters, which have divided the minds of men, have lost their importance. One by one they have disappeared, leaving the ground to be occupied by a question grander far. The bank, sub-treasury, the distribution of the public lands, are each and all obsolete issues. Even the tariff is not a question on which opposite political parties take opposite sides. And now, instead of these superseded questions, which were filled for the most part with the odor of the dollar, the country is directly summoned to consider, face to face, a cause which is connected with all that is divine in religion, with all that is pure and noble in morals, with all that is truly practical and constitutional in politics. Unlike the other questions, it is not temporary or local in its character. It belongs to all times and to all countries. Though long kept in check, it now, by your introduction, confronts the people, demanding to be heard. To every man in the land it says, with a clear, penetrating voice, "Are you for freedom, or are you for slavery?" And every man in the land must answer this question when he votes.

Pass this bill, and it will be in vain that you say the slavery question is settled. Sir, *nothing can be settled which is not right*; nothing can be settled which is adverse to freedom. God, nature, and all the holy sentiments of the heart, repudiate any such false seeming settlement.

I am not blind to the adverse signs. But this I see clearly. Amidst all seeming discouragements the great omens are with us. Art, literature, poetry, religion, every thing which elevates man, all are on our side. The plough, the steam-engine, the railroad, the telegraph, the book, every human improvement, every generous word any

where ; every true pulsation of every heart which is not a mere muscle, and nothing else, gives new encouragement to the warfare with slavery. The discussion will proceed. The devices of party can no longer stave it off. The subtrefuges of the politician can not escape it. The tricks of the office-seeker can not dodge it. Wherever an election occurs, there this question will arise. Wherever men come together to speak of public affairs, there again will it be. No political Joshua now, with miraculous power, can stop the sun in his course through the heavens. It is even now rejoicing, like a strong man, to run its race, and will yet send its beams into the most distant plantation, ay, sir, and melt the chains of every slave.

But this movement, or agitation, as it is reproachfully called, is boldly pronounced injurious to the very object desired. Now, without entering into details which neither time nor the occasion justifies, let me say that this objection belongs to those common-places which have been arrayed against every beneficent movement in the world's history, against even knowledge itself, against the abolition of the slave-trade.

But it is suggested that in this movement there is danger to the Union. In this solicitude I can not share. As a lover of concord, and a jealous partisan of all things that make for peace, I am always glad to express my attachment to the Union ; but I believe that this bond will be most truly preserved, and most beneficently extended, — for I shrink from no expansion where freedom leads the way, — by firmly upholding those principles of liberty and justice which were made its early corner-stones. The true danger to this Union proceeds, not from any abandonment of the "peculiar institution" of the South, but from the abandonment of the spirit in which the Union was formed ; not from any warfare within the limits of the Constitution upon slavery, but from warfare, like that waged by this very bill, upon freedom. The Union is most precious ; but more precious far are that "general welfare," "domestic tranquillity," and those "blessings of liberty," which it was established to secure ; all which are now wantonly endangered. Not that I love the Union less, but freedom more, do I now, in pleading this great cause, insist that freedom, at all hazards, shall be preserved.

The North and the South, sir, as I fondly trust, amidst

all differences of opinion, will ever have a hand and a heart for each other; and, believing in the sure prevalence of Almighty Truth, I confidently look forward to the good time when both will unite, according to the sentiments of the fathers and the true spirit of the Constitution, in declaring freedom, and not slavery, *national*, while slavery, and not freedom, shall be *sectional*. Then will be achieved that Union contemplated at the beginning, against which the storms of faction and the assaults of foreign power shall beat in vain, as upon the Rock of Ages; and LIBERTY, seeking a firm foothold, WILL HAVE AT LAST WHEREON TO STAND AND MOVE THE WORLD.

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### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Extract from a Speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS before a committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, appointed to consider the propriety of abolishing Capital Punishment. March 16, 1859.

GENTLEMEN, for one hundred years the progress of all legislation has been to throw away those extreme penalties; and, in proportion as it has done so, crime has diminished. This shows that society does not need the gallows for protection; and, if it does not need it for protection, it has no right to it. These gentlemen will not contend, of course, that society has a right to take life from caprice, from whim, from taste, but only from necessity. If we show you that when it has been withdrawn from a crime that crime has diminished; then, I say, we show you a competent and sufficient argument why it should be abolished. We have got outside of the Bible now. We have the experience of two hundred years in England, that every crime from which the penalty of the gallows was taken off has diminished. We have the experience of Russia, of Tuscany, of Belgium, of Sir James Mackintosh in India, where they have given up the death penalty; yet murder did not increase. You say, these experiments were local, and for a short time. True, but they were all one way. Society has never tried the gallows, but to fail. Now, all we ask of Massachusetts is, that, as she has tried the one and not succeeded, she shall now try the other. We used to punish highway robbery with death. Then that crime

was frequent ; but things got to such a state that a man was more likely to be struck with lightning, sitting in his parlor in any town of the commonwealth, than to be hanged for committing highway robbery. We took off the penalty of death, and then highway robbery diminished ; there were more cases before than since.

In the states that have abolished the death penalty, the result has been entirely satisfactory, — and every humane man must rejoice at it. Take Michigan, and those states that have rescinded the penalty, — they are no worse off than Massachusetts. I say that this is a state preëminently fitted to try this experiment. We are the great Normal School of all civil government, — Massachusetts. We have the most moral people on the face of the earth ; we have the best circumstances for an experiment in civil government ; we have a people with wealth equally divided ; we have common schools ; we are a people with a high moral tone ; we have a homogeneous population ; it is easy to get a living here, and poverty, therefore, does not drive to crime, as in some other places ; our circumstances are all favorable to morality. We are in a better state to try such an experiment than Michigan, far better than Belgium, Tuscany, or Russia ; yet they tried it, and were successful, and why will not we ? All the great lights of jurisprudence are on our side, — Franklin, Livingston, Rush, Lafayette, Beccaria, Grotius, — I might mention forty eminent names, all throwing their testimony against the gallows. Lafayette said, "I shall demand the abolition of the penalty of death, until you show me the infallibility of human testimony." He thought it was enough to discredit the gallows that men might be hung by mistake. There have been two or three scores of such cases in the history of jurisprudence.

Now, with all this experience on our side, with the fact that we are the very best government in the world to try the experiment ; with the testimony of Lord Brougham, — a man not biased by any peculiar circumstances, by any religious fanaticism, by any sentimental enthusiasm, — that this idea of deterring from offences by example is a failure ; that education is the only thing ; that the prison ought to be a moral hospital ; that the man is to be taken possession of, and restrained by moral influences ; — shall we be be-

hind such a man as Lord Brougham? It seems that we ought not to be.

All experience points one way. The old barbarous practices have gradually given place to others more humane and merciful. Once a prisoner was not allowed to swear his witnesses; then they would not allow him counsel; now he may swear his witnesses, and is entitled to counsel:—yet the government is safe. Men used to say, "We can not get rid of the gallows. Why, murder is so rife in the land that if you don't have the very worst punishment that man can devise, no man's life will be safe." If this was so, why did n't you impale the criminal, as in Algiers, or crucify him, as the Romans did? Why did n't you make the gallows as cruel as possible? If you wanted the terror of example, if you wanted the blood to freeze in the hearts of men, why did you not make the punishment as cruel as you could? That is not the spirit of the age. The question is not now how we shall most frighten men, but how we shall take life the easiest. It has even been proposed, from motives of humanity, to give chloroform to the man about to be executed. If you want to frighten people, adopt the cruelest punishment you can invent; and yet, if you should do so, if you should take pains to make your punishments as severe and cruel as possible, the humanity of the nineteenth century would rebuke you. If you can come down one step, — if you can give up the rack and the wheel, impaling, tearing to death with wild horses, why can not you come down two, and adopt imprisonment? Why cannot you come down three, and, instead of putting the man in a jail, make your prisons, *as* Brougham recommends, moral hospitals, and educate him? Why can not you come down four, and put him under the influence of some community of individuals, who will labor to awaken again the moral feelings and sympathies of his nature?

Who knows how many steps you can come down? We came down one when we gave up burning at the stake; we came down another when we gave up the tearing of the body to pieces with red-hot pincers; we came down another when we gave up the torture of the wheel. You can not tolerate these things now. Society has been forced, by the instinct of humanity, against its logic, to put away these cruel penalties. Men have been crying out con-

tinually against this instinct of mercy, which sought to make the dungeon less terrible; they feared to remove a cobweb from that dungeon's cruelty, lest the world should go to pieces. Yet the world swept it down, and is safer to-day than ever before.

Now we ask you to abolish the gallows. It is only one step further in the same direction. Massachusetts has got up to the wall. She has thrown it away for almost all offences — she only retains it for one or two. We ask you to take one more step in the same direction. Take it, because the civilized world is taking it, in many quarters! Take it, because the circumstances of the time prove you may take it safely! Take it, because it is well to try experiments for humanity, and this is a favorable community to try them in!

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### THE PURITAN FATHERS.

Extracted from an imperfect newspaper report of a Speech delivered by Sir HENRY BULWER, the English Minister to the United States, at a meeting of the New England Society, in the city of New York.

GENTLEMEN, I love your land, and, let me add, I revere the sect by which it was originally, and still is, I believe, mainly peopled. I do not follow its ritual, but I venerate its history, which stands forth as the loftiest among the many monuments which attest that great Christian moral, "The proud shall be abased, and the humble exalted." It reminds us that it is not the mere will of arbitrary princes, nor the vain bull of arrogant pontiffs, that can lay prostrate the independence of the human mind. All assumption only breeds resistance, as all persecution only makes martyrs.

Who, at the period to which this scene recalls us, were the mighty of the earth? On the throne of England then sat a prince proud of the triple crown which had recently become his family inheritance. In France, the sceptre was in the hands of a still haughtier race, which ruled with supreme authority over the most gallant and chivalrous people in the world. What has become of the illustrious lines of these two royal houses; of that of the sovereign who gloried in the nonconformity bill; of that of those sovereigns among whose deeds are recorded the massacre



of St. Bartholomew, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes? The crown of the Stuarts has melted into air in the one kingdom; the sceptre of the Bourbons has been shattered to atoms in the other.

But here, on this spot where I am speaking, still stands, erect and firm, the Pilgrim's staff. From the bruised seed of the poor and persecuted Puritan has arisen one of the most prosperous empires in the world. Let that which is a warning unto others be a warning unto you. Always remember that the vaunting Speedwell put into port, when the modest Mayflower stood out to sea. And do you wish to know what is the principal cause of the high position you have achieved? I will tell you: it is to be sought for in the trials and difficulties through which you have passed. If you have made your country, it is no less true that your country has made you. Here is the distinguishing peculiarity of our two nations.

It was from a condition of society where powerful principles and agencies were at work, that your ancestors fled. They came here as to a newly-formed world. In many respects the colonization of New England was like a new creation of the race. History can not deny that the founders of that colony had faults. But, on the other hand, history must concede to them the possession of exalted, far-shining, immortal virtues. Stanch, undaunted, invincible, they held fast to what they believed to be the dictates of conscience and the oracles of God; and in the great moral epic which celebrates the story of their trials and their triumphs, the word "apostate" is no where written.

I have said, gentlemen, that I revere the Puritan Fathers of New England, that I venerate their history, that I honor their sturdy virtues, and their unwavering fidelity to civil and religious liberty; and, if it be inquired why I do this, I frankly answer, that it is because they were Englishmen, my countrymen, descendants of the same men who compelled their monarch to sign the Great Charter of our civil rights at Runnymede, and who established our religious rights, the Protestant religion, not only by quietly departing into exile, as did your fathers, but by driving into exile the monarch who wished to subvert their freedom, as was done by those who staid at home.

## ROBERT BURNS.

Extract from a Lecture delivered in New York, on the Hundredth Anniversary of the birthday of the Poet, by HENRY WARD BEECHER. — Jan. 18, 1859.

I COME, upon your invitation, gentlemen of the Burns Club, friends and fellow-citizens, to celebrate with one-half of the civilized world, and with the whole world of letters, the birth of a famous boy, who became a ploughman, a flax-dresser, an exciseman, a gauger, and who was reputed also to have become a poet. One hundred years ago, January 25, 1759, Agnes Brown Burns gave to the world her son, Robert Burns. The father and the mother were Scotch; the son only took Scotland on his way into the whole world. While we allow Scotchmen a suitable national pride in their chief poet, we cannot allow the world to be robbed of their right and interest in Burns; and yet there never was born to that land, so fertile in men, a truer Scotchman; and it is the peculiar admiration and glory of the man, that, in spite of the obscurity of his birth, bred under all the local influences, Scotch in bone, in muscle, in culture, and in dialect, he rose higher than the special and the national, and achieved his glory in those elements which unite mankind, and make all nations of one blood. While men of science are debating about the origin and unity of races, the poet strikes the chords, and all races, peoples, and tongues, hear, understand, and agree, so that the poet is, after all, the true ethnologist; — the human heart is his heart. He that knows how to touch that with skill, belongs to no country, can be shut in by no language, nor sequestered by any age, but belongs to the world and to the race.

The father of Burns was a genuine man in his way, expecting much of all his family, but sterner with himself than with any other. Though never prospering, he held up his head, like a brave swimmer in a rough sea, till the waves fairly beat him down. The mother of the poet was a woman of humble birth, that is, she was born as every body else is born. She brought into this world the seeds of many rare and precious faculties; central and strong was her heart, and had that deep nature which religion always gives; — calm, and of a heavenly temper; a good

house-keeper, which is a very brave and noble thing in woman, often requiring more than to govern a nation, as nations are now governed. Burns's mother was the mother of Burns's poetry. It was beautiful to hear her sing. Nature is full of sweet sounds, but has none so sweet as the songs, and hymns, and ballads, by which children sleep to dream of angels, and wake to say—Mother! The father had just built, and poorly built, a clay cottage, on the banks of the Doune, and scarcely had the poet learned to cry, before a big storm beat down the house and drove them out. That storm never spent itself, but blew after him all his days. His education was a good one. There was no Greek or Latin in it; but, as he was not to sing in those tongues, there seemed to be no need of them. They were dead tongues, and he was a living man. The books he read were very good books, but his tender love, his sympathy, his penetration of human life, his melancholy, his love of man, of liberty, were not in them. He loved man, animals, every thing that grew, if it only grew in Scotland. Had he found as many friends as there were to build his monument, the result might have been different. His foot-prints, though a hundred years old, are still warm. Living, he could not get ten pounds to save him from ruin; dead, he has made the world rich. His life was a failure until he died, and ever since it has been a marvellous success.

He has scattered his thoughts over all the earth, and could he have known the future, it would have saved his heart many ignoble struggles of his life; for now there is nothing left to gain,—his spirit rules kings and princes. His poems are the inseparable companions of the Scot wherever he goes; and where is there a land on the earth where the Scotchman does not go? Scotland is known as much by her poet Burns as by all her sons beside. He gathered up the lower thoughts of men, and threw the light of genius upon them to give them beauty; but the great beauty of his works is in the moral element which pervades them. If the moral tone was withdrawn from his works, they would fall to pieces. The time in which Burns lived was one in which liberty in civil things had run into license, and religion into form; yet no man, in all that period, was a more faithful apostle of liberty than was Burns. It did not develop itself in political theories

or philosophical speculation. It scarcely touched the external forms. It went to the root of all things,—the ineradicable worth of man. As a child of God, he had no enmity against kings or nobles, if they were men ; but he bore witness, with all the fidelity of the apostle, and all the power of the poet, to the fundamental doctrine, that essential manhood is the only greatness, and that nothing can exalt a man but himself. Throughout his whole life this love for man was eminent. No tenderer heart ever cheered the sufferer. The nation who read Burns in the arsery will never have tyrants in the Parliament House. In all his weaknesses, sorrows, joys, and fears, he is universal in his sympathy. If every man that, within these twenty-four hours, the world round, shall speak the name of Burns with fond admiration, were registered as his subjects, no king on earth would have such a realm ; and, if each one could change the feeling into a flower, and cast it down before his memory, a mountain would arise, and he could sit upon a throne now, at length, without a thorn.

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### TRUE NOBILITY.

ROBERT NICOLL.

I ASK not for his lineage,  
 I ask not for his name,  
 If manliness be in his heart,  
 He noble birth may claim.  
 I care not though of this world's wealth  
 But slender be his part,  
 If yes, you answer, when I ask  
 Hath he a true man's heart ?

I ask not from what land he came,  
 Nor where his youth was nursed ;  
 If pure the stream, it matters not  
 The spot from whence it burst.  
 The palace or the hovel,  
 Where first his life began,  
 I seek not for ; but answer this,  
 Is he an honest man ?

Nay, blush not now, — what matters it  
 Where first he drew his breath ?  
 A manger was the cradle-bed  
 Of Him of Nazareth !  
 Be nought, be any, every thing, —  
 I care not what you be,  
 If yes, you answer, when I ask  
 If you are true and free.

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“KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.”

A. DUGANNE.

“KEEP it before the people !”  
 That the earth was made for man ;  
 That flowers were strown,  
 And fruits were grown,  
 To bless, and never to ban ;  
 That sun and rain,  
 And corn and grain,  
 Are yours and mine, my brother, —  
 Free gifts from Heaven,  
 And freely given  
 To one as well as another.

“Keep it before the people !”  
 That man is the image of God,  
 Whose limbs and soul  
 Ye may not control  
 With shackle, or shame, or rod !  
 We may not be sold  
 For silver or gold,  
 Neither you nor I, my brother, —  
 For freedom was given,  
 By God from heaven,  
 To one as well as another.

“Keep it before the people !”  
 That famine, and crime, and woe,  
 Forever abide,  
 Still side by side,  
 With luxury's dazzling show ;

That Lazarus crawls  
 From Dives' halls,  
 And starves at his gate, my brother ;  
 Yet life was given,  
 By God from heaven,  
 To one as well as another.

“ Keep it before the people ! ”  
 That the laborer claims his meed, —  
 The right of soil,  
 And the right to toil,  
 From spur and bridle freed, —  
 The right to bear,  
 And the right to share,  
 With you and me, my brother,  
 Whatever is given,  
 By God from heaven,  
 To one as well as another.

### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Out and in the river is winding the links of its long, red  
 chain,  
 Through belts of dusky pine-land and gusty leagues of  
 plain.  
 Only, at times, a smoke-wreath with the drifting cloud-rack  
 joins,  
 The smoke of the hunting lodges of the wild Assiniboins !  
 Drearly blows the north-wind from the land of ice and  
 snow ;  
 The eyes that look are weary, and heavy the hands that  
 row.  
 And, with one foot on the water, and one upon the shore,  
 The Angel of Shadow gives warning that day shall be no  
 more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ? is it the Indian's yell,  
 That lends to the voice of the north-wind the tones of a  
 far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens to the sound that grows  
 apace ;  
 Well he knows the vesper ringing of the bells of St. Boni-  
 face.

The bells of the Roman Mission, that call from their turrets  
 twain  
 To the boatman on the river, to the hunter on the plain !  
 Even so in our mortal journey the bitter north-winds blow,  
 And thus upon life's Red River our hearts, as oarsmen,  
 row.

And, when the Angel of Shadow rests his feet on wave  
 and shore,  
 And our eyes grow dim with watching, and our hearts faint  
 at the oar,  
 Happy is he who heareth the signal of his release  
 In the bells of the Holy City, the chimes of eternal peace !

### THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

MRS. NORTON.

Word was brought to the Danish King  
 (Hurry!)  
 That the love of his heart was suffering,  
 And pined for the comfort his heart would bring ;  
 (O, ride as though you were flying!)  
 Better he loves the golden curl  
 On the brow of his Scandinavian girl,  
 Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl ;  
 And his Rose of the Isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;  
 (Hurry!)  
 Each one mounting a gallant steed,  
 Which he kept for battle and days of need ;  
 (O, ride as though you were flying!)  
 Spurs were stuck in the foaming flank, —  
 Worn-out chargers staggered and sank, —  
 Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst ;  
 But ride as they would, the King rode first,  
 For his Rose of the Isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten, one by one,  
 (Hurry !)  
 They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone ;  
 His little fair page now follows alone,—  
     For strength and for courage trying !  
 The King looked back at the faithful child ;  
 Wan was the face that answering smiled ;  
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,  
 Then he dropped, and only the King rode in  
     Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying !

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn ;  
 (Silence !)  
 No answer came ; but faint and forlorn  
 An echo returned on the cold gray morn,  
     Like the breath of a spirit sighing.  
 The castle portal stood grimly wide ;  
 None welcomed the King from that weary ride ;  
 For dead, in the light of the dawning day,  
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
     Who had yearned for his voice while dying !

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
 Stood weary !  
 The King returned from her chamber of rest,  
 The thick sobs choking in his breast,  
     And, that dumb companion eyeing,  
 The tears gushed forth which he strove to check.  
 He bowed his head on his charger's neck,  
 "O, Steed — that every nerve didst strain,  
 Dear Steed, our ride hath been in vain  
     To the halls where my love lay dying !"

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## THE VERMONT SNOW-STORM.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter-time,  
 As cold as it ever can be ;  
 The roar of the storm is heard like the chime  
     Of the waves on an angry sea.  
 The moon is full, but her silver light  
 The storm dashes out with his wings to-night ;



And over the sky, from south to north,  
Not a star is seen, as the winds come forth  
In the strength of a mighty glee.

The night set in with hail and snow,  
And the air grew sharp and chill,  
And the warning roar of a sullen blow  
Was heard on the distant hill;  
And the norther! see! on the mountain peak,  
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!  
He shouts along the plain, Ho! Ho!  
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,  
And growls with a savage will!

A traveller came from the town at night,  
And lost the travelled way;  
And for hours he trod with main and might  
A path for his horse and sleigh;  
But deeper still the snow-drift grew,  
And colder still the fierce wind blew;  
And his horse, a beautiful Morgan brown,  
O'er a log, at last, had floundered down,  
That deep in a huge drift lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,  
He made in the heavy snow;  
And his master strove, till his breath grew short,  
With a word and a gentle blow;  
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,  
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;  
So he struggled back to his sleigh again,  
And strove to shelter himself in vain  
With his coat and his buffalo.

He had given the last faint jerk of the rein  
To rouse up his dying steed;  
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain  
For help in his master's need.  
He strives for a while, with a wistful cry,  
To catch but a glance from his heavy eye,  
And wags his tail if the rude wind flap  
The skirts of his coat across his lap,  
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, the storm is o'er,—  
'T is the hour of midnight past;

The forest writhes and bends no more  
 In the rush of the mighty blast.  
 The moon looks out with a silver light  
 On the old high hills, with the snow all white;  
 And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,  
 Of ledge and tree, and ghostly stump,  
 On the silent plain are cast.

But there they are — by the hidden log, —  
 Who came that night from the town; —  
 All dead! the man and his faithful dog,  
 And his beautiful Morgan brown!  
 He sits in his sleigh, — his face is bland, —  
 With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand,  
 The dog with his head on his master's feet,  
 And the horse half seen through the crusted sleet,  
 Where he lay when he floundered down.

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### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Harpers' Weekly.

O, THE snow, the beautiful snow,  
 Filling the sky and the earth below;  
 Over the house-tops, over the street,  
 Over the heads of the people you meet;  
 Dancing, flirting, skimming along,  
 Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;  
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,  
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak, —  
 Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
 Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

O, the snow, the beautiful snow!  
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!  
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
 It plays in its glee with every one.  
 Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,  
 It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye;  
 And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
 The town is alive, and its heart in a glow  
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,  
 Hailing each other with humor and song !  
 How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,  
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye !  
 Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,  
 Over the crest of the beautiful snow ;  
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by ;  
 To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,  
 Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, — but I fell ;  
 Fell, like the snow-flakes from heaven — to hell ;  
 Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street ;  
 Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.  
 Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,  
 Selling my soul to whoever would buy, —  
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
 Hating the living, and fearing the dead.  
 Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?  
 And yet I was once like the beautiful snow !

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
 Should fall on a sinner with no where to go !  
 How strange it would be, when the night comes again,  
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain !  
 Fainting, freezing, dying — alone !  
 Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
 To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
 Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down ; —  
 To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow !

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### THE DOG AND THE PITCHER.

WM. B. FOWLE.

MIKE BOGTROR was a Frenchman's valet ;  
 But this expression does not tally  
 With a French valet, for the latter  
 Is all polite — the other a satyr, —  
     No matter, —  
 'T is n't the manners of poor Mike,  
 That now must your attention strike ;

But his philosophy and wit,  
Trait national, some say, is it ;  
And what we mean by this, I now  
In a short anecdote will show.  
- An exiled Frenchman had a cur  
That stuck to him like any burr ;  
But penetration was his forte,  
And so, in mischief or in sport,  
Where'er he found a hole, into  
The same his nose was sure to go.  
One day, a fancy pitcher, that  
His master valued, empty sat  
Upon the floor, and Mercury,  
To see what in the same might be,  
His head unto the bottom thrust,  
Although, to do the deed, he must  
Push hard and long, with many a jerk ; —  
But when accomplished was the work,  
The curious creature found that he  
Could not withdraw so easily  
As he went in, and then to yelp  
Was the natural way to call for help.

Mike stood perplexed ; he could not save  
The pitcher and the head. He gave  
The solemn case his deepest thought,  
And then the carving-knife he brought,  
And cut the body from the head,  
And consequently both "came dead."  
Poor Mikey, though he seemed so clever,  
Now found the case more deep than ever ;  
For, do the best he could, he could n't  
Withdraw the head ; the pitcher would n't  
Allow the swollen head to pass,  
And Mikey downright puzzled was.  
At last a thought came o'er his brain,  
As clear as crystal, and 't was plain  
His native genius helped him now ;  
He gave the pitcher such a blow  
That Mercury's case at once he clears,  
Then holds the head up by the ears,  
And says in a triumphant shout  
" You thought I could n't get you out ! "

Just then Monsieur came homeward, and  
Beheld the head in Miky's hand.

"Rascal! What for you dare to coupe  
De body off my littel pup?" —

"Into the thing he thrust his snout, -  
I cut it off to get it out." —

"What for you no de pitchare break,  
And save my poor dog's littel neck?

O villain! How I wish dat you

One head had in de pitchare too,

Den I would a show you, oui," he said,

"How my poor puppy-dog is dead!"

## THE TIME FOR GOOD AND EVIL.

CHARLES MACKAY.

IF Fortune with a smiling face

Strews roses on our way,

When shall we stoop to pick them up?

*To-day, my love, to-day.*

But should she frown with face of care,

And talk of coming sorrow,

When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?

*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

If those who've wronged us own their faults,

And gentle pity pray,

When shall we listen and forgive?

*To-day, my love, to-day.*

But if stern justice urge rebuke,

And warmth from memory borrow,

When shall we chide, if chide we dare?

*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

If those to whom we owe a debt

Are harmed unless we pay,

When shall we struggle to be just?

*To-day, my love, to-day.*

But if our debtor fail our hope,

And plead his ruin thorough,

When shall we weigh his breach of faith?

*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

If love, estranged, should once again  
 Her genial smiles display,  
 When shall we kiss her proffered lips ?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
 But, if she would indulge regret,  
 Or dwell with bygone sorrow,  
 When shall we weep, if weep we must ?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

For virtuous acts and harmless joys  
 The minutes will not stay ;  
 We've always time to welcome them  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
 But care, resentment, angry words,  
 And unavailing sorrow,  
 Come far too soon, if they appear  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

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### THERMOPYLÆ.

WM. B. FOWLE.

THE millions of Persia are crowding the Pass,  
 The foremost are mowed to the earth like the grass,  
 The forlorn hope of Sparta is striking, to stay  
 The invaders, till Greece sets her bands in array.

Proud Xerxes rushed on, in his wrath, to erase  
 The glorious charms of fair Attica's face,  
 And he measured his power by the number of men, —  
 Leonidas his, by the vow they had ta'en.

For the Spartan had sworn with his patriot band  
 In the Pass of Thermopylæ singly to stand,  
 Till the nations of Greece could arise in their wrath,  
 And united come down on Assyria's path.

"Surrender your arms !" was the summons now made ;  
 "Come and take them !" the dauntless Laconian said ;  
 "Our arrows," said Xerxes, "will darken the sun ;"  
 "We shall fight in the shade, then," said Sparta's brave  
 one.

The invaders rushed in till the passage was choked,  
And the Spartans sprang on them like giants provoked,  
And the millions behind pushed the mass onward still,  
As the currents bear leaves to the race of a mill.

It was easy to slay, but to cut down a spine  
Of grass will in time even Hercules tire,  
And at last, on the top of the sacrificed pile,  
The Spartans expired, less by wounds than by toil.

All Greece was in action, and when, on the plain,  
The Persians, arrayed, sought to wash out the stain,  
They but fought to succumb, and their bodies to yield,  
Ten for one, in the struggle on Marathon's field.

O, there's might in the blows that are given for home !  
And the shock, soon or late, to invaders is doom.  
Old Marathon's plain, and Thermopylæ gave  
To freedom a home, — to oppression a grave !

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### THE RISING OF HUNGARY.

Extracted from an Address of KOSSUTH to the citizens of Birmingham,  
England.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN, — Three years ago, yonder house of Austria, which had chiefly me to thank for not having been swept away by the revolution of Vienna, in March, 1848, having, in return, answered by the most foul and sacrilegious conspiracy against the chartered rights, freedom, and national existence of my native land, it became my share, being then a member of the ministry, with undisguised truth to lay before the Parliament of Hungary the immense danger of our bleeding fatherland. Having made the sketch, which, however dreadful, could be but a faint shadow of the horrible reality, I proceeded to explain the terrible alternations which our destiny left to us, after the failure of all our attempts to avert the evil. Reluctant to present the neck of the realm to the deadly blow aimed at its very life, and anxious to bear up against the horrors of fate, and manfully to fight the battle of legitimate defence, — scarcely had I spoken the word, — scarcely had I added that the defence would require two hun-

dred thousand men, and eighty millions of florins, — when the spirit of freedom moved through the hall, and nearly four hundred representatives rose as one man, and, lifting their right arms toward God, solemnly said, “ We grant it; freedom or death ! ” Thus they spoke, and there they swore, in a calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself, it was my duty to speak ; but the grandeur of the moment, and the rushing waves of feeling palsied my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered my lips ; and, bowing low before the representatives of my people, I left the tribunal silent, speechless, mute.

Pardon me my emotion, — the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes ; I heard the millions of my native land once more shouting liberty or death. As I was then, sirs, so am I now. I would thank you, gentlemen, for the generous sympathy with which, in my undeserving person, you have honored the bleeding, the oppressed, but not broken, Hungary. I would thank you for the ray of hope which the sympathy of the English people casts on the night of our fate. I would thank you, gentlemen, as warmly as I feel, and as becomes the dignity of your glorious land, but words fail me ; they fail me, not only from want of knowledge of your language, but chiefly because my feelings are deep, and fervent, and true. The tongue of man is powerful enough to render the ideas which the human intellect conceives ; but in the realm of true and deep sentiments, it is but a weak interpreter. These are inexpressible. But could I dare to say something about my humble self, without becoming presumptuous, I would beg leave to state, that it is not only from to-day, but even from my early youth, I have been spiritually connected with Britannia. I was yet young, sir, under rigorous circumstances, almost didactically, preparing my soul for the duty, which is a common one to us all, to be useful, as far as possible, to fatherland and humanity. The great things that have since occurred I could not then anticipate. I could not anticipate that it was I who would have, by my sufferings, to open a way to freedom of thought in my native land ; that it was I, who, by applying to several special objects, which have produced so many wonders in this glorious country, should have unprecedented influence on my



nation's life, capable of leading it from the indifference of despondency to the cheerfulness of activity, and by activity to self-confidence. These and many similar things could never have entered into my early dreams. The sphere of activity, which was then open to me, was narrow as my faculties, and modest as my condition. Ambition never troubled the peace of my mind. I knew that it is not given to man to choose his position in the world, but I knew it is given to him honestly to fill the place which Providence has assigned to him. So I rested contented with the idea that the Great Architect above knows best what use to make of the meanest mind, and endeavored to prepare myself to become a feeble instrument in the hand of Providence to do His work. In this endeavor I had for my teacher that book of life, — history. It was the great examples of the past that warmed the susceptible young heart to noble aims and instincts ; but the thirst of scrutiny pushed on the mind to look around for some other teacher than the ruins of vanished greatness, or those mournful monuments of the frailty of human things. I looked around, not for ruins, but for life, that I might be able to teach my nation how to live. It was then that my regards turned with admiration upon the Anglo-Saxon race, this living wonder of both hemispheres, Albion and the United States. May I not prove unworthy of the lessons I shall receive !

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#### INTELLIGENT LABOR AND SLAVE LABOR CONTRASTED.

Extracted from a Speech of HORACE MANN in the U. S. House of Representatives, June 30, 1848.

HAD God intended that the work of the world should be done by human bones and sinews, He would have given us an arm as solid and strong as the shaft of a steam-engine ; and enabled us to stand, day and night, and turn the crank of a steamship while sailing to Liverpool or Calcutta. Had God designed the human muscles to do the work of the world, then, instead of the ingredients of gunpowder or gun-cotton, and the expansive force of heat, he would have given us hands which could take a granite quarry and break its solid acres into suitable and symmet-

rical blocks, as easily as we now open an orange. Had He intended us for bearing burdens, He would have given us Atlantean shoulders, by which we could carry the vast freights of rail-car and steamship, as a peddler carries his pack. He would have given us lungs, by which we could blow fleets before us; and wings to sweep over ocean wastes. But, instead of iron arms, and Atlantean shoulders, and the lungs of Boreas, He has given us a mind, a soul, a capacity of acquiring knowledge, and thus of appropriating all these energies of nature to our own use. Instead of a telescopic and microscopic eye, He has given us power to invent the telescope and the microscope. Instead of ten thousand fingers, He has given us genius inventive of the power-loom and the printing-press. Without a cultivated intellect, man is among the weakest of all the dynamical forces of nature; *with* a cultivated intellect, he commands them all.

Nor are these advantages confined to those departments of nature where her mightiest forces are brought into requisition. In accomplishing whatever requires delicacy and precision, nature is as much more perfect than man, as she is more powerful in whatever requires strength. Whether in great or in small operations, all the improvements in the mechanical and the useful arts come as directly from intelligence as a bird comes out of a shell, or the beautiful colors of a flower out of sunshine. The slave-worker is forever prying at the short end of Nature's lever, and using the back, instead of the edge, of her finest instruments.

And now, what does the slave-maker do? He abolishes this mighty power of the intellect, and uses only the weak, degraded, half-animated forces of the human limbs. A thousand slaves may stand by a river, and to them it is only an object of fear or superstition. An intelligent man surpasses the ancient idea of a river-god; he stands by the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Merrimack, or the Connecticut; he commands each to do more work than could be performed by a hundred thousand men, — to saw timber, to make cloth, to grind corn, — and they obey. Ignorant slaves stand upon a coal mine, and to them it is only a worthless part of the inanimate earth. An intelligent man uses the same mine to print a million of books. Slaves will seek to obtain the same crop from the same field, year

after year, though the *pabulum* of that crop is exhausted ; the intelligent man, with his chemist's eye, sees not only the minutest atoms of the earth, but the imponderable gases that permeate it, and he is rewarded with a luxuriant harvest.

But it was not the design of Providence that the work of the world should be performed by muscular strength. God has filled the earth and imbued the elements with energies of greater power than all the inhabitants of a thousand planets like ours. Whence come our necessities and our luxuries ? those comforts and appliances that make the difference between a houseless, wandering tribe of Indians in the far West, and a New England village ? They do not come wholly or principally from the original, unassisted strength of the human arm, but from the employment, through intelligence and skill, of those great natural forces, with which the bountiful Creator has filled every part of the material universe. Caloric, gravitation, expansibility, compressibility, electricity, chemical affinities, and repulsions, spontaneous velocities, — these are the mighty agents which the intellect of man harnesses to the car of improvement. The application of water, and wind, and steam to the propulsion of machinery, and to the transportation of men and merchandise from place to place, has added ten thousand fold to the actual products of human industry. How small the wheel which the stoutest laborer can turn, and how soon will he be weary ! Compare this with a wheel driving a thousand spindles or looms, which a stream of water can turn, and never tire. A locomotive will take five hundred men and bear them on their journey hundreds of miles in a day. Look at these same five hundred men, starting from the same point, and attempting the same distance, with all the pedestrian's, or the equestrian's toil and tardiness. The cotton mills of Massachusetts will turn out more cloth in one day than could have been manufactured by all the inhabitants of the Eastern continent during the tenth century. On an element which, in ancient times, was supposed to be exclusively within the control of the gods, and where it was deemed impious for human power to intrude, even there the gigantic forces of nature, which human science and skill have enlisted in their service, confront and overcome the raging of the elements, — breasting tempests and tides, escaping reefs and

lee shores, and careering triumphant around the globe. The velocity of winds, the weight of waters, and the rage of steam, are powers, each one of which is infinitely stronger than all the strength of all the nations and races of mankind, were it all gathered into a single arm. And all these energies are given us on one condition, — the condition of intelligence, — that is, of EDUCATION.

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### THE PRETENDED SUPERIORITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Extracted from the Reply of HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, to Senator HAMMOND, March 20, 1858.

AFTER referring, Mr. President, to the eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory in the South; to its fine soil and delightful climate; to the control of the great valley of the Mississippi, the seat of future empire, which she will maintain forever, the senator boasts that "they have on their muster-rolls a million of men," "men brought up on horseback with guns in their hands," and that, "in an emergency, every one of them would be available." Sir, this idle boast is simply ridiculous. It will excite a smile every where among people who have any adequate conception of what is necessary to embody and support, even for a few months, a large military force. This jubilant boast reminds me of the brilliant conception of "lengthening their bayonets one foot," ascribed to Governor McDuffie, at the time when South Carolina was big with nullification; when we New England Yankees were casting cannon, making swords, and even military buttons to gild the uniform of the chivalry, who were strutting after the banners of disunion.

But the senator, filled with magnificent visions of Southern power, crowns cotton "king," and tells us that if they should stop supplying cotton for three years, "England would topple headlong, and carry the whole civilized world with her, save the South." What presumption! The South, — which owns lands and slaves, the price fluctuating with the production, use, and price of cotton, having no other resource or means of support, — would go harmless; while the great commercial centres of the world,

with the vast accumulations of capital, the products of ages of accumulation, with varied pursuits and skillful industry, would "topple" to their fall! Sir, I suppose the coffee-planters of Brazil, the tea-growers of the Celestial Empire, and the wheat-growers on the shores of the Black Sea and on the banks of the Don and the Volga, indulge in the same magnificent illusions. I would remind the senator that the commercial world is not governed by the cotton-planters of the South, the coffee-planters of Brazil, the tea-growers of China, nor the wheat-producers of Eastern Europe. I tell the senator that England, France, Germany, Western Europe, and the Northern States of the Union, are the commercial, manufacturing, business and monetary centres of the world; that their merchants, manufacturers and capitalists, grasp the globe; that cotton and sugar, and tea, and coffee, and wheat, and the spices of the isles of the Oriental seas, are grown for them. Sir, the cotton-planters of the South are simply their agents, and they perform their tasks under a necessity quite as great as their own slaves perform theirs under the taskmaster's eye.

It is no matter of surprise that gentlemen who live away off on cross-roads, where cotton blooms, should come to believe that cotton rules the world; but a few months' association with the great world would cure that delusion. "You are our factors!" exclaims the senator. "You bring and carry for us. Suppose we were to discharge you? Suppose we were to take our business out of your hands, we should consign you to anarchy and poverty!" Sir, suppose, when the senator returns from this chamber to his cotton-fields, his slaves should, in their simplicity, say to him, "Massa, you only sells de cotton; we plants; we hoes; we picks de cotton! 'Spose we discharge you, massa!" The unsophisticated slaves would be quite as reasonable as is the senator. The senator seems to think that the cotton-planters hold us in the hollow of their hands; and, if they shake them, we tremble; if they close them, we perish.

But the senator from South Carolina, after crowning cotton as king, with power to bring England and all the civilized world "toppling" down into the yawning gulfs of bankruptcy and ruin, complacently tells the Senate, and the trembling subjects of his cotton king, that "the greatest

strength of the South arises from the harmony of her political and social institutions;" that "her forms of society are the best in the world;" that "she has an extent of political freedom combined with entire security, seen no where else on earth." The South, he tells us, "is satisfied, harmonious, and prosperous;" and he asks us if we "have heard that the ghosts of Mendoza and Torquemada are stalking in the streets of our great cities; that the Inquisition is at hand, and that there are fearful rumors of consultations for vigilance committees?" Sir, this self-complacency is sublime! No son of the Celestial Empire can approach the senator in self-complacency. That "society the best in the world" where more than three millions of beings, created in the image of God, are held as chattels,—sunk from the lofty level of humanity down to the abject condition of unreasoning beasts of burden! That "society the best in the world" where are manacles, chains and whips, auction-blocks, prisons, bloodhounds, scourgings, lynchings and burnings, laws to torture the body, shrivel the mind, and debase the soul; where labor is dishonored and laborers despised! "Political freedom" in a land where woman is imprisoned for teaching little children to read God's Holy Word; where professors are deposed and banished for opposing the extension of slavery; where public men are exiled for quoting in a national convention the words of Jefferson; where voters are mobbed for appearing to vote for free territory; and where booksellers are driven from the country for selling a copy of that masterly work of genius, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"! A land of "certain security," where patrols, costing, as in old Virginia, more than is expended to educate her poor children, stalk the country to catch the faintest murmur of discontent; where the bay of the bloodhound never ceases; where but little more than one year ago rose the startling cries of insurrection; and where men, some of them owned by a member of this body, were scourged and murdered for suspected insurrection! "Political freedom" and "certain security" in a land which demands that seventeen millions of freemen shall stand guard to seize and carry back fleeing bondmen! The question does not admit of argument, it is only necessary to state the facts. The senator did not do this, and I have briefly done it for him.

## RESISTANCE TO THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Extracted from an Address of CHARLES SUMNER, to the citizens of New York, May 9, 1855.

SURELY, fellow-citizens, without hesitation or postponement, you will insist that this oligarchy shall be overthrown; and here is the foremost among the special duties of the North, now required for the honor of the republic, for our own defence, and in obedience to God. Urging this comprehensive duty, I ought to have hours rather than minutes before me; but, in a few words, you shall see its comprehensive importance. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and the wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Bill will be expelled from the statute book. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and slavery will cease at once in the national capitol. Prostrate the slave oligarchy,—and liberty will become the universal law of all the national territories. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and the slave-trade will no longer skulk along our coast beneath our national flag. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and the national government will be at length divorced from slavery. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and the national policy will be changed from slavery to freedom. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and the North will no longer be a vassal of the South. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and the North will be admitted to its just share in the trusts and honors of the republic. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and you will possess the master-key to unlock the whole house of slavery. Prostrate the slave oligarchy, and the gates of emancipation will be open at the South.

But, without waiting for this consummation, there is another special duty to be done here at home, on our own soil, which must be made free in reality, as in name. And here I shall speak frankly; though not without a proper sense of the responsibility of my words. I know that I can not address you entirely as a private citizen; but I shall say nothing here, which I have not said elsewhere, and which I shall not be proud to vindicate every where. "A lie," it has been declared, "should be trampled out and extinguished forever;" and surely you would do nothing less with a tyrannical and wicked enactment. The Fugitive Slave Bill, while it continues unrepealed, must be

made a dead letter ; not by violence ; not by any unconstitutional activity or intervention ; not even by hasty conflict between jurisdictions ; but by an aroused public opinion, which, in its irresistible might, shall blast with contempt, indignation and abhorrence, all who consent to be its agents. Thus did our fathers blast all who became the agents of the Stamp Act ; and surely their motive was small compared with ours. The slave-hunter who drags his victim from Africa is loathed as a monster ; but I defy any acuteness of reason to indicate the moral difference between his act and that of the slave-hunter, who drags his victim from our northern free soil. A few puny persons, calling themselves the Congress of the United States, with the titles of representatives and senators, can not turn wrong into right,— can not change a man into a thing, can not reverse the irreversible law of God,— can not make him wicked, who hunts a slave on the burning sands of Congo or Guinea, and make him virtuous, who hunts a slave in the colder streets of Boston or New York. Nor can any acuteness of reason distinguish between the bill of sale from the kidnapper, by which the unhappy African was originally transferred in Congo or Guinea, and the certificate of the commissioner, by which, when once again in freedom, he was reduced anew to bondage. The acts are kindred, and should share a kindred condemnation.

One man's virtue becomes a standard of excellence for all ; and there is now in Boston a simple citizen, whose example may be a lesson to commissioners, marshals, magistrates, while it fills all with the beauty of a generous act. I refer to Mr. Hays, who resigned his place in the city police rather than take any part in the pack of the slave-hunter. He is now the door-keeper of the public edifice which has been honored this winter by the triumphant lectures on slavery. Better be a door-keeper to the house of the Lord than a dweller in the tents of the ungodly. For myself, let me say that I can imagine no office, no salary, no consideration which I would not gladly forego, rather than become in any way an agent for the enslavement of my brother-man. Where, for me, would be comfort or solace after such a work ? In dreams and in waking hours, in solitude and in the street, in the study of the open book, and in conversation with the world,— wherever I turned, there my victim would stare me in the



face; while from the distant rice-fields and sugar-plantations of the South, his cries beneath the vindictive lash, his moans at the thought of liberty once his, now, alas! ravished away, would pursue me, repeating the tale of his fearful doom, and sounding—forever sounding—in my ears, “Thou art the man.” Mr. President, may no such terrible voice fall on your soul or mine!

Our duty is plain and paramount. While the slave oligarchy, through its unrepealed slave bill, undertakes to enslave our free soil, we can only turn for protection to a public opinion, worthy of a humane, just and religious people, which shall keep perpetual guard over the liberties of all within our borders; nay more, which, like the flaming sword of the cherubim at the gates of Paradise, turning on every side shall prevent any slave-hunter from ever setting foot on our sacred soil. Elsewhere he may pursue his human prey; he may employ his congenial bloodhounds, and exult in his successful game. But into these domains of freedom he must not come. And this public opinion, with freedom as its watchword, must proclaim not only the overthrow of the slave bill, but also the overthrow of the slave oligarchy behind it.

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### JESUS CHRIST NOT AN IMPOSTOR.

WM. B. FOWLE.

It is not unusual for those who would discredit our holy religion, to stigmatize its founder as an Impostor; but before we admit the charge, we have a right to ask, on whom did he attempt to impose? What motive had he for the attempt? What means did he employ to compass his design?

Did he wish to impose upon the *Priesthood*? His language from first to last was “Woe unto you Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites!” Did he aim to impose upon the *Rich*? Then the exclamation, “How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of Heaven,” was either madness or folly. Did he endeavor to impose upon the *Poor*? If he did, it was by preaching the gospel of patience, hope and encouragement to them!

But all impostors have a motive ; and what, it may be asked, was that of Jesus ? Did he seek *Popularity* ? With whom ? With the mighty ? He never called *them* — except to repentance. With the people ? He discouraged all their expectations of political freedom through his agency ; and when they boasted of their descent, the glory of a Hebrew, he told them that “ God could of the stones raise up *such* children unto Abraham.”

Was his motive *Wealth* ? Strange then that he should become poor, that others might be made rich ! Strange that he should heal the sick, restore the blind, raise the dead, without fee or reward ! Strange that one little purse, in the hands of the traitor, contained so small a treasure that it could not always secure to Him a place where he might lay his weary head !

Was his motive *Power* ? He preached to the multitudes, to be sure, but his text was, “ My kingdom is not of this world.” Was it *Ambition* ? He only showed it by washing his disciples’ feet. What *was* his motive, then, for incurring reproach, enduring every privation, and suffering a cruel death ? I answer, LOVE, UNDYING LOVE ! What was his object ? *Truth*, THE TRUTH OF GOD !

Call you such an Impostor ? Happy for the world had there been more such ! Impostors who spoke not their own words, but those of Omniscient Wisdom ; who sought not their own good, but the good of others ; who obeyed not their own will, but the will of God ; and who came, “ not to condemn the world, but to save it.”

## NATURALIZATION.

Extract from a supposed Speech in the House of Representatives of the United States, on a motion to lay some restrictions upon the Naturalization of Foreigners. — WM. B. FOWLE.

I KNOW, sir, it has been asserted by gentlemen of the other side, that, without the aid of immigrants, we should never have been here ourselves ; that, having come, we should never have achieved our independence without them ; and, finally, that we owe all our progress in arts and arms, in wealth and power, to the aid we have received from immigrants. Sir, there is some truth in each of these

three propositions; but it is so confounded with error that its chief use seems to be to grace a falsehood. Let me, in a few words, examine each of these falsehoods. I can hardly conceive, sir, of a more perfect contrast than exists between those who landed at Plymouth, and were the nucleus of this great republic, and those hosts which have been vomited on our shores from the prisons and poor-houses, the starving and ignorant districts of the Old World. The Pilgrim fathers, sir, were not miserable bigots in search of the bones of some misnamed saint, from whom they expected forgiveness of sins or intercession with Heaven. They were the *élite* of England, educated, wealthy, thoughtful men, unwilling to be dictated to by any Head of the Church, English or Roman. They were colonists, who came to found an empire on the basis of civil and religious liberty, and not to subvert one already prosperous and well established. To sum up the whole in one word, sir, they were English Protestants, each armed with the Holy Bible in his native tongue, and every one of them not only able to read it, but required to do so.

But we are told that we owe our independence to the immigrants who had come hither previous to the Revolution. Sir, there was no such influx then as it has been our misfortune to witness. There were a few foreigners in this country, and a few came over as volunteers in the cause of liberty. A few of them did good service, and our nation holds them in heartfelt remembrance; but there can be no greater absurdity than to assert that they mainly contributed to the success of our arms. No body of men gave Washington more trouble than the few foreign officers that were, as he thought, unwisely employed by our government; and the fighting was done by the native Americans. You will look in vain among the muster-rolls of Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and Yorktown, to find a foreign name, for no one, I presume, will pretend that the army and navy of our French ally were immigrants. No, sir, the army of the Revolution was an American army, a Protestant army, a free army, owing no allegiance to any power civil or ecclesiastical, but the Provincial Congress, and the Lord God of Hosts.

As to the third proposition, that we owe to the immigrants the rapid progress in wealth and power, in arts and arms, which are our boast, and the great subject of national

glorification,—sir, there is some truth in this, it must be acknowledged, but it needs so much qualification, that it is not worth a thought. It is true, sir, that Irish soldiers have abounded in our armies, and have fought in some of our battles; but, sir, they have only fought as they were commanded, they have never led in any skirmish that I know of, and if they had known how to do any thing but fight, they would never have been commanded to fight some of the battles which are the glory of our annals. It is vain for them or their friends to say any thing of their patriotism and love of their adopted country,—they needed the bounty and the pay, and risked their lives for that. Patriotism! methinks that might have been better shown in Ireland, which they say is under the iron heel of Britannia. It is true, sir, that they have come from starving Ireland, and found employment on our railroads and other public works; and, as they plan nothing, invent nothing, they are entitled to as much credit as the mules and other beasts of burden that have worked by their side. If their labors have enabled our factories to increase, and our railroads to stretch with unequalled despatch over our wide domain, it remains to be proved that this rapid expansion has not caused more ruin, more domestic misery, than all the money it has produced can easily atone for. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that if these works had been left to the steady progress of American industry; if no immigrant had ever turned a sod or borne a hod; it would have been better for the country; for, who is so blind as not to perceive, that, if our wealth had been increased a hundred-fold without any disastrous revulsion, it would have been a poor return for all the evils that have come in the train of immigration? I refer to the increase of crime; to the deterioration of public manners; to the corruption of the ballot box; to the —— I had almost said—to the loss of our liberty, civil and religious; for, who does not know that the immigrants, in a religious point of view, are the tools of their priests, and in a civil aspect the tools of our politicians? Already, sir, they hold the balance of power, and have elected several of our presidents; already they have declared the Bible to be a sectarian book, unfit to be read in our public schools; already have they laughed at us for the free toleration they have received, and boasted that when they have the control, as they intend

and expect to have, we must not expect any toleration in return.

All we now ask is, sir, that such restrictions may be laid upon the naturalization of foreigners, that they may not have the control of our institutions, until they are educated; until they have had time to become Americanized; until, in fine, they have become free and independent of all foreign potentates, civil and religious.

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### THE PRIEST OUTWITTED.

WM. B. FOWLE.

Poor Patrick, just returned from sea,  
His purse once filled, immediately  
Sought out the shanty, where he late  
Had left his mother; but hard fate  
Had just estopped the poor dame's breath,  
And, at the solemn house of death,  
The friends now held a wake, to sink  
Their sorrow in a sea of drink.  
The priest was there, for there was wine,  
And ghostly fathers oft incline  
To save from drunkenness poor elves,  
By guzzling all the wine themselves.

No sooner did the son appear,  
And make it to his reverence clear  
That he had money in his purse,  
Than, o'er the mother's sacred hearse,  
The holy man, with handy tears,  
Expressed his honest, saintly fears,  
That the poor soul would go to hell,  
Unless the son she loved so well,  
Some masses for her soul would buy,  
And he to save her now should try.

"Well," cried the sailor, "go ahead!  
I'll never suffer the poor dead  
To tarry on the way to glory,  
If gold can loose from purgatory."  
The father prayed right lustily,  
But, ever and anon, stopped he

To tell the sailor to lay down  
 A new doubloon, until had grown  
 Upon the coffin-lid a pile,—  
 The purse collapsing all the while.  
 Alarmed, the sailor, sad, inquired  
 If the salvation he desired  
 For his poor mother was obtained.  
 "Not yet, my son, has mercy deigned  
 The sweet release; but don't despair,  
 Lay down the coin, and never fear,—  
 We must not cease till she is blest."

The honest tar laid down the rest.  
 "You have it all," said he, "I pray  
 The next prayer 'll send her on her way."  
 The priest then prayed a mighty prayer,  
 And stopping suddenly, said, "There!  
 She's safe, and passed that heavenly bourn  
 From which the blest can ne'er return.  
 Give God the praise, my son, whose grace  
 For her poor soul hath found a place."

"And is she safe?" the sailor cried.  
 "Safe, beyond change," the priest replied.  
 "And can no power bring back again  
 Her soul to suffer any pain,  
 In purgatory, or in hell?" —  
 "No," said the priest, "with her 't is well,  
 And e'en the Pope himself can ne'er  
 Reach one the church has saved by prayer." —  
 "Then, holy father, if 't is so,  
 I'll show you what I mean to do." —  
 And, quick as any juggler, Pat  
 Swept all the coin into his hat.  
 The priest perceived that he was bitten,  
 But how he acted — is not written.

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## THE WALDENSES.

WM. B. FOWLE.

'T WAS night, and in the desolate vale,  
 From which the persecuted Waldenses,  
 By fire, and sword, and torture, had been driven,  
 To wander in a foreign land, the troops

That Rome employed to do her work of *love*  
 Were camped ; and high, instead of hymns and prayers  
 From humble hearts and lowly altars, rose  
 The oaths profane, and songs obscene, of men  
 Who proved their fealty unto the Church  
 By doing all that Heaven above forbids.  
 The sacramental wine, in copious draughts,  
 Inflamed their brains, while tales of rapine, lust,  
 And murdered innocence, inflamed their blood,  
 And scoff and jest at sufferings they caused,  
 Finished the work their faith and zeal enjoined.

At this high hour of carnival, the sound  
 Of trumpet summoned them to arms. No foe  
 Was feared, the exiles had retired afar  
 Beyond the Alpine barrier, and the scouts  
 No Waldenses had seen to kill in sport.  
 'T was vengeance's hour ! There is a line to which  
 The Power supreme, that rules man's wayward will,  
 Allows that will to go, until the true  
 Believer in his Providence begins  
 To doubt his government, and, in despair,  
 Cries out, " How long ! Almighty God, how long !"  
 Then comes the dread response, in thunder tone,  
 " Vengeance is mine, I will repay anon !"

Such was the hour of centuries condensed, —  
 The end of prayer, and agony, and wrongs  
 Repeated, heaped, accumulated,  
 Handed down from sire to son as heir-looms,  
 Till the last bloody act of banishment  
 Had filled the cup ; for, hardly had they placed  
 Their wives, and children, and their aged ones,  
 In free Helvetia, freedom's constant home,  
 Ere they turned back, not by their own behest,  
 But to fulfil the dread decree of Heaven.  
 Seven weary days the God-avenging band  
 Retraced the Alps, and when they struck the vale,  
 And saw the devastation of their homes,  
 And churches, and the violated graves,  
 The pent-up wrath was agony too strong  
 To be restrained. The onset was not that  
 Of famished wolves that rush into the fold,  
 Or maddened lions to redeem their whelps ;

'T was the dire avalanche, that centuries  
Of gradual disintegration sends  
In thunder down, sweeping the lordly pines,  
And giant oaks, and everlasting rocks,  
In one great ruin, to the astonished vale.

So came the Lord's avengers. In the van  
Rushed Arnauld, Henri Arnauld, head and heart  
Of the Waldenses. More than half the foes  
Were slain ere one could tell the arm that smote ;  
And when the Papists rallied, and made show  
Of orderly resistance, falchion-blade,  
And ball, and bludgeon scattered them,  
Like straws before the blast ; and when, at length,  
The remnant, in retreat, rushed to the gorge,  
The only outlet to the narrow vale,  
And crowds choked up the uncertain path, —  
Upon their heads, from the o'erhanging cliffs,  
The rocks rolled down, as by invisible hands,  
And, burying all, piled up their monument.

The morning sun rose not to any eye  
That saw him set in the vale. The awful work  
Of retribution had been done, and where  
The Papal army had *Te Deum* sung  
For triumphs over liberty and truth,  
The exiles sang a holy hymn, and thanked  
The Lord of Hosts, who had vouchsafed  
To hear their cry. The holy sacrament  
Was solemnized ; and, fixed their eyes on heaven,  
A solemn vow they made, to rest not till  
The work, begun, should be accomplished all, —  
And then, with eyes suffused, and heavy heart,  
Recrossed the towering Alps, to bide the time  
When He, who now had guided them, should open  
The door of full deliverance, and bring  
The exiles to their valley-home in peace.

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### EARTH'S ANGELS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,  
To visit earth, as in the days of old, —  
The times of sacred writ and ancient story, —  
Is heaven more distant ; or has earth grown cold ?



Oft have I gazed when sunset clouds, receding,  
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by;  
To catch the gleam of some white pinion, speeding  
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars, in distant chillness,  
Were calmly burning, listened late and long;  
But nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,  
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

And are they all within the vail departed?  
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;  
And many a tear from human eye has started,  
Since angel touch has claimed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, though their forms are moulded  
But of such clay as fashions all below;  
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,  
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;  
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread;  
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,  
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,  
Beheld no hovering cherub in the air,  
I doubted not, — for spirits know their kindred, —  
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison, —  
In crowded halls, — by the lone widow's hearth;  
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen, —  
The giddy paused, — the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding  
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,  
The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,  
That hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,  
Strowing sweet flowers along his path of life,

And looking up with meek and love-lent duty ;—  
*I call her angel ; but he called her wife.*

O, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,  
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,  
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,  
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

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## A HOME PICTURE.

MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

AN old man sat by the chimney side,  
His face was wrinkled and wan ;  
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,  
As if all his work were done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray,  
With pockets both deep and wide,  
Where his "specs," and the old Bible-book,  
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,  
And near him the tongs were kept ;  
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,  
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What did he see in the embers there ?  
Aye, pictures of other years ;  
And now and then they wakened smiles,  
But oftener started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,  
In the high-backed, flag-seat chair ;  
You see 'neath the frill of her muslin cap  
The sheen of her silvery hair.

She wears a "blue-checked" apron now,  
And is knitting a sock for *him* ;  
Her pale blue eyes have a gentle look,  
And she says "they are growing dim."

I like to call and tell the news,  
And chat an hour each day,  
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart  
To hear of the world away.

Be kind unto the old, my friends,  
They're worn with this world's strife,  
Though bravely once, perchance, they fought  
The battle here of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb  
Upward life's rugged steep;  
Then let us lead them gently down  
To where the weary sleep.

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### THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

O, THE old, old clock, of the household stock,  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang still the sweetest.  
'T was a monitor too; though its words were few,  
Yet they lived though nations altered;  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,  
When the voice of friendship faltered;  
Tick, tick, it said, quick, quick, to bed,  
For ten I've given warning;  
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner, smiling,  
And blessed the time with a merry chime  
The wintery hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly;  
Tick, tick, it said, get out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,  
Unless your up soon in the morning.

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never,  
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost forever.  
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone  
That warmer beat and younger ;  
Its hands still move, though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer.  
Tick, tick, it said, to the churchyard bed,  
The grave hath given warning ;  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

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## A NEW-YEAR POEM.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,  
The year is going, — let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times ;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 Ring out the harrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

### THE REFORMER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

ALL grim, and soiled, and brown with tan,  
 I saw a Strong One in his wrath  
 Smiting the godless shrine of man  
 Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,  
 Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;  
 Wealth shook within his gilded home  
 With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
 Before the sunlight bursting in;  
 Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
 To drown the din.

Gray-headed Usage, deaf and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
 Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find  
 His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
 O'erhung with paly locks of gold,  
 "Why smite," he asked, in wild surprise,  
 "The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
 Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;  
 Shuddering and sick at heart I woke,  
 As from a dream.

I looked ; aside the dust-cloud rolled, —  
 The Waster seemed the Builder too ;  
 Upspringing from the ruined Old  
 I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad, —  
 The wasting of the wrong and ill ;  
 Whate'er of good the old time had  
 Was living still.

O, backward-looking son of time ! —  
 The new is old, the old is new,  
 The cycle of a change sublime  
 Still sweeping through.

Yet, not the less for them art thou ;  
 The eternal step of Progress beats  
 To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
 Which God repeats !

Take heart ! The Waster builds again, —  
 A charmed life true goodness hath ;  
 The tares may perish, but the grain  
 Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey  
 His first propulsion from the night ;  
 Ho, wake and watch ! — The world is gray  
 With morning light !

### OJAN PAVO'S CHALLENGE.

From the Finnish of JOHAN LUDWIG RUNEBERG. — Household Words.

CAME from Tavastland tall Ojan Pavo,  
 Tall and vigorous 'mong the sons of Finland,  
 Steadfast as a mountain clothed with pinewood,  
 Bold, and fleet, and powerful as a tempest.  
 He could from the earth uproot the fir-tree ;  
 Could the bear encounter single-handed ;

Lift a horse above the loftiest fences,  
And, as straw, compel strong men to bow down.  
Now he stood, the steadfast Ojan Pavo,  
Proud and vigorous at the nation's council.  
In the court he stood among the people,  
Like a lofty fir-tree amid brushwood,  
And he raised his voice and thus addressed them :

“ If there be a man here born of woman,  
Who can, from the spot whereon I plant me,  
Move me only for a single moment,  
I to him will yield my farm so wealthy ;  
He shall win from me my silver treasure ;  
Of my numerous flocks he shall be master ;  
His I will become both soul and body.”

To the people thus spoke Ojan Pavo.  
But the country youth shrank back in terror ;  
To the proud man answered only silence ;  
None was found who would accept his challenge.

But with love and admiration gazed they,  
All the maidens, on that youthful champion,  
Standing there — the powerful Ojan Pavo, —  
Like a lofty fir-tree among brushwood,  
His eyes flashing like the stars of heaven,  
And his open forehead clear as daylight,  
And his thick locks flowing to his shoulders,  
Like a streamlet falling down in sunshine.

From the throng of women forth stepped Anna,  
She the fairest of that country's maidens,  
Lovely as the morning at its rising.  
Forth she stepped in haste to Ojan Pavo,  
Round his neck she flung her arms so tender,  
Laid her throbbing heart against his bosom,  
Pressed against his cheek her cheek so rosy.  
Then she bade him break the bonds that held him,  
But the youth stood moveless, and was vanquished.

Yielding, thus he spoke unto the maiden :  
“ Anna, Anna, I have lost my wager ;  
I must yield to thee my farm so wealthy ;  
Thou hast won from me my silver treasure ;  
Thou of all my flocks art now possessor,  
I am thine ! Thine am I, soul and body ! ”

## THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

J. Hogg. — Altered.

“MACGREGOR, MacGregor, remember our foeman ;  
The moon rises broad o’er the brow of Ben Lomond,  
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay ;  
Arise, let us glide to the battle away ! ”  
Stern scowled the MacGregor, then silent and sullen,  
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strath-fillan :  
“ Go, Malcolm, to sleep, — let the clans be dismissed,  
The Campbells to-night for MacGregor may rest.” —  
“ MacGregor ! MacGregor ! our scouts have been flying  
Three days round the hills of McNab and Glen Lyon ;  
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,  
We must meet them at home, or they ’ll quickly be here.” —  
“ The Campbells may come, as his promises bind him,  
And haughty McNab, with his giants behind him ;  
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,  
And do what it freezes my vitals to say ;  
I have sworn by my cross, by my God, and by all, —  
An oath which I can not, and dare not recall, —  
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,  
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.” —  
“ MacGregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind,  
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind.  
Come, buckle thy panoply, — march to the field,  
Show men, and not spirits, thy helmet and shield.”  
MacGregor’s eye sparkled, then darkened, — he sighed ;  
“ No, not for the universe,” low he replied.

Away went MacGregor, but went not alone ;  
For to watch the dread rendezvous Malcolm had gone.  
He reached the broad Lomond, so still and serene,  
And deep in its bosom, — how awful the scene !  
O’er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,  
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.  
Few minutes had passed, ere he spied on the stream  
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem.  
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,  
No torrent, no rock its velocity staid ;  
It wimpled the water to weather and lee,  
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.



Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,  
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from the touch ;  
He saw the MacGregor kneel down on the plain,  
As begging for something he could not obtain ;  
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,  
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away !

Though fast the light bark down the river did glide,  
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;  
“ MacGregor ! MacGregor ! ” he bitterly cried. —  
MacGregor ! MacGregor ! the echoes replied.  
He struck at the phantom, and, strange though it seem,  
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;  
But the groans from the boat that ascended amain,  
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.  
The skiff reached the lake, and bore lightly away,  
MacGregor is vanished forever and aye !

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#### THE INS AND OUTS.

My coachman in the moonlight, there,  
Looks through the sidelight of the door ;  
I hear him with his brethren swear,  
As I should do, — but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,  
He envies me my brilliant lot,  
And blows his aching fists in vain,  
Wishing me in a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,  
A silken wonder by my side,  
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row  
Of flounces for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm  
'Neath its white-gloved, bejewelled load,  
And wishes me some dreadful harm  
Whene'er the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile, I inly curse the bore  
Of playing still the same old tune,  
And envy him outside the door  
Under the ever-changing moon.

cause of an honest people fighting for freedom ; secondly, by a love of country and the holy desire of liberty, which make the child a giant, and increase the strength of the valiant ; and, thirdly, by your example, noble Americans ! — you, the chosen nation of the God of Liberty ! My countrymen, — a religious, a God-venerating people, — in whose hearts burned the all-powerful feeling of patriotism, were inspired by the influence of your sublime example.

Though we were inferior in numbers to the enemy, and could not compare with their well-trained forces, — though our arms were shorter than theirs, — yet the heroic sons of Hungary supplied the want of numbers by indomitable bravery, and lengthened their weapons by greater promptness in action.

The world knows how bravely the Hungarians fought. And it is not for me, who was identified with the war, to extol the heroic deeds of my countrymen. I may mention, however, that we maintained the unequal conflict alone, cut off from the rest of the world and all external aid, till we laid the haughty power of the tyrant house of Austria in the dust ; and, not knowing how to be just, they implored foreign aid, and threw themselves at the feet of the Czar.

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### KANSAS NOT TO BE A SLAVE STATE.

Extracted from an Address of Rev. H. W. BEECHER, at New York.

In the next place, ladies and gentlemen, I am opposed, and you are opposed, to the admission of slavery into any more free territory, to the admission of any more slave states, and, in special, to the admission of Kansas as a slave state into this Union, because Kansas as a slave state will epitomize every evil against which time, civilization, and Christianity have been struggling. I come now to the question of the present condition of Kansas, as the unfortunate subject of that infamous, outrageous and barbaric code, which the Legislature, so called, has imposed upon Kansas ; and I affirm that, in every place where liberty is an established principle, and where humanity has a rightful impulse, this Legislature has by law turned both of them backward, and put them to shame.

If there is one sentiment more universal than another, without education, or with it, it is, that every man has a right to own himself, and that, whatever other property a man may own beside, no man can be rich enough to own a man. God owns men only because he loves them, and there is ownership in love between man and man; but to make a man a chattel, to buy and sell him, there is no man on earth that is rich enough or strong enough to do that with equity. Yet this Legislature of Kansas, so called, has legalized this doctrine, that one man may own another, and he who votes directly or by accident, by carelessness or by indirection, for Kansas as a slave state, endorses the infamous doctrine that man may own a man.

Secondly, I do not believe there is a man here, so mean, so dastardly, who, if he saw a man in bondage whose heart throbbed and palpitated for liberty, would not, at least, point him to the north star, saying, by that significant gesture, "If you want it, and dare it, and are willing to risk the price of it, there is liberty." I would tell a slave so, white or black. If a man was imprisoned in Barbary, and wished to escape, would you not help him? And if a man were in slavery, with a heart too big for it, with a heart burning night and day to be free, God do so to me, and more also, and make me partner in his chains and woe, if I would not counsel to that freedom, and tell him how to obtain it. This is not rebellion or heresy at the North,—it is not so any where. History, poetry, romance, have recognized this spirit as the most heroic in man,—this readiness to lend a helping hand to a brother man in pursuit of freedom. But in Kansas to-day it is death—death—death.

Well, suppose a man has broken his bonds, and is fleeing away, is there any thing so natural as to give him shelter, and bread, and a cup of water? Is there any thing so natural as to bring water for his feet? My God! I would wash the feet of such a man as I would wash my own; for in this poor man I behold mine own Saviour, who chose to present himself to me, not in regal pomp and dignity, but in an humble aspect. Christ came into the world, born in a stable and laid in a manger; he consorted with the poor, and he says to me, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me." So, I would stand between the slave and his pur-

suer,— the meanest, the blackest, and the most stultified, that ever ran from his bondage. I say I would stand between him and his pursuer, and give the strength of my right arm in his defence.

And if, in such an act as that, in that very hour and moment, I was stricken to the earth and slain, the blow that destroyed me would be as the prophet's chariot of fire, to take my soul home to surrounding glory ; and I would love to die, not in the battle-field, but in some such act of humanity as, sounded in the heart of Christ, should make music for me all the way home to heaven.

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#### FINAL SUCCESS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

Extracted from a Speech of CHARLES SUMNER, delivered at New York, May 9, 1855.

MR. PRESIDENT,— Sir, already have I trespassed upon your generous patience ; but there are other things which still press for utterance. Something would I say of the arguments by which our enterprise is commended ; something also of the appeal it makes to men of every condition ; and something also of union, as a vital necessity among all who love freedom.

I know not if our work can be soon accomplished. I know not, sir, if you or I can live to see in our republic the vows of the Fathers at length fulfilled, as the last fetter falls from the limbs of the last slave. But one thing I do know, beyond all doubt or question, that this enterprise must go on,— that, in its irresistible current, it will sweep schools, colleges, churches, the intelligence, the conscience, and the religious aspirations of the land, while all who stand in its way, or speak evil of it, are laying up for their children, if not for themselves, days of sorrow and shame. Better to strive in this cause, even unsuccessfully, than never to strive at all.

There is no weapon in the celestial armory of truth, there is no sweet influence from the skies, there is no generous word that ever dropped from human lips, which may not be employed. Ours, too, is the argument alike of the conservative and the reformer, for our cause stands on the truest conservatism and the truest reform. It seeks the

conservation of freedom itself, and of its kindred historic principles ; it seeks also the reform of slavery, and of the kindred tyranny by which it is upheld. Religion, morals, justice, economy, the Constitution, may each and all be invoked ; and one person is touched by one argument, while another person is touched by another. You do not forget how Christopher Columbus won Isabella, of Spain, to his enterprise of discovery. He first presented to her the temptation of extending her dominions ; but she hearkened not. He next promised to her the dazzling wealth of the Indies ; and still she hearkened not. But when at last were pictured to her pious imagination the poor heathen with souls to be saved, then the youthful queen poured her royal jewels into the lap of the Genoese adventurer, and at her expense that small fleet was sent forth, which gave to Spain and to mankind a New World.

As in this enterprise there is a place for every argument, so also is there a place for every man. Even as on the broad shield of Achilles, sculptured by divine art, was wrought every form of human activity ; so in this cause, which is the very shield of freedom, whatever man can do, by deed or speech, may find its place. One may act in one way, and another in another way ; but all must act. Providence is felt through individuals ; the dropping of water wears away the rock, and no man can be so humble or poor as to be excused from this work, while to all the happy in genius, fortune or fame, it makes a special appeal. Here is room for the strength of Luther, and the sweetness of Melancthon ; for the wisdom of age, and the ardor of youth ; for the judgment of the statesman, and the eloquence of the orator ; for the grace of the scholar, and the aspiration of the poet ; for the learning of the professor, and the skill of the lawyer ; for the exhortation of the preacher, and the persuasion of the press ; for the various energies of the citizen, and the abounding sympathy of woman.

And still one thing more is needed, without which, liberty-loving men and even their arguments, will fail in power,—even as, without charity, all the graces of knowledge, speech, and faith, are said to profit nothing. I mean that *Unity of Spirit*,—in itself a fountain of strength,—which, filling the people of the North, shall make them tread under foot past antipathies, decayed dissensions, and those irritating names, which now exist only as the tattered

ensigns of ancient strife. It is right to be taught by the enemy ; and, with their example before us, and their power brandished in our very faces, we cannot hesitate. With them slavery is made the main-spring of political life, and the absorbing centre of political activity ; with them all differences are swallowed up by this *one idea*, as all other rods were swallowed up by the rod of Aaron ; with them all unite to keep the national government under the control of slave masters ; and surely we should not do less for freedom than they do for slavery. *We too must be united.* Among us, at last, mutual criticism, crimination and feud, must give place to mutual sympathy, trust and alliance. Face to face against the SLAVE OLIGARCHY must be rallied the UNITED MASSES of the North, in compact political association,—planted on the everlasting base of justice,—knit together by the instinct of a common danger, and by the holy sympathies of humanity,—enkindled by a love of freedom, not only for themselves, but for others,—determined to enfranchise the national government from degrading thralldom.

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### THE COMMON SCHOOL AS AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

Extracted from a Discourse delivered at Hartford, Conn., March 25, 1853, by HORACE BUSHNELL, D. D.

WE, as a people, have not only abstained from passing laws that are unequal or hard upon foreigners, but we have invited them to become fellow-citizens with us in our privileges, and have freely bestowed upon them all the rights and immunities that we enjoy ourselves. Thus invited, thus admitted to an equal footing with us, they are not content, but are just now returning our generosity by insisting that we must excuse them and their children from becoming wholly and properly American. They will not have one law for us and for themselves, but they demand immunities, that are peculiar to themselves, and before unheard of among us, or else that, for their sakes, we wholly give up institutions that are the dearest privileges of our birthright. They accept the common rights of the law, the common powers of voting, the common terms of property, a common privilege in the new lands and the mines of gold ; but,

when they come to the matter of common schools, they will not be common with us there ; they require of us, instead, either to give up our common schools, or else, which in fact amounts to the same thing, to hand over their proportion of the public money, and let them use it for such kind of schools as they happen to like best,—ecclesiastical schools, any kind of schools but such as are American, and will make Americans of their children.

If any considerable part of the public fund or the annual school tax were paid by them, the claim might appear to have a semblance of reason ; but the fact is that they contribute little to the support of the schools, and their children are admitted to all these privileges almost gratuitously ; and yet it has been clear for some years past, from the demonstrations of the Catholic clergy and their people, that they are preparing for an assault upon the common-school system. Complaining of the Bible as a sectarian book ; of religious instruction as persecution, and of the system without sectarian instruction as a "godless system," they say they can not surrender their children without a virtual sacrifice of all religion !

Evidently the time has come, and the issue of life or death to common schools is joined for trial. The ground is taken ; the flag is raised ; and there is to be no cessation till the question is forever decided, whether we are to pay for the privilege of receiving and educating these foreigners by the sacrifice of one of our dearest institutions. It is time for us all, citizens, public men, and Christians, to be finding the ground on which we may be able to stand. The common school has been a fundamental institution from the first, a Protestant institution, associated with all our religious opinions and national sentiments ; and, occupied with an historic view of the case, considering how the country and its institutions are completely ours ; the liberality and kindness we have shown to those who have come so recently to join us, that they are even now speaking in a foreign accent amongst us ; the asylum we have generously opened for them and their children ; the immense political trust we have committed to them, in setting them on a common footing with ourselves as voters ; and that now we offer to give a free education to their children at the public expense, or by a tax on all the property of the state ;—considering all this, and that we and

our fathers are Protestants, it seems to be quite natural and right, and even a matter of course, that our common schools should remain Protestant, and retain their ancient footing undisturbed.

In the progress of our history, we have yielded many points. Our schools are no longer Puritan schools, they are not strictly Protestant schools, but they are common schools, and these we must agree to have, and maintain till the latest day of our liberties. These are American, as our liberties themselves are American, and whoever requires of us to give them up, whether directly or by implication, requires more than our bond promises, and what is, in fact, a real affront to our name and birthright as a people.

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### WORK AND PLAY.

Adapted from the "Living Age."

Nobody likes to work. I would never work if I could help it. When I say that nobody likes work, I mean that nobody does so in his natural condition. Some children, by long training, and much praising, I am aware, come to have an actual craving, a sort of appetite for work; but it is a *sickly* appetite, such as impels some girls that I know of to eat chalk, and prefer pickled limes to oranges. But if my hearers insist upon it that a liking for hard work is a healthy state, and not a diseased one, I will give up that phrase, and only say that such a state is an *acquired* one.

I know quite well that some can bring themselves to such a state of mind, that we may feel a sad sort of pleasure in thinking how much they are getting out of themselves. I myself remember the gloomy kind of satisfaction I have sometimes felt, when, all day, and much of the night, I bent over my books, in thinking how much I was foregoing. The sky never seemed so blue and so lovely as when I looked up to it between two long paragraphs that I had committed to memory; and never did green woodland walks look so fresh and delightful, as when I resolutely determined not to enjoy them. There is, I repeat, a kind of pleasure in thinking one is working hard, and taking a great deal out of one's self; but if you wish to know the



natural feeling of our little humanity towards work, ask the great mass of children, and not this or that sickly little boy or girl with curved spine, hollow cheeks, and dark circles round the eyes.

My feeling towards some of my tasks is nothing short of hatred, and yet I am not a dunce. I have seen silly parents trying to get their children to say that they liked work better than play; but if any boy ever tells you that he would rather learn his lessons than go out to the playground, beware of that fellow; either he is sickly and can't play, or he is a little humbug. He is seeking to obtain credit under false pretences. Depend upon it, unless he is a poor, little, spiritless fellow, wishing to be a man before he is a boy, he has in him the elements of a sneak, and only wants time to ripen into —— I don't know what.

But we are told that we may turn our work into play. This is what most children contrive to do. No, say you, you must still work, and work, and work, till it becomes play to work. I guess this is only changing the names of things. Because I choose to call a rose an onion, and an onion a rose, the perfume is not changed. Books are very well in their places, and so are balls. The study is a very pretty place, and so is the grove. I go with the poet:

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife;  
Come, hear the lark and linnet,  
How sweet their music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

One impulse from the vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil, and of good,  
Than fifty volumes can.

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### THE FOX AND THE CROW.

THE fox and the crow, in prose you well know,  
Many good little children rehearse;  
Perhaps it will tell pretty nearly as well,  
If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy, a crow having ventured to go,  
Some food for her young ones to seek;  
Flew up in the trees, with a fine piece of cheese,  
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived nigh, to the tree saw her fly,  
 And to share in the prize laid his plan ;  
 For he knew, if she 'd speak, it must fall from her beak,  
 So, bowing politely, began :

" 'T is a very fine day."— Not a word did crow say.

" The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south ;—  
 A fine season for peas."— He then looked at the cheese ;  
 But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired, her plumage admired,—

" How charming !— how brilliant its hue !

The *voice* must be fine of a bird so divine ;

Ah ! let me just hear it, now do.

Believe me, I long just to hear your sweet song."—

The silly crow foolishly tries ;

She scarce gave a squall, when the cheese she let fall,

And the fox ran away with the prize.

Young ladies who hear, must the flatterer fear,

However his flatteries please ;

For, though e'er so demure, you may always be sure

He seeks something dearer than cheese.

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### THE BEST OF TIMES IS NOW.

From the New York Day Book.

" THERE is a good time coming, boys,"  
 Is the burden of the song ;  
 Such is the poetry of youth,  
 When life and hope are strong ;  
 But when the sun of life declines,  
 Age cries, " How changed are men !  
 Things were not so when I was young,—  
 The best of times was then."

" There is a good time coming, boys,"  
 Is true enough I trow,  
 And says the plain, unclouded truth,  
 There is a good time now :

Why not improve the present, then,  
 Where'er the future lead,  
 And let each passing moment's page  
 Bear proof of thought and deed.

"There is a good time coming, boys,"  
 Makes many a heedless youth,  
 Who all forgets the present hour, —  
 The first, the greatest truth, —  
 That of all times since earth began,  
 The present is for him, —  
 That age will soon his powers waste,  
 And palsy mind and limb.

"There is a good time coming, boys," —  
 And many a one has passed, —  
 For each has had his own good time,  
 And will have to the last.  
 Then tarry not, O, eager youth,  
 For fairer gales to blow,  
 But bear in mind the first of truths, —  
*The best of times is NOW!*

### THE LITTLE ORATOR.

Written for EDWARD EVERETT, when a child, by the Rev. THADDEUS  
 MASON HARRIS.

PRAY, how should I, a little lad,  
 In speaking, make a figure?  
 You 're only joking, I 'm afraid, —  
 Do wait till I am bigger.  
 But since you wish to hear my part,  
 And urge me to begin it,  
 I 'll strive for praise with all my heart,  
 Though small the hope to win it.  
 I 'll tell a tale, how Farmer John  
 A little roan colt bred, sir;  
 And every night and every morn  
 He watered and he fed, sir.  
 Said neighbor Joe to Farmer John,  
 "Arn't you a silly dolt, sir,

To spend such care and time upon  
A little useless colt, sir ? ”  
Said Farmer John to neighbor Joe,  
“ I bring my little roan up,  
Not for the good he now can do,  
But will do when he ’s grown up.”  
The moral you can well espy,  
To keep the tale from spoiling —  
The little colt, you think, is I, —  
I know it by your smiling.  
And now, my friends, please to excuse  
My lisping and my stammers ;  
I, for this once, have done my best,  
And so — I ’ll make my manners.

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## THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

WM. B. FOWLE.

DARK o’er the land the future lowered ;  
The stripes before the cross had cowered,  
And hearts, that lately throbbed so high  
With hope, and joy, and liberty,  
Were sunk in dread, and knew not where  
To turn the eye, or lift the prayer.  
The royal troops had swept the state ;  
Their chieftains, with success elate,  
Were boasting that, ere spring returned,  
Our armies routed, cities burned,  
Rebellion would be crushed for aye,  
And with the snow would waste away.

The patriot levies, lacking e’en  
Such comforts as the foe were seen,  
In wanton waste, to throw away,  
Were freezing, starving, without pay ;  
While thoughts of home, with hopeless smart,  
Like vultures gnawed upon the heart.

In Trenton, heedless of a foe  
Too weak to make of force a show,

The foreign hirelings spent the day  
Of Christ's nativity in play ;  
And song and wassail bore on high  
To heaven the solemn mockery.  
But, hark ! what means that signal gun,  
Before the revelry is done ?  
What mean the rush, the shout, the flame,  
Uproar, and noise of every name,  
That fill the air, and flush the sky ?  
What means the overwhelming cry, —  
Prisoners ! lay down your arms, or die !

The order smote like thunder sound ;  
The booming cannon flashed around,  
And, mid the peals of gun and gun,  
Uprose the war-cry, Washington !  
That hero, with his war-worn men,  
Had shut the Lion in his den.  
Surprised, surrounded, the proud foe  
Surrendered without e'en a blow.  
The Hessian and the Englishman,  
Ere morning's tardy sun began  
To gild the hills, were captives bound  
And led away ; the trumpet sound  
Now told the icy Delaware,  
That he who crossed in sorrow there ;  
A few dark, gloomy hours ago,  
Was conqueror now ; and the proud foe,  
Who thought the game of tyrants won,  
Lay at the feet of Washington.

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## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

WM B. FOWLE.

Among the lions of the town  
Of London, every one must own,  
Is what they call the Parliament,  
To which all sorts of men are sent  
All interests to misrepresent ;  
And every stranger, ere he leaves  
The great metropolis, believes

That he must see the House of Commons, —  
Common enough, the Lord knows, — but  
Into the House of Lords 't is no man's  
Privilege his nose to put,  
Unless a lord, or hired to wear  
The livery of some titled peer,  
By birth, or some such accident,  
In the Upper House of Parliament.

It happened once, on session day,  
A Scottish Parson found his way  
To the door of the House of Lords, where he  
A stranger was, and, although free  
Of the Lord's House, the kirk, alas !  
To the House of Lords he had no pass ;  
So he was stopped at once, before  
He entered e'en the outer door.  
'T was evident he was no peer,  
Nor servant, — he was modest there.  
Rulers were servants once, but now  
So insolent and proud they grow,  
That, once in office, they oppress  
The people they are sent to bless,  
Spurn their constituents, poor elves,  
And legislate to enrich themselves.  
When will the honest people come  
Into the nation's sitting-room,  
To make the people's servants do  
The work their masters sent them to ?

At the door of the House of Lords, with fear,  
The Scottish Dominie draws near,  
And, bowing low, permission craves  
To enter ; but the hireling knaves,  
With insolence (for 't is too true  
That in inverse' proportion to  
The meanness of the office springs  
The insolence of underlings),  
Asked the good man, with haughty toss,  
What lord's servant his highness was.  
The parson said, without demur,  
" The Lord Jehovah's servant, sir."

The Lord Jehovah's ! said the carle,  
 With tone between a sneer and snarl,  
 We never heard of him before.  
 " Nae doot, but Him the Scotch adore,"  
 Said the honest parson. O, ah, yes,  
 The porter said, I see, I guess.  
 'T is some obscure new Scottish lord,  
 I do not know him, on my word ;  
 But, lest there should be such a peer,  
 He condescended to his fear,  
 And let, with a contemptuous grin,  
 The Lord Jehovah's servant in.

### THE VAGRANT AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

He stood beside the village church,  
 A wanderer, deeply stained with sin, —  
 He stood, half hidden in the porch,  
 But did not venture in.  
 Strange voices in the music, now,  
 Spoke to his heart of days gone by ;  
 He pressed his hand against his brow,  
 And wished that he could die.

For, while the music reached his ears,  
 Before his vacant, dreamy eyes,  
 A ghostly troop of wasted years  
 In mockery seemed to rise,  
 As though to ask, " What dost thou here ? "  
 The idle thought, the foolish word,  
 The fiendish laugh, the drunken jeer,  
 In the deep notes he heard.

These voices from the dreary past  
 He had not heard for many a day ;  
 And now they only came to cast  
 A shadow on his way.  
 " Begone ! " the voices seemed to shout —  
 Or such, indeed, was his belief —  
 " The congregation coming out  
 Will take thee for a thief ! "

Hark ! from within, what does he hear ?  
'T was thus the minister began, —  
" Christ came to save the sinner here,  
And not the righteous man." —  
The vagrant triumphed o'er the past,  
And all the taunts of vice and sin ;  
'T was like a spell around him cast,  
And straight he ventured in.

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## THE DEATH OF ARTHUR.

TENNYSON. — Condensed.

So, all day long, the noise of battle rolled  
Among the mountains by the winter sea,  
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
Had fallen in desperate fight around their lord,  
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, —  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights, —  
And as he bore, King Arthur panted hard,  
Muttering and murmuring in his ear, " Quick, quick !  
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."  
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,  
Larger than human in his frozen mist.  
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare, black cliffs clanged round him as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag, that rang,  
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels,  
Till, on a sudden, lo ! the level lake  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them, and descending they were 'ware  
That all the deck was dense with phantom forms.  
Then murmured Arthur, " Place me in the barge !"  
There like a shattered column lay the king.  
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :  
" Ah, my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?



For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 And now the whole Round Table is dissolved,  
 Which was an image of the mighty world;  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
 And the days darken round me, and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself;— what comfort is in me?  
 And now, farewell. I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest, — if, indeed, I go, —  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
 To the island valley of the Avilion,  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows rudely; but it lies  
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,  
 And bowery-hollows crowned with summer-sea,  
 Where I may heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge, with oar and sail,  
 Moved from the shore, like some full-breasted swan.  
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure, cold plume, and takes the flood.  
 Long stood Sir Bedivere,  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the lake the wailing died away.

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### THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST LIBERTY.

Extracted from an Address of Kossuth to the Inhabitants of Manchester,  
 in England.

THE spirit of the future is seen in the events of to-day.  
 There are some who endeavor to counteract the demon-  
 strations of sympathy which have met me every where, by  
 attributing it to personal regard for me. They would fain  
 have it believed that there is nothing more in this demon-  
 stration than the transitory ebullition of popular feeling,  
 to pass away like a momentary bubble, or at most that it is

merely a tribute of approbation to the conduct of a gallant nation in a great cause, or of consolation for its unmerited misfortunes. But it is not so. The very source of this demonstration is the instinctive feeling of the people that the welfare of mankind has reached the turning point of destiny. It is the manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation excited by a knowledge of the fact that the decisive struggle is so near, and that no people, no country of Europe, can remain unaffected by the struggle.

It is not my individuality, it is not my presence which has roused any new sentiment. I am nothing but the opportunity which has elicited the latent spark, that, spreading through the world, has electrified the instinctive apprehension of approaching danger. If it be asked why I think the struggle so near, I say I think it because it is so. Every man knows it, every man feels it, every man sees it. A philosopher was once questioned how he could prove the existence of God? "Why," says he, "by opening my eyes. God is seen every where, — in the growth of the grass, and in the movement of the stars; in the warbling of the lark, and in the thunder of heaven." Even so I prove that the decisive struggle in mankind's destiny draws near. I appeal to the sight of your eyes, I appeal to the pulsation of your hearts, I appeal to the judgment of your minds. You know, you see, you feel, that judgment is drawing near. How blind are those men who have the affectation to believe, or at least to assert, that it is only certain men who push on the revolutions of the continent of Europe, which, but for these revolutionary parties, would be quiet and contented. Contented! with what? With oppression and servitude? France, contented with its constitution turned into a pasquinade; — Germany, contented with being but a fold of sheep, pent up to be shorn by some thirty petty tyrants; — Switzerland, contented with the threatening ambition of encroaching despots; — Italy, contented with the King of Naples, or with the priestly government of Rome, the worst of inventions; — Austria, Bohemia, Croatia, Dalmatia, contented with being driven to butchery, after having been deceived, oppressed, and laughed at as fools; — Poland, contented with being mangled; — Hungary, my poor Hungary, contented with being more than murdered, — buried alive, for merely declaring that she is alive! What

I feel is but a weak pulsation of that feeling which beats in the breast of my nation. Prussia, contented with slavery;— Venice, Flansburgh, Lombardy, Pesth, Milan, Venice, Breslau, contented with having been bombarded, burnt, plundered, sacked, and their population butchered; and half of the empire contented with the scaffold, the hangman, and the prison; with having no political rights, but with having paid innumerable millions for the highly beneficial purpose of being kept in serfdom! That is the condition of the European continent. And is it not ridiculous to see and hear men talk of individuals disturbing the tranquillity of Europe? Why are there no revolutionary movements in England? Why is there tranquillity and peace in England and Belgium? Because you want no revolution; because you are insured by your institutions, your public spirit, that whatever here in England is requisite to be done, will be done. The people of England instinctively feel that we are on the eve of a day when liberty or despotism must be crushed down; the people of England feel that the cause of freedom is in intimate connection with the principle of freedom on the European continent; the people of England feel that it is only the solidarity of nations which can insure humanity against the solidarity of despotism; and it is of these things my humble self has been chosen, by a ruling Providence, to furnish an opportunity. And why is it? The reason is this: I have, in some measure, the honor to represent the cause of Hungary. It is Russian interference in Hungary which put the bond of serfdom on the neck of Europe; it is the unmerited fall of my nation which brought home to your minds, and those of other nations, the idea, that, if not soon opposed by the principle of freedom, the moment is drawing near when Europe will be almost Cossack. You must be aware of the circumstance that the independence of Hungary is the bulwark against Russian preponderance on the Continent; and I beg you to be aware that what the people feel instinctively is, that the cause of Hungary is the incarnation of a principle of self-government, which can exist no longer in Europe without the independence of Hungary.

In the name of my poor country, and of humanity, I entreat the glorious people of England to give their generous sympathy to my cause. Never in my life have I

asked anything for myself; but in the sacred cause of my country's liberty I should not be ashamed to beg from door to door.

# SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story, or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's out of Marblehead!  
    Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
    Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart  
    By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop, like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Captain Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing in shrill refrain:  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futhered, an' corrd in a corrt,  
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief, and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mœnads sang:  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futher'd, an' corrd in a corrt,  
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away  
 From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay, —  
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck, —  
 With his own town's people on her deck!  
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.  
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
     Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart,  
     By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,  
 Looked for the coming that might not be!  
 What did the winds and sea-birds say  
 Of the cruel captain that sailed away?  
     Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart,  
     By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
 Treble lent the fish-horns' bray.  
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple bound,  
 Hulks of old sailors, run aground,  
 Shook head and fist, and hat and cane,  
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:  
     "Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt,  
     Torr'd an' futher'd, an' corr'd in a corrt,  
     By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road,  
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
 Little the wicked skipper knew  
 Of the fields so green, and the sky so blue.  
 Riding there in his sorry trim,  
 Like an Indian idol, glum and grim,

Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting far and near :

“ Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd, an' corr'd in a corrt,  
By the women o' Morble'ead ! ”

“ Hear me neighbors ! ” at last he cried, —

“ What to me is this noisy ride ?

What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within ?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck

And hear a cry from a reeling deck !

Hate me and curse me, — I only dread

The hand of God and the face of the dead ! ”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart,  
By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said, “ God has touched him ! why should we ? ”

Said an old wife mourning her only son,

“ Cut the rogue's tether and let him run ! ”

So, with soft relentings and rude excuse,

Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,

And gave him a cloak to hide him in,

And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart,

By the women of Marblehead.

### SHIEL'S REPLY TO LORD LYNDHURST,

In the British Parliament, when he called the Irish “ *aliens*.”

• WHERE was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, when these words were uttered ? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he had passed, ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius, which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat, which has made his name imperish-

able,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory,—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest. Tell me, for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me [*pointing to Sir Henry Hardinge*], who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast,—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest; tell me, if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “*aliens*” blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, “Up lads, and at them!”—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle, precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, on the same field; when the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green air of spring is now breathing on their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave! Partakers in every *peril*, in the *glory* shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

## THE PROTEST OF THE CLERGY.

Extracted from a Speech of CHARLES SUMNER, of Massachusetts, June 2, 1854, on the night of the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill.

MR. PRESIDENT: It is now nearly midnight. At this late hour of a session drawn out to unaccustomed length, I shall not fatigue the Senate by argument. There is a time for all things, and the time for this has passed. The determination of the majority is fixed; but it is not more fixed than mine. The bill which they sustain, I oppose. On a former occasion I met it by argument, which, though often attacked in debate, still stands unanswered and unanswerable. At present, I am admonished that I must be content with a few words of earnest protest against the consummation of a great wrong. Duty to myself, and also to the honored commonwealth, of which I find myself the sole representative in this immediate exigency, will not allow me to do less.

I hold in my hand, and now present to the Senate, one hundred and twenty-five separate remonstrances from clergymen of every Protestant denomination, in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, constituting the six New England States.

With pleasure and pride I now, and at this last stage, interpose the sanctity of the pulpits of New England to arrest this alarming outrage; believing that the remonstrants, from their eminent character and influence, as representatives of the intelligence and conscience of the country, are peculiarly entitled to be heard; and, further, believing that their remonstrances, while respectful in form, embody just conclusions, both of opinion and fact. Like them, sir, I do not hesitate to protest here against the bill, yet pending before the Senate, as a great moral wrong; as a breach of public faith; as a measure full of danger to the peace and even existence of our Union. And, sir, believing in God, as I profoundly do, I can not doubt that the opening of an immense region to so great an enormity as slavery, is calculated to draw down upon our country His righteous judgment.

"In the name of Almighty God, and in his presence," these remonstrants protest against the Nebraska bill. In this solemn language, which has been strangely pro-



nounced blasphemous on this floor, there is obviously no assumption of ecclesiastical power, as has been perversely charged, but simply a devout observance of the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord." Let me add, also, that these remonstrants, in this very language, have followed the example of the Senate, which at this present session has ratified at least one important treaty, beginning with these precise words: "In the name of Almighty God." Surely, if the Senate may thus assume to speak, the clergy may do likewise, without just criticism, at least in this body.

But I am unwilling, particularly at this time, to be betrayed into any thing that shall seem like a defence of the clergy. They need no such thing at my hands. Sir, from the first settlement of these shores, — from those early days of struggle and privation, through the trials of the Revolution, — the clergy have been associated, not only with the piety and the learning, but with the liberties of the country. For a long time New England was governed by their prayers more than by any acts of the Legislature, and, at a later day, their voices aided even the Declaration of Independence. The clergy of our time may speak, then, not only from their own virtues, but from the echoes which yet live in the pulpits of their fathers.

For myself, I desire to thank them for their generous interposition. They have already done much good in moving the country. They will not be idle. In the days of the Revolution, John Adams, yearning for independence, said: "Let the pulpits thunder against oppression!" And the pulpits thundered. The time has come for them to thunder again.

Sir Philip Sidney, speaking to Queen Elizabeth of the spirit which animated every man, woman, and child, in the Netherlands against the Spanish power, exclaimed, "It is the spirit of the Lord, and is invincible." A similar spirit is now animating the free states against the slave power, breathing every where its precious inspiration, and forbidding repose under the attempted usurpation. The threat of disunion, so often sounded in our ears, will be disregarded by an aroused and indignant people. Ah, sir, senators vainly expect peace! Not in this way can peace come. In passing this bill, you scatter, broadcast through the land, dragon's teeth, and though they may not, as in

ancient fable, spring up armed men, yet will they fructify in civil strife and feud.

From the depths of my soul, as a loyal citizen and as a senator, I plead, remonstrate, protest against the passage of this bill. I struggle against it, as against death; but as in death itself corruption puts on incorruption, and this mortal body puts on immortality, so from the sting of this hour I find assurances of that triumph, by which Freedom will be restored to her immortal birthright in the republic.

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### THE WAR SYSTEM.

Extracted from an Address before the American Peace Society, at its anniversary in Boston, May 28, 1849, by CHARLES SUMNER.

To maintain this charity, to promote these aspirations, to welcome these benedictions, is the object of our society. To fill men in private life with all those sentiments which make for peace,—to animate men in public life to the recognition of these paramount principles, which are the safeguards of peace,—above all, to teach the true grandeur of peace, and to unfold the folly and wickedness of the INSTITUTION of War and of the whole WAR SYSTEM, now recognized and established by the COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS, as the mode of determining *international* controversies,—such is the object of our society.

Let me not content myself, in response to the critics, by the easy answer, that, if our aims are visionary, impracticable, Utopian, then the unfulfilled promises of the prophecies are vain,—then the Lord's Prayer, in which we ask that God's kingdom shall come on earth, is a mockery,—then Christianity is a Utopia. Let me not content myself by reminding you that all the great reforms, by which mankind have been advanced, have encountered similar objections,—that the abolition of the punishment of death for theft was first suggested in the Utopia of Sir Thomas More,—that the efforts to abolish the crime of the slave-trade were opposed, almost in our day, as impracticable and visionary; in short, that all the endeavors for human improvement, for freedom, for virtue,—that all the great causes which dignify human history, which save it from being a mere protracted war bulletin, a common sewer, flooded with perpetual uncleanness,—have been pronounced

Utopian ; while, in spite of distrust, of prejudice, of enmity, all these causes have gradually found acceptance, as they gradually became understood, and the Utopias of one age have become the realities of the next.

I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of War. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes ; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters and daughters,—of fathers, brothers and sons,—who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields, where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes,—or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista,—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature,—on the Sabbath of Peace,—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.  
Speak Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won ?  
“ Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe together fall ;  
O’er the dying rush the living ; pray, my sister, for them all ! ”

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest ? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations !

Yes! the barbarous, brutal relations which once prevailed between individuals, which prevailed still longer between the communities, principalities and provinces, composing nations, have not yet been banished from the great Christian commonwealth. Religion, reason, humanity, first penetrate the individual, next small communities, and, widening in their influence, slowly leaven the nations. Thus, while we condemn the bloody contests of individuals, of towns, of counties, of provinces, of principalities, and deny to them the *right of waging war*, or of appeal to the *trial by battle*, we continue to uphold an atrocious system of folly and orime, which is to nations what the system of petty wars was to principalities and provinces, what the duel was to individuals; for *war is the duel of nations*. As from Pluto's throne flowed those terrible rivers, Styx, Acheron, Cocytus and Phlegethon, with their lamenting waters and currents of flame, so from this established system flow the direful currents of war. "Ours is a damnable profession," is the recent confession of a veteran British general. "War is a trade of barbarians," exclaimed Napoleon, in a moment of truthful remorse, prompted by his bloodiest field. "Give them hell," was the language written on a slate by a speechless, dying, American officer. Alas! these words are not too strong. The business of war cannot be other than a damnable profession—a trade of barbarians; and war itself is certainly hell on earth. But consider well,—do not forget,—let the idea sink deep into your souls, animating you to constant endeavors,—that this damnable profession, that this trade of barbarians, is a part of the war system, which is sanctioned by international law, and that war itself is hell, recognized, legalized, established, organized by the Commonwealth of Nations!

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### TRUE HEROISM.

WM. B. FOWLE.

I've seen the Hero oft, with laurelled brow,  
Amid the throng whose battles he had won,  
Walk proudly, while the millions lowly bow  
And homage render for the slaughter done;

And I have said, how little mortals know,  
 How illy judge on whom their praise to heap!  
 True glory does not with the victory go,  
 Else wolves were heroes 'mid the slaughtered sheep.  
 The warrior's fame is based on private woe;  
 How many humble hearts, at his command,  
 In crimson currents see their life blood flow,  
 Yet never in the niche of glory stand!

And yet, how often, when the soldier falls,  
 His widow on the world's neglect is thrown,  
 To feel of penury the ceaseless calls,  
 And tread life's dreary passages alone!  
 And if, perchance, the dear lamented one  
 A father was, the task is hers to bear  
 The little ones along from sun to sun,  
 With ceaseless toil, and unrequited care.  
 O, if the eye, that sees as man sees not,  
 Looks on the hovel and the palace too,  
 And notes these inequalities of lot,  
 And weighs the deeds the proud and humble do,—  
 How can we doubt, that, in the Book of Life,  
 By angels kept in Heaven's high chancery,  
 The name of that poor soldier's faithful wife  
 In golden letters may emblazoned be,  
 While earth's great heroes, on the sacred page,  
 No record save of condemnation have?—  
 For the true hero struts not on life's stage,  
 But fills too oft an undistinguished grave.  
 God, thou art just! False glory has its day,  
 But like all vanities will pass away.

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#### BORRIOBOOLA-GHA.

Hartford Religious Herald.

A STRANGER preached last Sunday,  
 And crowds of people came,  
 To hear a two hours' sermon  
 With a barbarous sounding name;  
 'Twas all about some heathen,  
 Thousands of miles afar,  
 Who live in a land of darkness,  
 Called "Borrioboola-Gha."

So well their wants he pictured  
 That, when the box was passed,  
 Each listener felt his pocket,  
 And goodly sums were cast;  
 For all must lend a shoulder  
 To push the rolling car  
 That carried light and comfort  
 To "Borriboola-Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows  
 Lay heavy on my soul,  
 And deep in meditation  
 I took my morning stroll;  
 Till something caught my mantle  
 With eager grasp and wild,  
 And, looking down with wonder,  
 I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,  
 In rags and dirt forlorn;  
 What could she want? I questioned,  
 Impatient to be gone.  
 With trembling voice she answered,  
 "We live just down the street,  
 And mammy she's a dying,  
 And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,  
 With mould upon the walls,  
 Through whose half-buried windows  
 God's sunshine never falls,  
 Where cold and want and hunger,  
 Crouched near her as she lay,  
 I found a fellow-creature,  
 Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,  
 A bed of mouldy straw,  
 A hearth all dark and fireless,—  
 But those I scarcely saw,  
 For the mournful sight before me,  
 The sad and sickening show,—  
 O, never had I pictured  
 A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,  
 The babes that pine for bread,  
 The squalid group that huddled  
 Around the dying bed ;  
 All this distress and sorrow  
 Should be in lands afar ;  
 Was I suddenly translated  
 To " Borriboola-Gha ? "

Ah, no ! the poor and wretched  
 Were close beside my door,  
 And I had passed them heedless  
 A thousand times before ;  
 Alas ! for the cold and hungry  
 That met me every day,  
 While all my tears were given  
 To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians  
 In distant lands, we know ;  
 Our Lord commands his servants  
 Through all the world to go.  
*Not only to the heathen ;*  
 This was his charge to them,—  
 " Go, preach the word, beginning  
*Here, — at Jerusalem.* "

O, Christian ! God has promised  
 Whoe'er to such has given  
 A cup of pure cold water  
 Shall find reward in heaven.  
 Would you secure the blessing,  
 You need not seek it far ;  
 Go, seek in yonder hovel  
 A " Borriboola-Gha."

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### GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

ALICE CAREY.

LEST the great glory from on high  
 Should make our senses swim,  
 God spreads a little patch of sky  
 Between ourselves and him.

He makes the Sabbath shine before  
The work-days and the care,  
And sets about its golden door  
The messenger of prayer.

Across our earthly pleasures fled  
He sends his heavenly light;  
Like morning streaming, broad and red,  
Adown the skirts of night.

He nearest comes when most his face  
Is wrapt in clouds of gloom;  
The firmest pillars of his grace  
Are planted in the tomb.

O, shall we not the power of sin  
And vanity withstand,  
When thus our Father holds us in  
The hollow of his hand!

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#### OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not angels that met him there,—  
The gate of the city we could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!  
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.



We know she is safe on the further side,  
 Where all the ransomed and angels be ;  
 Over the river, the mystic river,  
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;  
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
 And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail ;  
 And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts,—  
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.  
 We may not sunder the veil apart  
 That hides from our visions the gates of day ;  
 We only know that their barks no more  
 Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;  
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
 Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,  
 I shall one day stand by the waters cold  
 And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.  
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;  
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;  
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale  
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.  
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
 When over the river, the peaceful river,  
 The angel of death shall carry me.

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### WHAT I LIVE FOR.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
 Whose hearts are kind and true,—  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too ;  
 For all human ties that bind me,—  
 For the task by God assigned me,—  
 For the bright hope left behind me,  
 And the good that I can do.

I live to learn *their* story,  
 Who 've suffered for my sake ;  
 To emulate their glory,  
 And follow in their wake.  
 Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
 The noble of all ages,  
 Whose deeds crowd history's pages,  
 And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
 With all that is divine ;  
 To feel there is a union  
 'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;  
 To profit by affliction,  
 Reap truth from fields of fiction,  
 Grow wiser from conviction,  
 And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,  
 By gifted minds foretold,  
 When men shall live by reason,  
 And not alone by gold,—  
 When man to man united,  
 And every wrong thing righted,  
 The whole world shall be lighted  
 As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
 For those who know me true,—  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too,—  
 For the cause that lacks assistance,  
 For the wrong that needs resistance,  
 For the future in the distance,  
 And the good that I can do.

### FAITH.

R. S. ANDROS.

A SWALLOW in the spring  
 Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
 Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
 Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art, but, ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought ;  
Yet, not discouraged, from her place she flew,  
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,  
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather on its ample floor,  
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept  
And toiled again ; and, last night, hearing calls,  
I looked, and lo ! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man ! —  
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn,  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan ?  
Have *faith*, and struggle on !

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#### THE FARMER'S NAP.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away.  
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,  
On her grand-pa's knee was watching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face ;  
He thought how often her mother dead  
Had sat on the self-same place.  
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,  
“Don't smoke,” said the child, “for it makes you cry.”

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,  
Where the sun, after noon, used to steal ;  
The busy old wife by the open door  
Was turning the spinning-wheel ;

And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree  
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
While close to his heaving breast,  
The moistened brow, and the head so fair,  
Of his grand-child dear were pressed.  
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay,—  
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day !

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### GOLD.

A MONARCH am I, more powerful and high  
Than the mightiest kingdom can yield :  
No king on his throne a sceptre can own  
So potent as that I can wield.  
Ere these sovereigns of earth into being had birth,  
I dwelt in my splendor and pride ;  
While the monad and gnome, in my cavernous home, -  
Heaped treasure on every side.  
And the world's brightest page is that pastoral age,  
Ere my realms were invaded by man.  
But I still live and reign, while my fetter and chain  
Shall avenge my dismantled abode ;  
Even worship I crave from my victim and slave,  
And he makes me his idol and god.  
Sold ! sold ! sold ! all for the yellow gold !

I stand by the side of the fair young bride,  
As she bartereth her faith away  
To age, and cares, and three-score years,  
And a head and a heart turned gray.  
And I laugh the while at the bitter smile  
That greets her name with wife ;  
For I am he who her lord shall be,—  
She is mine, she is mine, through life !  
Though her brow be bright with the diamond light,  
And her eye is flashed with pride,  
There's a gnawing smart at the weary heart,  
As my shadow stalks at her side.  
Sold ! sold ! sold ! all for the yellow gold !

Lo ! a gallant bark cleaves the billows dark,  
To a land beyond the wave ;  
It bears in its breast those sons of unrest  
Who go hence to find a grave.  
They have fled the soil where manly toil  
Meets ever a rich reward ;  
Lured by the smiles of Hesperian isles,  
They have left their native sward, —  
Forsaking the ties and love-lit eyes,  
That make e'en the poorest blest ;  
Afair they roam from the spells of home,  
In those regions of the West.  
Sold ! sold ! sold ! all for the yellow gold.

O, many I find of the grovelling mind,  
Who are mine by the daily dime !  
They count their bags, while they go in rags,  
And look grim and gaunt at time ;  
They shiver and groan o'er the cold hearth-stone,  
Where their buried treasure lies ;  
They shrink away from the face of day,  
And they cower before human eyes ;  
And they have no thought that is not fraught  
With the curse of their wretched toil.  
As they tremble and die, in their ear I cry,  
“ Thou must leave to earth thy spoil ! ”  
Sold ! sold ! sold ! all for the yellow gold !

Ye children of clay shall soon pass away,  
But my kingdom shall ever remain ;  
And the unborn race that shall dwell in your place  
Will worship my fetter and chain.  
From earth's vernal prime to the last verge of time  
My sway and my sceptre shall last ;  
And the future to come shall reëcho the doom  
Of the vengeance I dealt to the past.  
Then beware ! O, beware ! for I reckon not, or care,  
What virtue may hallow the shrine ;  
If I once enter in, there is darkness and sin,  
And the soul of the victim is mine.  
Sold ! sold ! sold ! all for the yellow gold !

## THE PILGRIM'S LAND.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

PEACE to the mingling dead !  
 Beneath the turf we tread,  
 Chief, Pilgrim, Patriot sleep.  
 All gone ! how changed ! and yet the same  
 As when Faith's herald bark first came  
 In sorrow o'er the deep.  
 Still from its noonday height  
 The sun looks down in light ; —  
 Along the trackless realms of space  
 The stars still run their midnight race ; —  
 The same green valleys smile, the same rough shore  
 Still echoes to the same wild ocean's roar ; —  
 But where the bristling night-wolf sprang  
 Upon his startled prey,  
 Where the fierce Indian's war-cry rang  
 Through many a bloody fray,  
 And where the stern old Pilgrim prayed  
 In solitude and gloom,  
 Where the bold patriot drew his blade,  
 And dared a patriot's doom, —  
 Behold ! in Liberty's unclouded blaze,  
 We lift our heads, a race of other days.  
 And this my prayer, ye dwellers of this spot !  
 Be yours a noiseless and a guiltless lot.  
 I plead not that ye bask  
 In the rank beams of vulgar fame ;  
 To light your steps I ask  
 A purer and a holier flame.  
 No bloated growth I supplicate for you,  
 No pining multitude, no pampered few ;  
 'Tis not alone to coffer gold,  
 Nor spreading borders to behold ;  
 'Tis not fast swelling crowds to win,  
 The refuse ranks of want and sin.  
 This be the kind decree :  
 Be ye by goodness crowned ;  
 Revered, though not renowned ;  
 Poor, if Heaven will, but free !

Free from the tyrants of the hour,  
 The clans of wealth, the clans of power,  
 The coarse, old scorers of their God ;  
 Free from the taint of sin,  
 The leprosy that feeds within,  
 And free, in mercy, from the bigot's rod.

This be our story, then, in that far day  
 When others come their kindred debt to pay.  
 In that far day ? — O ! what shall be  
 In this dominion of the free,  
 When we and ours have rendered up our trust,  
 And men unborn shall tread above our dust ?  
 O ! what shall be ? — He, He alone  
 The dread response can make,  
 Who sitteth on the only throne  
 That time shall never shake ;  
 Before whose all-beholding eyes  
 Ages sweep on, and empires sink and rise.  
 Then let the song, to Him begun,  
 To Him in reverence end :  
 Look down in love, Eternal One,  
 And Thy good cause defend ;  
 Here, late and long, put forth Thy hand,  
 To guard and guide the Pilgrim's land !

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### HOUSES OF SAND.

From Christian Songs.

A rosy child went forth to play,  
 In the first flush of hope and pride,  
 Where sands in silver beauty lay,  
 Made smooth by the retreating tide ;  
 And, kneeling on the trackless waste,  
 Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,  
 He raised, in hot and trembling haste,  
 Arch, wall, and tower, — a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,  
 Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,  
 The tolling of the vesper bell  
 Called the boy builder home to sleep.

He passed a long and restless night,  
 Dreaming of structures tall and fair ; —  
 He came with the returning light,  
 And, lo ! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child  
 Are all that breathe, of mortal birth,  
 Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,  
 The false and fading toys of earth.  
 Gold, learning, glory, — what are they,  
 Without the faith that looks on high ?  
 The sand forts of the child at play,  
 Which are not, when the wave goes by.

### METEMPSYCHOSIS.

WM. B. FOWLE.

THE story goes, that in some Western state,  
 A certain judge, who at a joke was great,  
 Purchased a house and land, a noble lot,  
 And paid the cash for both upon the spot,  
 Except three cents, when he jocosely said,  
 This change, which can not be exactly made,  
 I'll well and truly pay you, neighbor, when  
 We chance, this side of heaven, to meet again.

The parties separated wide, no more  
 The debt was thought of by the man of law,  
 Until, one day, when he was holding court,  
 A stranger beckoned him in solemn sort,  
 And said, in tones mysteriously slow,  
 " If 't is convenient to ' your honor ' now,  
 I'll take the three cents that to me were due  
 When once I sold some real estate to you."

The judge, astonished, rapped aloud, and still  
 Was every tongue, to know " his honor's " will.  
 The court's adjourned, he cried ; I wish to tell  
 A little story that I can not well  
 In court relate. You all, said he, in brief,  
 Must know the Hindoos have a strange belief,  
 That when one mortal meets the common doom,  
 And dies, another one is born, in whom



The spirit of the dying goes ; and so,  
 Bodies and souls unite, for weal or woe.  
 Now, here's a man, — and as he spoke, he laid  
 His hand upon the wondering stranger's head, —  
 Here is a man, to whom there once befel  
 An accident, it shocks me here to tell : —  
 Here is a man, at last he gravely cried,  
 Who came into the world when no one died.  
 So, if the sentence of the law to-day  
 Should be pronounced in form, I could not say,  
 As thus I lay my hand upon his poll,  
 " And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

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### THE SCOTCH COVENANTERS.

WM. B. FOWLE.

'T WAS Sunday, and amid the vales,  
 That darkling cleave the mountain peaks  
 Of Scotia's northern sky,  
 Where the free eagle lonely sails,  
 Where the free thunder only speaks, —  
 Boldly, but covertly,  
 The Covenanters were convened,  
 By rocks, and crags, and bushes screened,  
 To worship God.  
 Grim-visaged were the stalwart men,  
 For persecution's rod  
 Had scourged them often and again,  
 Till every nerve was changed to wire ;  
 And smiles were dead, and tears were dry,  
 And nothing but the undying fire  
 Of fervent prayer  
 Gave animation to the eye,  
 Or spoke the manhood there.

The women and the children knelt  
 Beneath the azure dome  
 Of God's own open church ;  
 And, as the prayer ascended, felt  
 The spirit rise to greet the home  
 That tyrants can not search.

"Fly! fly!" exclaimed the faithful scout,  
And never spake again;  
A trooper cleft his head in twain,  
And stretched him on the sand;  
A hundred glistening swords are out, —  
Down with them! the command.

The frightened mothers seize their young  
And hasten to retreat,  
While fathers keep the foe at bay, —  
When in the rear a bugle rung,  
Another troop the flying meet,  
And close the way.  
No hope remained but in the Lord,  
Who power invincible imparts  
To honest arms, and faithful hearts,  
That tremble at his word.

There is an hour when sense of wrong,  
And black despair, and vengeance, make  
Dread giants of the mean and weak,  
Gods of the already strong.  
The only object was to sell  
Life dearer than life e'er was sold;  
And pen, and word, and thought grow cold  
In the attempt to tell  
How hard and fast the blows are given  
When martyrs strike for home and heaven,  
And madness rules the brain.  
Into the furze the bairns were thrown,  
The fathers did not fight alone, —  
The swords that dying troopers clenched  
The desperate mothers seized amain,  
And from relaxing fingers wrenched  
To smite as woman can, —  
For woman of the gentlest make,  
Let but her offspring be the stake,  
Is mightier than man.

The strife was short, the valley fair  
A graveyard had become;  
The neighing steed, and man he bare,  
And clarions all were dumb.

The only sound that stirred the air  
Arose from those brave kneelers there,  
As heart and voice the glory sent  
To the Lord God Omnipotent.

Yon mound has covered long the dead ;  
No stone the history has said ; —  
“ Three saints,” — the mountain legends tell, —  
“ With gospel preparation shod,  
Went up in glory to their God, —  
Mainte \* demon back to hell ! ”

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#### NATIONAL EXAMPLE.

Extracted from an Oration, delivered at Boston, July 4, 1857, by Rev.  
WM. F. ALGER.

THE dead nations, whose giant skeletons now lie bleaching and crumbling on the sands of time, all died of sin. It was their crimes that dug their graves, and pushed them in. Licentious luxury sapped the foundation strength, and rotted the live virtue of one, and it disappeared beneath the green pool of its own corruption. Brutal war, made a business of, and carried in every direction, drew upon another the combined wrath of the world, and it was dashed upon the rock of its own barbarous force. Domestic bondage, grown enormous, trodden under foot, and goaded to madness, rose on another, and buried it in the conflagration and slaughter of its own provocation. Internal antipathies, based on sectional differences, fed by selfish interest and taunting debate, finally exploded in the quarrelling parties of another, and hurled its dissevered fragments to ruin, by the convulsive eruption of its own wrong and hatred. Of all the mighty empires whose melancholy ghosts now pace the pallid margin of oblivion, not one ever sunk, but its fall was through internal iniquity in some way or other. Shall the stately shade of republican America too go down to join the doleful company of crowned spectres, moving them beneath to rise up at her coming with the sardonic mock, “ Art thou also become as we ? ” If we would avoid their doom of vengeance, we must not tread their path of guilt.

\* An old word for “ Many a.”

In complete opposition to this nature and effect of wickedness, righteousness in a nation's politics and dwellings has a vivifying power, an assimilating and preservative tendency. The people whose rights are equally secured to them all, whose interests are well protected, who, free from irritating wrongs and jealousies, may all alike approach the sublime gifts and opportunities of nature and society, can hardly help dwelling in contentment, and flourishing in progressive strength. The secret causes of convulsion or decay do not exist there, but all are sympathetically happy, from the counting-room millionaire, watching his complex web of enterprise, to the hillside plough-boy, whistling an echo to the lark in the clouds; and their country may well hope to survive forever.

We ought to strive towards this end also, because it is the direct way to exert the strongest influence for good upon foreign countries. Indeed, without the realization of internal integrity we can do very little good abroad. Our example will be so sullied and compromised as almost to be spoiled and powerless. Our brave preaching will be scornfully flung back to us with the biting taunt, "Physician, heal thyself!" But let us lift up a front of unmarred holiness above all our hearths and altars; let there not be a single shackled bondsman in our territory; let there be an entire consistency between our organized customs and our glorious professions; let us show here a vast land with no lowering military, because peace and safety are so stable; with no sickening alms-houses, because there are no paupers to need them; with no dismal prisons, because there are no criminals to require them; bounteous fruits loading the fields, smiling faces lining the streets, the awful and resplendent ægis of righteousness extended firmly over all; and the spectacle of that spotless republic would be an omnipotent "*power on earth*,"—would set the gazing nations delirious with one common accord to imitate it. The first duty, therefore, of every American is to cleanse his country from wrong, and to establish impartial righteousness at home. He must lend his aid, in every proper method, to those reforms which aim to remove human bondage, intemperance, the shocking gallows, and every other legal crime and shameful custom, fastened on us in the pagan night of the past; that no more manacled hands and streaming eyes may be upturned, pleading to us for pity,

and to heaven for justice; that no more murdered corpses, swinging in the gibbets of our jail-yards, may curdle the blood of christianized humanity in its veins; that the matted and seething masses of licentiousness and pauperism, abated from their degrading dens, may no more infect and upbraid our civilization. Let this be done, and we shall indeed be blessed within and influential without. Our country will be an impregnable fortress, furnished to stand the eternal siege of the elements; and our people, if ever alien hosts should threaten, animated by one resistless impulse, will gather at the landing, and either drive them from the shore, or bury them in the strand.

America is at once the oldest and the youngest of nations. Inheriting the experience of the past, the ages of foregone countries are to be added to hers to date her true longevity. Just started on her career, the first throbbing glow of promise and ambition in her veins, with fuller knowledge, with new elements of success, and under more auspicious conditions than any ever enjoyed before,—humanity and the world watch, with unprecedented intensity of interest, the incidents of her course, and the goal of her destination. Shall her children fail her now? O, let them see to it that she is represented before the nations in a manner worthy of her peerless endowment, and her providential mission! Let not America appear in genius and posture a booted and spurred fillibuster, in tawdry uniform, and bristling with weapons; not as a propagandist slave-driver, with slouched garb and furious mien, a whip in one hand, a bowie-knife in the other, the hated renegade of the world; but a virgin Goddess, newly descended on the summits, olive and sheaf in her grasp, love and futurity in her eye, celestial wisdom on her brow, and the hemisphere at her feet.

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## SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

UNLIKE some nations, where a mob in a single city has repeatedly built and unbuilt the entire government in twenty-four hours, we are not at the mercy of local excitements. The safe and extended stability of our country is such, that, before one of these surprising effervescences can spread far enough for serious alarm, it cools and dies. We have no

fears of sudden explosion and revolutionary overthrow. Our government has an expansiveness, a flexibility, a recuperative power, that mock at such fears. No legitimate evil can reach a really dangerous pitch, before the popular election may redress it. As, when winter comes, the snow-flakes easily and gently descend, and clothe the fields with a garment of freshness, hiding the filth of decay and the ruggedness of the rocks; so, without difficulty or turmoil, when the majority wish it, the ballots of this free people fall, and spread a new law over society, beneath which the ugliness of wrong and the noise of contention disappear. In the old-world countries, the antiquated customs, dead traditions, burdensome rules of bygone ages, still cramp the minds and hearts of men, as the crushing armor of those times would their bodies, if they now wore it. With us no such things remain. We have thrown them away, never more to shackle with the iron bigotries of the past the buoyant movements of our free spirits. Here, on this young western strand, exempt from the ills that curse and paralyze other nations, bidding a frank good-bye to the worn-out things of old, we have taken possession of a new country, victoriously fought a new battle, and founded new institutions, and are now training ourselves up, a newly commingled people, who, animated with new plans and faith, the morning sunlight of heaven's guiding favor on their foreheads, and the great clock of time striking a new hour in the affairs of mankind, shall press forward to new destinies, resplendent with unimagined boons of freedom and love.

In view of the fact that we are enjoying such glorious advantages, what is the true mission of America? Evidently it is to preserve, increase, and perpetuate these blessings here, and to try to secure them elsewhere. The work providentially brought before this people, in the line of the testamentary ages and experimenting nations, plainly is the organization of political and social liberty in just and beneficent institutions. And how clear it is, that, to do this well, and establish the perfect result firmly, setting its grand and shining success on high, before the unimpeded gaze of mankind, in such unstained brightness and towering eminence that purblind tyrants shall own that they see it, and lynx-eyed critics confess that they discern no flaw in it,—is the way to do the utmost good for the other na-

tions of the earth ! Regarding this point as admitted,—namely, that the mission of our country, both for her own lasting salvation, and for the redemption of her groaning brother-lands, is to achieve, and enthrone in dazzling exhibition to the world, a national example of political perfection,—the most important part of our theme at once opens upon us. The question, charged with those grave considerations, which ought to occupy the attention of every citizen, irresistibly rises,—What are our immediate duties as constituents of the representative republic of the world ?

The indispensable work, reaching through the whole scale of our obligations, is to secure *national righteousness at home*. In the first place this is the most immediate requisition of morality. The *essential thing* for a man or for a nation to do is to put away vices, and cultivate virtues. This is the eternal claim, whose light and sanction no one can avoid seeing and feeling, whether he obeys or not. We, as a people, are bound to strive with banded earnestness to purify the land from every removable iniquity, and fill it with all attainable righteousness ; because, by the terms, this is the very meaning of the word *duty*, the vitality of the moral law. If an individual, who was cruel and selfish in his family, careless and fraudulent in his business, should go about urging the claims of domestic love and mercantile integrity, every one would say that he had perversely mistaken his vocation ; that his real duty was to reduce right principles to practice in his own sphere. So with a nation ; its first obligation, its very function, is to organize justice, freedom, and beneficence in its own laws and life ; to plant liberty on its public hills, joy in its private valleys, holiness in its courts, and mercy in its highways. The nation that recklessly disregards this, tramples on the elements of ethics, insults mankind, and defies God. A genuine patriotism will, therefore, labor to destroy the wrong and build up the right in its country, for the same reason that a pure and undefiled religion visits the afflicted, and keeps itself unspotted from the world.

## PARTY SPIRIT.

Extract from a Speech of Gen. W. H. HARRISON at Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1840, while he was a candidate for the Presidency.

THE violence of party spirit, as of late exhibited, is a serious mischief to the political welfare of the country. Party feeling is necessary in a certain degree to the health and stability of a republic; but, when pushed to too great an extent, it is detrimental to the body politic,—it is the rock upon which many a republic has been dashed to pieces. An old farmer told me the other day that he did not believe one of the stories circulated against me, and he would support me if I were only a democrat. But if I support and sustain democratic principles, what matters it how I am called? It matters a good deal, said he; you don't belong to the democratic party! Can any thing be more ruinous in its tendency to our institutions, than this high party spirit, which looks to the shadow and not to the substance of things? Nothing, nothing. This running after names, after imaginings, is ominous of dangerous results. In the blessed Book we are told that the pretensions of false Christs shall be in future times so specious that even the elect will be deceived. And is it not so now with democracy? The name does not constitute the democrat. It is the vilest imposture ever attempted upon the credulity of the public mind, to array the poor of the country, under the name of democrats, against the rich, and style them aristocrats. This is dealing in fables. The natural antagonist of democracy is not aristocracy,—it is monarchy. There is no instance on record of a republic like ours running into an aristocracy. It can hurry into a pure democracy, and the confidence of that democracy being once obtained by a Marius or a Cæsar, a Bolivar or a Bonaparte, he strides rapidly from professions of love for the people to usurpation of their rights, and steps from that high eminence to a throne! And thus, in the name of democracy, the boldest crimes are committed. Who forgets the square in Paris, where rivers of the people's blood were shed, in the name of democracy, at the foot of the statue of Liberty! Cherish not the man, then, who, under the guise and name of democracy, tries to overthrow



the principles of republicanism, as professed and acted upon by Jefferson and Madison.

A precious inheritance has been handed down to you by your forefathers. In Rome the sacred fire was kept alive by vestal virgins, and they watched over the gift with eager eyes. In America, a glorious fire has been lighted upon the altar of liberty, and to you, my fellow-citizens, has been entrusted its safe-keeping, to be nourished with care and fostered forever. Keep it burning, and let the sparks, that continually go up from it, fall on other altars, and light up in distant lands the fire of freedom, till licentiousness shall yield to the rights of man, and constitutions be given to the people by despotic rulers. Whence came the light that now shines in the land of darkness? It was a brand snatched from your own proud altar, and thrust into the pyre of European oppression.

Shall then the far seen light upon the shrine of American liberty ever be extinguished? It would not be your loss only,—it would be the loss of the whole world. The enemies of freedom in Europe are watching you with intense anxiety, and your friends there are praying for your success. Deceive them not, but keep the sacred fire burning steadily upon your altars, and the Ohio farmer, whom you design to make your chief magistrate, will, at the end of four years, cheerfully lay down the authority which you may entrust him with, free from all ambition. It will be glory enough for me to be honored as those pure and honest republicans, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison were honored,—with the high confidence of a great, noble, just and generous people!

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#### DEFENCE OF 'LOUIS MIEROSLAWSKI, LEADER OF THE POLISH INSURGENTS IN POSEN.

The following is a translation of some of the most remarkable passages in this speech, which is said to have produced so sensible an effect upon the judges of the accused, that the President decided upon adjourning the court until the ensuing day, when sentence of death was passed upon Mieroslawski.

O, GENTLEMEN, if it is conspiracy to denounce, as well publicly as privately, violence, spoliation, calumny, the pitiless persecution of the weak by the strong ;—if it is

worthy of death or captivity to defend one's life and to labor for freedom,—then it is not we alone, it is all Poland, that is guilty of conspiracy. Bring, therefore, all Poland to this bar; bring hither all our saints and all our heroes; bring all who groan, all who curse the day of their birth, in that vast land of slavery which is called Poland; enlarge the bounds of this hall to the four corners of the world, for every where the bones of Poles, who have died for the redemption of their country, call aloud for vengeance. Your quest has plunged its net for a moment into the immense, inexhaustible, and unfathomable stream of our agitation, to draw from it at hazard one victim. But can you believe, gentlemen, that you have thus secured the secret, radical cause of evil, which troubles the waves, and keeps them tinged with blood? Be not surprised, gentlemen, if we repeat incessantly, if we repeat until our voices are silenced for ever, that we are punished not on account of our resistance, but on account of the flagrant, the irreparable injury, which our country sustained almost a century ago. We repeat it, because you are desirous of forgetting it; because you willingly avert your eyes, in order not to perceive that each convulsion that agitates Poland is but the necessary and involuntary reaction attending the crimes committed against her by the powers who affect astonishment at her struggles. The most timid, the most inoffensive being, if you seek to trample it under foot, will turn upon you, will use its last remaining strength to make you release it, by wounding the foot that crushes it; and do you believe that an entire nation, that a giant, buried alive in too narrow a tomb, will not seek to shake off the insufferable weight which crushes his breast? Do the Titans sleep tranquilly under the mountain with which the jealousy of Jupiter has overwhelmed their despair? Is it a crime in those wretched outcasts, if the death-rattle of their eternal agony, piercing the crater of their sepulchre, sometimes troubles the banquet of the autocrat of the skies?

Be not deceived, gentlemen. If you expect to put down insurrection by the sacrifice of my life, and that of my friends, to the Moloch of power, you deceive yourselves. Every drop of blood that you spill will, like the dragon's teeth of old, spring up into a harvest of armed men, rendered doubly ferocious by the recollections of this day.

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It is true that Poland has been dismembered, but it is also true that there is vitality in every fragment, and sooner or later there will be a reünion in one great spirit of liberty. In this faith, I welcome the fate that awaits me; for I know that, though I may die, Poland will live; and so long as there is a righteous God, there will be a certainty of a righteous retribution for the wrongs of Poland, and a glorious future for my oppressed country.

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### THE USURPATIONS OF SLAVERY.

Speech of WM. H. SEWARD, in the Senate of the United States, February 28, 1855, on the bill to protect officers of the United States, enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law.

MR. PRESIDENT: The scene before me, and all its circumstances and incidents, admonish me that the time has come when the Senate of the United States is about to grant another of those concessions, which have become habitual here, to the power of slavery in this republic.

What is proposed here is an innovation — a new thing, — a thing unknown in the laws of the country, since the states came into a federal union. That new thing is, that a person, civilly prosecuted in a state court, and justifying under authority or color of a law of the United States, may oust the state of its jurisdiction, and remove the cause into a court of the United States. Sir, this is an important transaction. I warn you that it is a transaction too important to be suddenly projected, and carried out with unusual and unseemly rapidity. Every man in this country, — every man in Christendom, who knows any thing of the philosophy of government, knows that this republic has been thus successful only by reason of the stability, strength and greatness of the individual states. You are saving the union of those states by sapping and undermining the columns on which it rests. You reply to all this, that there is a newly developed necessity for this act of federal aggrandizement. There is no such new necessity whatever. The courts of the several states have exercised their concurrent jurisdiction over officers and agents of the United States for a period of sixty years, in cases which involved life, liberty, property, commerce, peace, and war,

subject to supervision by the supreme tribunal of the Union ; and while individual rights have been maintained, the public peace has been every where preserved, and the public safety has never received a wound. All that has happened is a change of the scene of these discontents, resulting from a change in the geographical direction which the action of the federal government takes. Heretofore, the murmurs of discontent came from the South. Now, the breeze which bears them sets in from the North. When the wind blew from a southern quarter, the rights of the citizens were not safe without the interposition of the state tribunals. Now, when it comes from an opposite point of the compass, a senator from Connecticut requires Congress to prohibit that interposition, and to arm the federal government with new and portentous power. Mr. President, all this trouble arises out of the fugitive slave law. The transaction in which we are engaged is by no means the first act in a new drama. You began here, in 1793, to extend into the free states, by the exercise of the federal power, the war of races,—the war of the master against the slave. The fugitive slave law, which was then passed, became obsolete. Though no great inconvenience was sustained, the pride of the slave-holding power was wounded. In 1850, you passed a new fugitive slave law, and connected it with measures designed to extend the territorial jurisdiction of the United States over new regions, without inhibiting slavery. You were told at that time, as distinctly as you are told to-night, that your new law could not be executed, and would become obsolete for the same reasons that the old law had become obsolete ; that the failure of the old law had resulted, not from its want of stringency, but from its too great stringency. You were told then, as distinctly as you are now told, that your new law, with all its terrors, would fail, because, like the old law, and more than the old law, it lacked the elements to command the consent and approval of the consciences, the sympathies, and the judgments of a free people. The new law, however, was adopted in defiance of our protest that it was an act of federal usurpation, that it virtually suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, that it unconstitutionally denied a trial by jury, and that it virtually commanded a judgment of perpetual slavery to be summarily rendered, upon *ex parte* evidence, which

the party accused was not allowed to refute in the due and ordinary course of the common law. You adopted new and oppressive penalties, in answer to all these remonstrances; and, under threats and alarms for the safety of the Union, the fugitive slave bill received the sanction of the Congress of the United States, and became a law. That was the second act. When murmurs and loud complaints arose, and remonstrances came in from every side, you resorted to an old and much abused expedient. You brought all the great political parties in the United States into a coalition and league to maintain this law, and every word and letter of it, unimpaired, and to perpetuate it forever. All your other laws, although they might be beneficent, and productive of human rights and of human liberty, could be changed, but this one unconstitutional law, so derogatory from the rights of human nature, was singled out from among all the rest, and was to be, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, a decree forever. This was the third act. And where are you now? It is only five years since the fugitive slave law was passed. You have poured out treasure like water to secure its execution. The public police, the revenue service, the army and the navy, have been at your command, and have all been vigorously employed, to aid in enforcing it. And still the fugitive slave law is not executed, and is becoming obsolete. You demand a further and a more stringent law. The federal government must be armed with new powers, subversive of public liberty, to enforce the obnoxious statute. The bill before us supplies those new powers. This is the fourth act. It is easy to be seen that it can not be the final one. Sir, I look with sorrow, but with no anxiety, upon these things. They will have their end before long in complete discomfiture. I abide the time, and wait for the event. I perform my duty, the only duty which remains for me now, in protesting against the enactment of this law, and in expressing to you my conviction that you are travelling altogether in the wrong direction. If you wish to secure respect to the federal authorities, to cultivate harmony between the states, to secure universal peace, and to create new bonds of perpetual union, there is only one way before you. Instead of adding new penalties, employing new agencies, and inspiring new terrors, you must go back to the point where your

mistaken policy began, and conform your federal laws to **MAGNA CHARTA**, to the **CONSTITUTION**, and to the **RIGHTS OF MAN**.

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### PEACE THE TRUE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Extracted from a Speech of JOHN C. CALHOUN, on the subject of Oregon Boundaries and our relations with Great Britain, 1846.

I AM opposed to war as a friend to human improvement, to human civilization, to human progress and advancement. Never in the history of the world has there occurred a period so remarkable as the peace which followed the battle of Waterloo, for the great advances made in the condition of human society, and that in various forms. The chemical and mechanical powers have been investigated and applied to advance the comforts of human life in a degree far beyond all that was ever known or hoped before. Civilization has been spreading its influence far and wide, and the general progress of human society has outstripped all that had been previously witnessed. The invention of man has seized upon and subjugated two great agencies of the natural world, which never before were made the servants of man. I refer to steam and to electricity, under which, of course, I include magnetism in all its phenomena. Steam has been controlled and availed of for all the purposes of human intercourse, and, by its resistless energies, has brought nations together, whom nature had seemed to separate by insurmountable barriers. It has shortened the passage across the Atlantic more than one-half, while the rapidity of travelling on land has been three times greater than was ever known before.

Within the same period, man has chained the very lightning of heaven, and brought down and made it administer to the transmission of human thought, insomuch that it may, with truth, be said, that our ideas are not only transmitted with the rapidity of lightning, but by lightning itself. Magic wires are stretching themselves in all directions over the globe, and when their mystic meshes shall at length have been perfected, our globe itself will be endowed with a sensitiveness which will render it impos-



the party accused was not allowed to refute in the due and ordinary course of the common law. You adopted new and oppressive penalties, in answer to all these remonstrances; and, under threats and alarms for the safety of the Union, the fugitive slave bill received the sanction of the Congress of the United States, and became a law. That was the second act. When murmurs and loud complaints arose, and remonstrances came in from every side, you resorted to an old and much abused expedient. You brought all the great political parties in the United States into a coalition and league to maintain this law, and every word and letter of it, unimpaired, and to perpetuate it forever. All your other laws, although they might be beneficent, and productive of human rights and of human liberty, could be changed, but this one unconstitutional law, so derogatory from the rights of human nature, was singled out from among all the rest, and was to be, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, a decree forever. This was the third act. And where are you now? It is only five years since the fugitive slave law was passed. You have poured out treasure like water to secure its execution. The public police, the revenue service, the army and the navy, have been at your command, and have all been vigorously employed, to aid in enforcing it. And still the fugitive slave law is not executed, and is becoming obsolete. You demand a further and a more stringent law. The federal government must be armed with new powers, subversive of public liberty, to enforce the obnoxious statute. The bill before us supplies those new powers. This is the fourth act. It is easy to be seen that it can not be the final one. Sir, I look with sorrow, but with no anxiety, upon these things. They will have their end before long in complete discomfiture. I abide the time, and wait for the event. I perform my duty, the only duty which remains for me now, in protesting against the enactment of this law, and in expressing to you my conviction that you are travelling altogether in the wrong direction. If you wish to secure respect to the federal authorities, to cultivate harmony between the states, to secure universal peace, and to create new bonds of perpetual union, there is only one way before you. Instead of adding new penalties, employing new agencies, and inspiring new terrors, you must go back to the point where your

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Within the same period, man has chained the very lightning of heaven, and brought down and made it administer to the transmission of human thought, insomuch that it may, with truth, be said, that our ideas are not only transmitted with the rapidity of lightning, but by lightning itself. Magic wires are stretching themselves in all directions over the globe, and when their mystic meshes shall at length have been perfected, our globe itself will be endowed with a sensitiveness which will render it impos-

has been asserted, vice and crime *appear* sometimes to prevail most in the best educated communities, the appearance must be deceptive, and the cause sought for any where rather than in schools, where the moral powers as well as the merely intellectual are duly trained.

There seem to be two great classes of schools, — that where the intellect is chiefly attended to, and where knowledge may give power, increased power to do evil, and such, of late, it is said, has been the tendency of our school system; and that where an almost exclusive devotion to religious knowledge prevails, where progress in civilization has been checked, and civil liberty entirely prostrated at the feet of bigotry, as is the case in every country under the control of the Romish superstition. Neither extreme is desirable, and it was never the design of the noble founders of our school system to establish any such imperfect plan. Our Constitution and our Statute Book show abundantly, that moral and religious instruction were to go hand in hand with that of the intellect, and it is to be regretted if the fear of one sect's encroaching upon the faith of another, has led us to diminish the amount of moral instruction, and to give unlimited scope to the studies that are purely intellectual.

Now, sir, who will pretend that such an education as will duly cultivate all the faculties can be injurious to a community; and who will deny, that, if it is the true end and highest aim of government to seek the improvement and highest good of the people, the first duty of rulers is to secure such an education to every member of the community, man, woman, and child? But our experience has proved that it is not enough to provide a system, — it must be enforced, or it will so far fail as to be of little value. If the value of property is enhanced, and the security of liberty and life promoted by education; if the wealthy are taxed to educate the children of the poor, and the childless to educate the children of others, it is the clearest dictate of justice, that every child should be educated in spite of any unwillingness on the part of the child or its parents.

The only serious obstacle to the complete fulfilment of the wishes of all good men in this respect, arises from a source whose opposition to our public school system betrays at once a want of delicacy, unpardonable in those who have been thrown upon our bounty, and educated at our ex-

pense, while it betrays the most remarkable fear, entirely unaccountable, except upon the ground that the system which has prevailed here for two centuries, and which has been cherished by every sect, however diversified in form or faith, should, by enlightening the minds, reform the faith of those who stand alone in opposition. They call our seminaries "godless schools," because they do not attend enough to the element of religion, and the first blow aimed at these same "godless schools" is the entire exclusion of the Bible from them! All Christian sects, sir, interpret the Scriptures in their own way, but they all cling to the Scriptures as their only authority, and it may fairly admit of question, whether the objections of any body, unwilling to rest upon the same book, and appeal to the same source, are entitled to a moment's consideration. Let us beware, sir, of being deceived by the specious plea that any compulsion in this case will be persecution. It would be the first time that a persecuted sect has been allowed all the rights and privileges, and has been placed upon perfect equality with its persecutors. Nay, sir, is it not evident that those who have accepted the hospitality and shelter, the support and protection, that we have freely extended to these intruders, and who have so soon, and with such barefaced effrontery, undertaken to vilify our institutions, and openly threaten them with ruin, are the real persecutors whom it is our duty to remonstrate against, and in every way to resist. One would think, sir, that a church, whose hands are, and always have been, reeking with the blood of Protestants, tortured to death for no offence but a difference of opinion, would see that common decency should dictate silence, at least, lest their own infamous example should excite us to imitation. I have done. The question is a very simple one, in my opinion, and I invoke the spirit of the Pilgrims, the spirit of the Bible, and the God who gave that holy book, to preserve our system of free schools, and make it more and more effectual in the diffusion of light and truth, and in the overthrow of error and delusion.

## BUNKER HILL.

WM. B. FOWLE.

THE redoubt stands, a wretched shield,  
 The hasty work of one short night;  
 The weary men, from shop and field,  
 O, will they dare the fight!  
 They will; — they know that bank and wall  
 Are nothing 'neath a freeman's blow,  
 And tower and buttress needs must fall  
 If freemen will it so.  
 The heart determined to be free  
 No other breastwork asks or needs  
 Than its true bosom, — lives in deeds,  
 And of defeat works victory.

The foe advances; all the lore  
 Of martial science nerves their arm.  
 Their trade is death; they know the power  
 Of discipline; the skill to harm  
 Is theirs, and all the fire that glows  
 In conquerors, 'all the living flame  
 Of fierce ambition, when it strikes  
 To stamp or aggrandize a name; —  
 St. George's cross waves over head;  
 With bayonet in rest they come; —  
 Such legions never backward tread,  
 Their charge the charge of doom.

The untried patriots well may pale, —  
 The thought of home may start a tear;  
 But thus to feel is not to fail;  
 To dread is not to fear.  
 March! march! the Britons onward pass,  
 Till eye to eye reveals its hate.  
 Fire! fire! the ranks go down like grass,  
 Quick, sharp, the scythe of fate.  
 Old England's myrmidons retire  
 Discomfited, — a prairie fire

Envelopes them in flame.  
To rally men the thunders smite  
The leaders find a desperate game ;  
But promised vengeance, burning shame,  
The scattered ranks unite.

A second time the hirelings form,  
The charge prepare, again advance,  
Again like leaves in autumn storm  
The reeling soldiers dance,  
And dead and dying strow the hill.  
The volleys know no interval ;  
The dead, the dead, alas, how still !  
The wounded — O, that wail !

The day was ours, the victory won,  
And all that afterward was done  
By reinforcements mattered nought ;  
The foemen hand to hand had fought,  
Unpractised arms had smitten down,  
Annihilated, troops that came  
From foreign fields of high renown,  
With all the prestige of a name.

The lesson of that day what pen,  
What tongue can worthily recite !  
Ages will pass before such men  
Shall meet in such a fight.  
Thenceforth the RIGHT will aye look down  
On armies, navies, all the power  
That despots wield, — and Freedom's frown  
Determine the decisive hour  
That calls a nation into birth,  
Or strikes one from the cumbered earth.  
And, while the world stands, ever will  
Truth's battle-cry be — Bunker Hill !

## BROADCAST THY SEED.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

BROADCAST thy seed !

If thou hast aught of wealth to lend,  
Beyond what reason bids thee spend,  
Seek out the haunts of want and woe,  
And wisely let thy bounty flow ;  
Lift modest merit from the dust,  
And fill his heart with joy and trust ;  
Take struggling genius by the hand,  
And bid the striving soul expand ;  
Where virtuous men together cling  
To banish some unhallowed thing,  
Join the just league, and not withhold  
Thy help, thy counsel, and thy gold ;  
Would'st have thy humbler brother freed ?  
Broadcast thy seed.

Broadcast thy seed !

If thou hast mind, thou hast to spare,  
And giving will increase thy share ;  
Put forth thy thoughts with earnest zeal,  
And make some stubborn spirit feel  
The grace, the glory, the delight  
That spring from talent used aright ;  
The improving wealth, which none can take,  
Though fortune frown, and friends forsake ;  
The strength of vision, more and more  
Expanding as he dares to soar.  
Virtue and knowledge, glorious twain !  
The more they give the more they gain !  
Would'st help a brother in his need ?  
Broadcast thy seed.

Broadcast thy seed !

Albeit some portion may be found  
To fall on harsh and arid ground,  
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay  
Its coming into light or day,  
Be not discouraged. Some may find  
Congenial soil and gentle wind,

Refreshing dew and fostering shower,  
To bring it into beauteous flower,  
From flower to fruit to greet thy eyes,  
And thrill thee with a sweet surprise.  
Do good, and God will bless thy deed.  
Broadcast thy seed.

# NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

Chambers' Journal.

“ Nor to myself alone,”  
The little opening flower transported cries, —  
“ Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes ;  
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,  
His dainty fill ;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill.”

“ Not to myself alone,”  
The circling star with honest pride doth boast, —  
“ Not to myself alone I rise and set ;  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host.  
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,  
I gem the sky,  
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,  
His home on high.”

“ Not to myself alone,”  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum, —  
“ Not to myself alone from flower to flower  
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,  
And to the hive at evening weary come.  
For man, for man the luscious food I pile  
With busy care,  
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil, —  
A scanty share.”

“ Not to myself alone,”  
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings, —



"Not to myself alone I raise the song :  
 I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,  
 And bear the mourner on my viewless wings.  
 I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,  
     And God adore ;  
 I call the worlding from his dross to turn,  
     And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"  
 The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way, —  
 "Not to myself alone I sparkling glide ;  
 I scatter life and health on every side,  
 And strow the fields with herb and floweret gay.  
 I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,  
     My gladsome tune ;  
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
     In drougthy June."

"Not to myself alone,"  
 O, man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest !  
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart, —  
 In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.  
 Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,  
 Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,  
     And self disown ;  
 Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,  
     Not to thyself alone.

### WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

WHAT might be done if men were wise !  
 What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
     Would they unite,  
     In love and right,  
 And cease their scorn of one another !

Oppression's heart might be imbued  
 With kindling drops of loving-kindness,  
     And Knowledge pour,  
     From shore to shore,  
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All Slavery, Warfare, Lies, and Wrong,  
 All Vice and Crime might die together ;  
     And wine and corn  
     To each man born  
 Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,  
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,  
     Might stand erect  
     In self respect  
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done ? *This* might be done,  
 And more than *this*, my suffering brother,—  
     More than the tongue  
     E'er said or sung,  
 If men were wise and loved each other.

# ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,  
 Near to the nest of his little dame,  
 Over the mountain-side or mead,  
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,—  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
 Hidden among the summer flowers.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,  
 Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;  
 White are his shoulders and white his crest ;  
 Hear him call in his merry note,—  
     Bob-'o-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
 Passing at home a patient life,  
 Broods in the grass while her husband sings,—  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear  
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;  
 One weak chirp is her only note ;  
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
 Pouring boasts from his little throat,—  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Never was I afraid of man ;  
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !  
 There, as the mother sits all day,  
 Robert is singing with all his might,—  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
 Keeping house while I frolic about.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
 Six wide mouths are open for food ;  
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 This new life is likely to be  
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;  
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;  
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;  
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,—

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink ;  
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
 Chee, chee, chee.

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## THE FLY.

WHAT a merry little fellow our friend, the Fly, must be !  
 Few beings on the earth, methinks, live half so gay as he ;  
 For he roves about as pleases him, without a thought or  
     care,  
 And it costs him nought for lodging, for his home is every  
     where.

He helps himself at breakfast, at home, and at his ease,  
 Without so much as " How d'ye do ? " or " May I, if you  
     please ? "

And, having ate and drank his fill, he flies away so sly,  
 Nor condescends a single nod, or " Thank you, friend,  
     good-bye ! "

He cares for no umbrella, however wet, — not he ;  
 But hides him underneath a leaf, as snug as snug may be ;  
 And if he's tired, or if he's hot, he seeks some pretty  
     flower,

And tucks himself within its folds, and rests him for an hour.

He envies not your money, nor longs he for fine clothes ;  
 That russet suit of his will last, as every body knows ;  
 He never goes to market ; what cares he for the price  
 When he helps himself to every thing, and lives on all  
     that's nice ?

I wonder who his doctor is, — but no, he needs not one,  
 For gluttony and drunkenness to him are quite unknown ;  
 He sips the water or the milk (no gin and beer for him !),  
 And never merely eats and drinks for pleasure or for whim.

With his great eye he sees afar the cunning spider grim,  
 But keeps his distance, lest old web should make a meal  
     of him ;

Yet sometimes he is not so shrewd, or else, it's very plain,  
 He'd not so often butt his head against the window-pane.

And what a curious way he has of walking up a wall !  
(If you or I should try to climb we should be sure to fall ;)  
And (what's a greater wonder for our funny friend in  
brown)  
Of walking on the ceiling with his head all upside down.  
Then we will love our friend, the fly, and all his tricks  
endure ;  
And, as he eats not very much, you'll welcome him, I'm  
sure ;  
God made him, and if any think his use is not quite plain,  
'Tis pretty much the same with us, — we often live in  
vain.

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## ANGEL VISITANTS.

JOHN EDWARD CHALMERS.

THOUGH angels long have left this earth,  
Their shadows still remain ;  
Where all that's pure and good have birth  
They seem to live again.  
In homes and hearts they play their parts,  
Where love and concord dwell ;  
While o'er life's dreams they cast their beams,  
And weave a magic spell.  
Yes ; earth has angels of her own,  
And not a few I ween ;  
Though angels' visits, man is told,  
Are few and far between.

In every land, where'er we stray,  
'Mong those we chance to greet,  
When least we think, perhaps we may  
With some bright angel meet.  
For while full well the eyes can tell  
When beauty passes by,  
Yet angels may pursue their way  
Unheeded by the eye.  
O, yes, a veil may oft conceal  
An angel, bright and fair,  
Whose virtues would adorn a crown,  
And shed a lustre there.

## A HEALTH TO WOMAN.

For a Temperance Dinner to which Ladies were invited. — OLIVER W. HOLMES.

A HEALTH to dear woman ! she bids us untwine,  
From the cup it encircles, the fast clinging vine ;  
But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure will glow,  
And mirror its bloom in the bright wave below.

A health to sweet woman ! the days are no more  
When she watched for her lord till the revel was o'er,  
And smoothed the white pillow, and blushed when he  
came  
As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead of flame.

Alas for the loved one ! too spotless and fair,  
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share ;  
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,  
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,  
As their ribands of silver unwind from the hills ;  
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's dream,  
But the lilies of innocence float on their stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman once more ;  
She brings us a passport that laughs at our door ;  
It is written on crimson, — its letters are pearls, —  
It is countersigned *Nature*, — so, room for the GIRLS !

## CLOSING THE LEGER. — THE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

HENRY MORFORD.

Close up the Leger, Time !  
Slowly and sadly, but let it be ;  
Mournfully passeth by the year ;  
What are the records for you and me,  
Left by the failing fingers here ?  
What for passion, and what for love ?  
What for avarice and crime ?  
What for hope, and the heaven above ?  
What of the Leger, Time ?

Close up the Leger, Time !  
Many a name, for good or ill,  
Fills to the margin your blotted scroll ;  
Many a high and haughty will, —  
Many a low and humble soul ;  
Yet one page to each is given,  
Marking the changing path we climb, —  
Holding the balance of hell or heaven ;  
What of the Leger, Time ?

Close up the Leger, Time !  
Say, are we creditors for aught ?  
Have we a store of noble deeds,  
Springing from high and generous thought,  
Such as our fallen brother needs ?  
Have we laid up for coming years  
Words to weave in a funeral rhyme,  
Names that will call up grateful tears ?  
What of the Leger, Time ?

Close up the Leger, Time !  
Say what promises Hope has drawn ;  
Say what drafts stern Truth has paid ;  
Say what bankrupt hopes have gone,  
In the grave with memory laid.  
Say if the heart has kept its own,  
Gathering beauty with lure and lime,  
If it has turned to senseless stone ; —  
What of the Leger, Time ?

Close up the Leger, Time !  
Hark ! the knell of the year goes by !  
Have I run out my golden sand ?  
Where shall I be when the next shall die ?  
Where shall the soul within me stand ?  
Nought beyond may the Leger tell, —  
Nought be known, but in guilt and crime !  
Listen ! I hear the New Year's bell !  
Shut up the Leger, Time !

## NOTHING TO WEAR.

Extracted from the popular poem of BUTLER.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,  
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris ;  
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
 That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris,  
 Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,  
 In one continuous round of shopping ;  
 Shopping alone and shopping together,  
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,  
 For all manner of things that a woman can put  
 On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,  
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist ;  
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
 In front or behind, above or below ;  
 Dresses for home, and the street, and the hall,  
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ; —  
 And yet though scarce three months have passed since the  
 day

All this merchandise went in twelve carts up Broadway,  
 This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,  
 When asked to a ball was in utter despair,  
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear !  
 But the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising ;  
 I find there exists the greatest distress  
 In our female community, solely arising  
 From this unsupplied destitution of dress ;  
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
 With the pitiful wail of " Nothing to wear ! "

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day  
 Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,  
 To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt  
 Their children have gathered, their hovels have built ;  
 Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,  
 Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair ;  
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,  
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,  
 Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair



To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
 Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;  
 See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street,  
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—  
 Spoiled children of fashion, — you 've nothing to wear!

And O, if perchance there should be a sphere,  
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;  
 Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of time  
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;  
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
 Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,  
 Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness and love;  
 O, daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!  
 Lest, in that upper realm, — you have nothing to wear!

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### EDUCATION AND ENGLISH.

Extracted from "PROGRESS," a Satire by J. G. Saxe.

Nor less, O Progress, are thy newest rules  
 Enforced and honored in the "Ladies' Schools,"  
 Where Education, in its nobler sense,  
 Gives place to Learning's shallowest pretence;  
 Where hapless maids, in spite of wish or taste,  
 On vain "accomplishments" their moments waste;  
 By cruel parents here condemned to wrench  
 Their tender throats in mispronouncing French;  
 Here doomed to force, by unrelenting knocks,  
 Reluctant music from a tortured box;  
 Here taught in inky shades and rigid lines  
 To perpetrate equivocal "designs," —  
 "Drawings," that prove their title plainly true,  
 By showing Nature "drawn," and "quartered" too!

In ancient times, I've heard my grandam tell,  
 Young maids were taught to read, and write, and spell,  
 (Neglected arts! once learned by rigid rules,  
 As prime essentials in the "common schools").

Well taught beside in many a useful art,  
 To mend the manners and improve the heart ;  
 Nor yet unskilled to turn the busy wheel,  
 To ply the shuttle, and to twirl the reel,  
 Could thrifty tasks with cheerful grace pursue,  
 Themselves "accomplished," and their duties too.  
 Of tongues, each maiden had but one, 't is said  
 (Enough 't was thought to serve a lady's head),  
 But that was ENGLISH, — great and glorious tongue,  
 That Chatham spoke, and Milton, Shakspeare, sung ;  
 Let thoughts, too idle to be fitly dressed  
 In sturdy Saxon, be in French expressed ;  
 Let lovers breathe Italian, — like, in sooth,  
 Its singers, soft, emasculate, and smooth ;  
 But, for a tongue, whose ample powers embrace  
 Beauty and force, sublimity and grace,  
 Ornate or plain, harmonious, yet strong,  
 And formed alike for eloquence or song,  
 Give me the ENGLISH, — aptest tongue to paint  
 A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint,  
 To spur the slothful, counsel the distressed,  
 To lash the oppressor, or to soothe the oppressed.  
 To lend fantastic humor freest scope,  
 To marshal all his laughter-moving troop,  
 Give pathos power, and fancy lightest wings  
 And wit his merriest whims, and keenest stings.

Talk not, ye jockeys, of the wondrous speed  
 That marks your northern or your southern steed :  
 See Progress fly o'er Education's course !  
 Not far-famed Derby owns a fleeter horse !  
 On rare "Improvement's short and easy road"  
 How swift her flight to learning's blest abode !  
 In other times, — 't was many years ago, —  
 The scholar's course was toilsome, rough and slow ;  
 The fair "Humanities" were sought in tears,  
 And came, the trophy of laborious years ;  
 Now, Learning's shrine each idle youth may seek,  
 And, spending there a shilling and a week,  
 (At lightest cost of study, cash, and lungs),  
 Come back, like Rumor, with "a hundred tongues."  
 What boots such Progress, when the golden load,  
 From heedless haste, is lost upon the road ?

When each great science, to the student's pace,  
Stands like a wicket, in a hurdle race,  
Which to o'erleap is all the courser's mind,  
And all his glory, that — 't is left behind !

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### A MOORISH BALLAD.

" O, CAPTAIN of the Moorish hold,  
Unbar thy gates to me,  
And I will give thee gems and gold  
To set Fernando free.  
For I a sacred oath have plight  
A pilgrim to remain,  
Till I return with Lara's knight,  
The noblest knight of Spain ! "

" Fond Christian youth," the Captain said,  
" Thy suit is soon denied ;  
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,  
And will with us abide.  
Renounced is every Christian rite,  
The turban he hath ta'en,  
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,  
The boldest knight of Spain. "

Pale, marble-pale, the pilgrim turned,  
A cold and deadly dye ;  
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,  
And anger in his eye.

(Forth from his cowl a ringlet bright  
Fell down of golden grain.)  
" Base Moor ! to slander Lara's knight,  
The boldest knight of Spain.

Go, look on Lugo's gory field !  
Go look on Tayo's tide !  
Can ye forget the red-cross shield  
That all your host defied ?  
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,  
Granada's sultan slain,  
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,  
The boldest knight of Spain ! "

"By Allah, yea!" with eyes of fire,  
The lordly paynim said,  
"Granada's sultan was my sire,  
Who fell by Lara's blade;  
And, though thy gold were forty fold,  
The ransom were but vain,  
To purchase back thy Christian knight,  
The boldest knight of Spain."

"Ah, Moor! the life that once is shed,  
No vengeance can repay;  
And who shall number up the dead  
That fall in battle fray?  
Thyself, in many a manly fight,  
Hast many a father slain,  
Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight,  
The boldest knight of Spain!"

"And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest  
Thy beauties ill may shroud?  
Thy locks of gold, the heaving breast,  
A moon beneath a cloud.—  
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,  
And here my bride remain?  
He may depart,—that captive knight,  
The conquered knight of Spain."

"Ah, speak not so!" with voice of woe  
The shuddering stranger cried;  
"Another creed I may not know,  
Nor live another's bride!  
Fernando's wife may yield her life,  
But not her honor stain,  
To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,  
The bravest knight of Spain."

"And know'st thou then, how hard a doom  
Thy husband yet may bear?  
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,  
The damp and noisome air?  
To lonely cave, devoid of light,  
A captive to remain,  
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,  
The prop and pride of Spain!"

" O that within that dungeon's gloom  
 His sorrow I might share,  
 And cheer him in that living tomb,  
 With love, and hope, and prayer !  
 But still the faith I once have plight  
 Unbroken must remain,  
 And God will help the captive knight,  
 And plead the cause of Spain ! "

" And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold  
 In safety to retire,  
 Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,  
 Whose eyes the diamond's fire ? "

She drew a poniard small and bright,  
 And spake in calm disdain,  
 " He taught me how — my Christian knight,  
 To guard the faith of Spain ! "

The drawbridge falls ! with loud alarm  
 The clashing portals fly !  
 She bared her breast, she raised her arm,  
 And knelt in act to die !  
 But, ah ! the thrill of wild delight,  
 That shot through every vein !  
 He stood before her — Lara's knight,  
 The bravest knight of Spain !

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### THE HERO OF THE ARCTIC.

WM. B. FOWLE.

Steward Holland, a young man, belonging to the Arctic, could not be induced to leave the steamer. His post was at the gun, firing signals of distress, and he kept loading and firing, without any care for his own safety, until the vessel sunk. He was in the very act of firing, when the Arctic, with her passengers, disappeared beneath the waves.

It is not he who o'er the field  
 Of battle casts his eye,  
 And never knows the thought to yield,  
 Or fears the call to die ; —

It is not he, who, in the strife  
 Of letters wins a name,  
 And throws away his meaner life,  
 To seize immortal fame ; —

It is not such the voice of lands  
The truest hero calls ;  
But he, who by his brother stands,  
And there, if need be, falls.

The crowded steamer 'neath the wave  
Was disappearing fast,  
And human strength was vain to save,  
And all looked on aghast.

The only chance, the signal gun !  
And at his station there  
Stood a young hero, cool, alone,  
Undaunted by despair.

The night was dark, the only hope  
Perchance some vessel near  
Might hear the signal gun, and stop  
To seek the wrecked ones there.

The gun ! the gun ! the victims cry,  
And Holland, sure to drown,  
That cannon fired unceasingly,  
Till with it he went down.

Talk not of heroes ; human praise  
And all the pomp of art  
No monument to him can raise,—  
'T is built in every heart.

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### POST NO BILLS !

WM. B. FOWLE.

AN exiled Frenchman, forced to roam,  
In Boston chanced to fix his home,  
And having hired a pleasant room  
To which his pupils all might come,  
With dictionary soon began  
A short advertisement to plan,  
And, at our English none too good,  
He wrote, as any Frenchman would,  
" Notice ! Un Français se propose  
To teach," &c. — At the close

He added, "Please call at la Rue  
Post-no-bills, en haut, number 2."  
This to the papers then he sent,  
And waited patiently the event.

For three long weeks he watched and prayed,  
But no one application made.  
At length he, desperate, sought the street,  
Caring not whither went his feet  
In Boston's labyrinth, till he  
Was fairly lost, and like to be,  
For numerous clocks, and setting sun  
Informed him that the day was done,  
And he his quarters must regain,  
Or searching for them would be vain.

In his distress, he stopped a man  
That crossed his path, and thus began :  
"Monsieur, pardon ! you vill please tell  
Vare is de rue — street — vare I dwell." —  
"Well," said the man, "if you don't know,  
You must to the Directory go."  
And fast he hurried on, and left  
Monsieur of half his wits bereft.  
But soon he stopped another man,  
And in the same sad strain began :  
"Mon ami, pardon ! I me will  
To find de street of Pos-no-bill." —  
"Pos-sno-beel ! " said the passer-by,  
"There 's no such street as that. Good-bye ! "  
Though foiled, the Frenchman tried once more,  
A genteel lady that he saw ;  
For woman he well knew would ne'er  
A stranger's voice refuse to hear.  
"Madame, pardon ! s' il vous plait,  
I have, vat you call, loss de way,  
I habit in Pos-no-bill street,  
And no can tell which way is it."  
The lady, touched to see his woe,  
Could only answer, "I don't know."  
He understood the fatal no,  
And shuddered as she turned to go.

Just then, he saw upon a wall  
 The words, "Post no Bills," and then all  
 His hopes revived, his home was near,  
 And quickly banished all his fear;  
 But, lackaday, with both his eyes  
 He could no object recognize.  
 He wandered on, and often saw  
 The same words he had seen before,—  
 "Post no Bills," and he desperate grew  
 When nought familiar met his view.  
 And so he left one street behind,  
 Again the self-same words to find.  
 "Mon dieu !" cried he, "ce vilain nom,  
 Est partout, mais, ma maison, non !"  
 How long he wandered no one knows,  
 But when next morning's sun arose,  
 His corpse was seen upon the ground,  
 And as his person showed no wound,  
 The coroner's verdict, void of sense,  
 Was, "Died by act of Providence."  
 But we, who know his case, aver  
 He died of "Maladie du cœur,"  
 Or, if you please,  
 The "Heart-Disease."

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### THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Room for King Autumn ! Room !  
 Summer, the wanton queen, has run to doom,  
 And died. With warlike din,  
 The rude but bounteous conqueror marches in.  
 See how his banners fly,  
 The gonfalons of cloud and stain-streaked sky.  
 Hark to his pipe and drum !  
 On the fierce blast their stormy clangors come ;—  
 They whistle and they beat  
 O'er the wide ocean, through the narrow street ;  
 While to their terrible call  
 The surges mount, and tree and turret fall.  
 His cannon on the air  
 Flashes and roars. It is his sign ! Room there !



Now he is sitting crowned ;  
And golden sunsets beam his brows around,  
And ruddy noontide hours  
Warm up the thin leaves of his mottled bowers.  
At night the moon's pale face  
Rises before its time, to do him grace.  
Now plenteous fruits, not such  
As those before them, mouldering soon from touch,  
But hardy, ripening still  
For use long hence — the patient garners fill.

O Equinoctial time,  
Whose days are southing towards the frosty clime  
Of this strange life ! In raids  
Of storm and wrath at first thy power invades ;  
And at the ominous gale  
Which Nature shakes at, a poor heart may quail.  
New King, be good to me !  
Let me thy mellow favors round me see,  
And something laid in store,  
When leaves have dropped and flowers will bloom no more.  
And take not clean away  
The genial glows that warmed a longer day.  
Hunters' and Harvest Moon,  
Loath to desert, and coming up so soon,  
Be emblems to my mind  
Of love, that when most needed shows most kind ;  
And all that crimson West  
Breathe of pavilioned hopes and no ignoble rest.

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### THE POET'S SHARE.

Translated from the German of SCHILLER, for the New World.

THE world is yours, said God to man,  
Take ye who will, and keep who can ;  
The gift enjoy for ever more,  
Like brethren use the granted store.

Then every one ran in hot haste,  
The old and young, to take and taste ;  
The farmer snatched the fruitful goods,  
The idle huntsman sought the woods.

The merchant takes the wares and bales,  
The purple wine the priest regales ;  
The streets and highways, saith the king,  
Are mine,— the tenth of every thing.

Then late and last upon his way  
The poet came, when none would stay ;  
“ Alas ! ” he cried, “ for me ’tis clear,  
Of fruit and field there ’s none to spare.

“ O, me ! my God, I am undone ;  
Why didst thou slight thy favored son ? ”  
Such plaint the poor bard raised on high,  
Unto the King of earth and sky.

“ Where then were you, when all the land,”  
Said God, “ was given at our command,—  
Where were you, that you never sought  
That part to get which yours you thought ? ”

The poet said, “ In realms above  
Was all my soul with thee in love.  
Mine eye was fixed upon thy throne,  
Mine ear thy music heard alone ;  
Forgive a soul, which lost in light,  
Had all this world forgotten quite.”

The Lord replied, “ What shall I do ?  
The earth is gone : there ’s none for you ;  
The fruit, the chase, the gold, the wine,  
Are others’ now,—no longer mine ;  
Beneath the sky I ’ve nought to give,—  
But, room we have where angels live,—  
Come, when you will, on wings of fire,  
And pass my gates, and join my choir.”

## RICHELIEU'S SOLILOQUY.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Cardinal Richelieu, the prime minister of France, under Louis XIII., was one of those learned, astute, and ambitious Jesuits, who, entirely subservient to the Pope, contrived to lord it over the Catholic princes and nations of Europe. While engaged in circumventing certain conspirators, who had combined to assassinate him, he is supposed by the poet to give utterance to his thoughts in the following monologue.

[The Cardinal with a book in his hand.]

"In silence, and at night, the conscience feels  
That life should soar to nobler ends than power."  
So sayest thou, *[closing the book]* sage and sober moralist !  
But wert thou tried ? Sublime Philosophy,  
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,  
And bright with beckoning angels, but, alas !  
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams.  
When I am dust, will my name, like a star  
Shine through wan space, a glory,—  
Or will the Future judge me by the ends  
That I have wrought, or by the dubious means  
Through which the stream of my renown hath run  
Into the many-voiced, unfathomed Time ?  
O ! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands  
In the unvexed silence of a student's cell ;—  
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never tossed  
Upon the dark and stormy tides, where life  
Gives battle to the elements, and man  
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose bulk  
Will bear but one, while round the desperate foes  
The hungry billows roar, and the fierce Fate,  
Like some huge monster, dim seen through the surf,  
Waits him who drops ;—ye safe and formal men,  
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,  
Ye can not know what ye have never tried !  
History preserves only the fleshless bones  
Of what we are. Without  
The colorings and humanities that clothe  
Our errors, the anatomists of schools  
Can make our memory hideous !

I have wrought  
 Great uses out of evil tools ;—  
 I have shed blood,— but I have had no foes  
 Save those the State had. If my wrath was deadly,  
 'T is that I felt my country in my veins,  
 And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.  
 And yet I am not happy ! blanced and seared  
 Before my time,— breathing an air of hate,  
 And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,—  
 And wasting powers, that shake the thrones of earth,  
 In contest with the insects. Bearding kings,  
 And braved by lackeys.  
 And this is Power ! Alas ! I am not happy.  
 Am I so ruthless then that I do hate  
 Them who hate me ? Tush, tush ! I do not hate ;—  
 Nay, I forgive. The Statesman writes the doom,  
 But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,—  
 But I destroy ; forgiveness is mine own,  
 Destruction is the State's. I was born  
 Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,  
 And my triumphant adamant of soul  
 Is but the fixed persuasion of success.  
 O beautiful, all golden, gentle youth !—  
 O, for one gale from thine exulting morning,  
 Stirring amidst the roses, where, of old,  
 Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair !  
 Could I recall the past, or had not set  
 The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul  
 In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea !—  
 The unyoked steer, after his day of toil,  
 Forgets the goad and rests. To me alike  
 Or day or night. Ambition has no rest !  
 Shall I resign ? Who can resign himself ?  
 For custom is ourself ! As drink and food  
 Become our bone and flesh,— so the aliments  
 Nurturing our nobler part, the mind— thoughts — dreams,  
 Passions and aims, in the revolving cycle  
 Of the great alchemy, at length are made  
 Our mind itself ! And yet the sweets of leisure,—  
 An honored home,— far from these base intrigues,—  
[Opening the book.]  
 Speak to me, moralist ! I'll heed thy counsel,  
 While my spirit flags. [Enter a messenger, with letters.]  
 Quick ! the despatch ! Power— Empire ! Boy—the packet !

## POLAND.

Extracted from a Speech of KOSSUTH to the Polish Exiles at London, in 1854.

It is eighty-one years since Poland first was quartered by a nefarious act of combined royalty, which the Swiss Tacitus, Johannes Müller, well characterized by saying that "God permitted the act, to show the morality of kings." And it is twenty-four years since down-trodden Poland made the greatest—not the last—manifestation of her imperishable vitality, which the cabinets of Europe were either too narrow-minded to understand, or too corrupt to appreciate. Eighty-one years of still unrequited crime, and twenty-four years of misery in exile! It is a long time to suffer, and not to despair.

And all along this time, you, proscribed patriots of Poland, were suffering, and did not despair. You stood up before God and the world, a *living statue*, with the unquenchable life-flame of patriotism streaming through its petrified limbs; you stood up a protest of eternal right against the sway of impious might; a "*Mene Tekel Upharsin*," written in letters of burning blood on the walls of overweening despotism. Time, misery, and sorrow thinned the ranks of your scattered Israel; you have carried your dead to the grave, and those who survived went on to suffer and to hope. Wherever oppressed Freedom reared a banner, you rallied around;—the living statue changed to a fighting hero. Many of yours fell; and, when crime triumphed once more over virtue and right, you resumed the wandering exile's staff, and did not despair. Many among you, who were young when they last saw the sun rise over Poland's mountains and plains, have your hair whitened and your strength broken with age, anguish, and misery; but the patriotic heart kept the freshness of its youth; it is young in love for Poland, young in aspirations for her freedom, young in hope, and youthfully fresh in determination to break Poland's chains.

What a rich source of noble deeds patriotism must be, that has given you strength, to suffer so much, and never to despair! You have given a noble example to all of us,—your younger brother, in the family of exiles. When the battle of Cannæ was lost, and Hannibal was measuring

by bushels the rings of the fallen Roman Esquires, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to Consul Torentius Vasso for "not having despaired of the commonwealth." Proscribed patriots of Poland ! I thank you that you have not despaired of resurrection and of liberty.

The time draws nigh when the oppressed nations will call their aggressors to a last account ; and the millions of freemen, in the fulness of their right, and their self-conscious strength, will pass judgment on arrogant conquerors, privileged murderers, and perjured kings. In that supreme trial, the oppressed nations will stand one for all, and all for one. Faults, errors, and misfortunes of the past were not in vain. It was a terrible ordeal-school, but a school it was. All of us have learned something ; and the best of what we have learned is, that the principle of national fraternity is more than a philanthropic emotion ; it is the only effective guarantee of that freedom which we have to conquer, and which we will conquer. Let England and America, proud in their present security,—let all those whom it concerns,—mind my warning while there is yet time to mind it ;—those who will not contribute to the triumph of freedom while they have the power to contribute to it, will forfeit the claim to a share in that mutual guarantee.

England may seem to be separated from the continent, and to have no interest in the fate of Poland and Hungary ; the United States of America may feel that there is an impassable ocean between them and us ; but, let Despotism do its projected work in Europe, and England may call in vain on the now suppressed nations for assistance. Her doom will be sealed ! And in that dark hour, which God in his mercy avert,—in that dark hour, should it ever come, the broad Atlantic will be a mere bridge, over which the hordes of Despotism will find an easy passage, and the glorious light of liberty, the hope of the world, will there be forever extinguished.

## THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY UPON SLAVE-HOLDERS.

Extracted from a Sermon of Rev. Dr. BUSHNELL, of Hartford, Conn-

AND here, since this institution of slavery, entering into the fortunes of our history, complicates, in so many ways, the disorders we suffer, I must pause a few moments to sketch its characteristics. Slavery, it is not to be denied, is an essentially barbarous institution. It gives us, too, that sign which is the perpetual distinction of barbarism, that it has no law of progress. The highest level it reaches is the level at which it begins. Indeed, we need not scruple to allow that it has yielded us one considerable advantage, in virtue of the fact, that it produces its best condition first. For, while the northern people were generally delving in labor, for many generations, to create a condition of comfort, slavery set the masters at once on a footing of ease, gave them leisure for elegant intercourse, for unprofessional studies, and seasoned their character thus with that kind of cultivation which distinguishes men of society. A class of statesmen were thus raised up, who were prepared to figure as leaders in scenes of public life, where so much depends on manners and social address. But now the scale is changing. Free labor is rising, at length, into a state of wealth and comfort, to take the lead of American society. Meanwhile, the foster sons of slavery, — the high families, the statesmen, — gradually receding in character, as they must, under this vicious institution, are receding also in power and influence, and have been ever since the Revolution. Slavery is a condition against nature, — the curse of nature, therefore, is on it, and it bows to its doom by a law as irresistible as gravity. It produces a condition of ease which is not the reward of labor, and a state of degradation which is not the curse of idleness. Therefore, the ease it enjoys can not but end in a curse, and the degradation it suffers can not rise into a blessing. It nourishes imperious and violent passions. It makes the masters solitary sheiks on their estates, forbidding thus the possibility of public schools, and preventing also that condensed form of society, which is necessary to the vigorous maintenance of churches. Education and religion thus displaced, the dinner-table

only remains, and on this hangs, in great part, the keeping of the social state. But, however highly we may estimate the humanizing power of hospitality, it can not be regarded as any sufficient spring of character. It is neither a school nor a gospel. And when it comes of self-indulgence, or only seeks relief for the tedium of an idle life, scarcely does it bring with it the blessings of a virtue. The accomplishments it yields are of a mock quality, rather than of a real, having about the same relation to a substantial and finished culture that honor has to character. This kind of currency will pass no longer; for, it is not expense without comfort, or splendor set in disorder, as diamonds in pewter; it is not airs in place of elegance, or assurance substituted for ease; neither is it to be master of a fluent speech, or to garnish the same with stale quotations from the classics; much less is it to live in the Don Juan vein, accepting barbarism by poetic inspiration, — the same which a late noble poet, drawing out of Turks and pirates, became the chosen laureate of slavery, — not any or all of these can make up such a style of man, or of life, as we in this age demand. We have come up now to a point where we look for true intellectual refinement, and a ripe state of personal culture. But how clearly is it seen to be a violation of its own laws, for slavery to produce a genuine scholar, or a man, who, in any department of excellence, unless it be in politics, is not a full century behind his time.

And if we ask for what is dearer and better still, for a pure Christian morality, the youth of slavery are trained in no such habits as are most congenial to virtue. The point of honor is the only principle many of them know. Violence and dissipation bring down every succeeding generation to a state continually lower; so that now, after a hundred and fifty years are passed, the slaveholding territory may be described as a vast missionary ground, and one so uncomfortable to the faithful ministry of Christ, by reason of its jealous tempers, and the known repugnance it has to many of the first maxims of the gospel, that scarcely a missionary can be found to enter it. Connected with this moral decay, the resources of nature also are exhausted, and her fertile territories changed to a desert by the uncreating power of a spendthrift institution. And, then, having made a waste where God had made a garden,



slavery gathers up the relics of bankruptcy, and the baser relics still of virtue, and all manly enterprise, and goes forth to renew, on a virgin soil, its dismal and forlorn history. Thus, at length, has been produced what may be called the bowie-knife style of civilization, and the new west of the South is overrun by it,—a spirit of blood which defies all laws of God and man; honorable, but not honest; prompt to resent an injury, slack to discharge a debt; educated to ease, and readier, of course, when the means of living fail, to find them at the gambling-table, or the race-ground, than in any work of industry.

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### THE IMMUTABLE RIGHT; OR, THE HIGHER LAW.

Extracted from an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, by Rev. Dr. PRABODY. 1859.

IN my boyhood, the first reading-lesson in my spelling-book was, "No man can put off the law of God,"—words which ought to be inscribed in golden letters on our halls of legislation, and engraven indelibly on the heart of every magistrate, law-maker, and citizen. In national affairs there is intrinsic right which law can not neutralize; intrinsic wrong, whose character no law can modify, whose penalty no law can avert. In every act, God has his part. He works through men, when they will be his agents; upon them, in fearful recompense, when they act independently of Him. Imagined necessities of state may seem to justify the sanction, extension, perpetuation of existing and time-honored falsities and wrongs; but they can not arrest that march of retribution which is sure as the ordinances of the heavens. The peace that is patched up by the compromise of right, is a brief and precarious truce, which leads only to bolder demands and more criminal concessions; which postpones the rupture only to make it wider; and, instead of dispelling the clouds, only keeps them suspended in the heavens till they gather intenser blackness for a fiercer tempest.

In the whole political history of our own country, there has been no sin so atrocious as the repudiation of a higher than human law. It is stark atheism; for, with the law,

this position virtually denies also the providence of God, and makes men and nations arbiters of their own fortunes. But "the Heavens do rule." If there be institutions or measures inconsistent with immutable rectitude, they are fostered only under the ban of a righteous God; they enwrap the germs of their own harvest of shame, disorder, vice, and wretchedness; nay, their very prosperity is but the verdure and the blossoming which shall mature the apples of Sodom. O, how often have our legislators had reason to recall those pregnant words of Jefferson, — sad, indeed, is it that they should have become almost too trite for repetition, without having worked their way into the national conscience, — "I tremble for my country, when I consider that God is just!" The nations that have passed away, the decaying nations, the convulsed thrones, the smouldering rebellion-fires of the Old World, reveal the elements of national decline and ruin, and hold out baleful signals over the career on which our republic is hurrying; assuring us, by the experience of all climes and ages, that slavery, the unprincipled lust of power and territory, official corruption and venality, aggressive war, partisan legislation, are but "sowing the wind, to reap the whirlwind."

Our statesmen of the manifest destiny type, seem to imagine our country necessary to the designs of Providence. So thought the Hebrews, and on far more plausible grounds, of their commonwealth; but rather than fulfil to such degenerate descendants the promise made to their great ancestor, "God is able," said the divine Teacher, "of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." Our destiny must be evolved, not from a position in which we hold the keys of the world's commerce, and can say to the North, "Give up," and to the South, "Keep not back;" not from our capacity to absorb and assimilate immigrant millions. Destiny is but the concrete of character. God needs no man or nation. He will bring in the reign of everlasting righteousness; and, as a people, we must stand or fall as we accept or spurn that reign. Brethren, scholars, patriots also, I trust, — you whose generous nurture gives you large and enduring influence, — seek for the country of your pride and love, above all things else, her establishment on ETERNAL RIGHT

as on the Rock of Ages. Thus shall there be no spot on her fame, no limit to her growth, no waning to her glory."

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## PERSEVERANCE.

WM. B. FOWLE.

WITH wind and tide ahead, 't is hard  
An upward course to go,  
But will complaining help us on ?  
No, never ! — strip, and row.

If thou must labor going up,  
Thy perseverance shown  
Will be repaid with interest,  
When thou art coming down.

Good voyages are made both ways,  
The only thing to mind  
Is never to give up, and drift  
At beck of tide or wind.

All opposition does us good,  
It makes a man a man ; —  
It needs no argument to prove  
That this is nature's plan.

All useful exercise imparts  
Vigor to mind or arm ;  
The worst of passages is made  
With no tide and a calm.

Hardship has ever been the soil  
Where manhood loves to grow ;  
For ease and self-indulgence will  
The mightiest overthrow.

Then face the storm, and never quail,  
There's heaven in striving well ;  
And even they who strive, and fail,  
With conquerors shall dwell.

## VAT YOU PLEASE.

WM. B. FOWLE.

Two Frenchmen, who had just come over,  
 Half starved, but always gay  
 (No weasels ere were thinner),  
 Trudged up to town from Dover,  
 Their slender store exhausted on the way,  
 Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.  
 From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,  
 Our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition ;  
 Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve,  
 Stomach and pocket in the same condition.  
 At length by mutual consent they parted,  
 And different ways on the same errand started.

Towards night, one Frenchman at a tavern door  
 Stopped, entered, all the preparation saw ;  
 The ready waiter at his elbow stands, —  
 " Sir, will you favor me with your commands,  
 Roast goose or ducks, sir, choose you that or these? " —  
*" Sare, you are very kine, sare, vat you please."*

It was a glorious treat, pie, pudding, cheese and meat ;  
 At last the Frenchman, having eaten his fill,  
 Prepared to go, when, — " Here, sir, is your bill ! " —  
*" O, you are Bill — Vell, Mr. Bill, good-day ! " —*  
 " My name is Tom, sir — you 've this bill to pay. " —  
*" Pay, pay, ma foi !*  
*I call for notting, sare, pardonnez moi !*  
*You show to me the pooden, goose and sheeze,*  
*You ask me vat I eat — I tell you, vat you please."*  
 The waiter softened by his queer grimace,  
 Could not help laughing in the Frenchman's face,  
 And generously tore the bill in two,  
 Forgave the hungry trick, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's appetite subdued,  
 Away he chasséed in a merry mood,  
 And, turning round the corner of a street,  
 His hungry countryman perchanced to meet,  
 When, with a grin,  
 He told how he had taken John Bull in.

Fired with the tale, the other licks his chaps,  
 Makes his congee, and seeks this shop of shops.  
 Entering, he seats himself, as if at ease,—  
 “What will you have, sir?” — “*Vat you please.*”

The waiter saw the joke, and slyly took  
 A whip, and with a very gracious look  
 Sought instantly the Frenchman's seat,  
 “What will you have, sir?” venturing to repeat;—  
 Our Frenchman, feeling sure of goose and cheese,  
 With bow and smile, quick answers—“*Vat you please!*”

But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,  
 When round his shoulders twines the pliant whip.  
 “*Sare! sare! ah miséricorde! parbleu!*  
*O dear, monsieur, what for you strike me? huh!*  
*Vat for is dis?*” — “Ah, don't you know?  
 That's *Vat I please* exactly; now, sir, go!  
 Your friend, although I paid well for his funning,  
 Deserved the goose he gained, sir, by his cunning;  
 But you, monsieur, without my dinner tasting,  
 Are goose enough,—and only want a *basting.*”

### BONNETS.

Of all the charms dear woman wears,  
 Of all her many traps and snares,  
 For real effect there's nought compares  
 With a truly pretty bonnet;  
 For when or wherever you chance to meet  
 One that is perfectly modest and neat;  
 You may depend 't is proof complete  
 That the head has more in it than on it.

No matter whether she's pretty or not,  
 How much or how little money she's got,  
 Whether she live in a mansion or cot,  
 'T is a fact, depend upon it;  
 The woman to make a man happy through life,  
 To make a model mother and wife,  
 Is one who, scorning the milliner-strife,  
 Wears a plain and tasteful bonnet.

Now a bonnet of genuine beauty and grace,  
Worn on the head in its proper place,  
Shadowing faintly the wearer's face,

    "Is a thing for a song or a sonnet,"  
But one of those gay and gaudy things,  
Made up of rainbows and butterfly wings,  
A mixture of flowers, ribbons and strings,  
Is dreadful, depend upon it.

A vulgar mass of "fuss and feather,"  
A little of every thing thrown together,  
As if by a touch of windy weather, —  
    A wretched conglomeration, —  
A sort of cup to catch the hair,  
Leaving the head to "go it bare,"  
A striking example of "Nothing to Wear,"  
Is this bonnet abomination.

It makes a woman brazen and bold,  
Assists her in catching nothing but cold,  
Is bad on the young, absurd on the old,  
    And deforms what it ought to deck ;  
For look at her face, no bonnet is there,  
See at the side it hangs by a hair,  
View it behind, and you will declare  
    That the creature has broken her neck.

No matter where you may chance to be,  
No matter how many women you see,  
A promiscuous crowd, or a certain she,  
    You may fully depend upon it,  
That a gem of the very rarest kind,  
A thing most difficult to find,  
A pet for which we long have pined,  
Is a perfect "love of a bonnet."

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### THE TRUMPET.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,  
Light up the beacon-pyre !  
A hundred hills have seen the brand,  
And waved the sign of fire !

A hundred banners to the breeze  
 Their gorgeous folds have cast,  
 And hark ! was that the sound of seas ?  
 A king to war has passed !

The chief is arming in his hall,  
 The peasant by his hearth ;  
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,  
 And rises from the earth !  
 The mother on her first-born son  
 Looks with a boding eye ; —  
*They* come not back, though all be won,  
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound  
 The falchion to his side ;  
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned,  
 The lover quits his bride !  
 And all is haste, and change, and fear,  
 By *earthly* clarion spread !  
 How will it be when kingdoms hear  
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

#### TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered in the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the  
 tree,  
 Upon the school-house play-grounds which sheltered you  
 and me ;  
 But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left  
 to know,  
 That played with us upon the green some twenty years  
 ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom ; barefooted boys at play  
 Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay ;  
 But the master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er  
 with snow,  
 Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now ; the benches are  
 replaced  
 By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives had defaced ;

But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to  
and fro,  
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 't was twenty years  
ago.

The spring that babbled 'neath the hill, close by the spread-  
ing beech,  
Is very low ; — 't was once so high that we could hardly  
reach ;  
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,  
To see how much that I had changed, since twenty years  
ago.

My lids had long been dry, Tom, but the tears came in my  
eyes,  
I thought of her I loved so well, — those early broken ties ;  
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to  
strow  
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.  
Some are in the churchyard laid, — some sleep beneath  
the sea ;  
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me ;  
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to  
go,  
I hope they 'll lay us where we played just twenty years  
ago.

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### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

TRITEMIUS of Herbip'olis one day,  
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray  
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
Heard from beneath a miserable voice, —  
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,  
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby  
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry,  
And, looking from the casement, saw below  
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,  
And withered hands stretched up to him, who cried  
For alms as one who might not be denied.



She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave  
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—  
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves  
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves  
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" — "What I can  
I give," Tritemius said — "my prayers." — "O man  
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,  
"Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;  
Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;  
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door  
None go unfed; hence are we always poor.  
A single soldo is our only store,—  
Thou hast our prayers, what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks  
On either side of the great crucifix;  
God well may spare them on His errands sped,  
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then said Tritemius, "Even as thy word,  
Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,  
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,  
Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
Above the gifts upon His altar piled! —  
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child!"

But his hand trembled as the holy alms  
He laid within the beggar's ready palms;  
And, as she vanished down the linden shade,  
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came  
He rose to find the chapel all aflame,  
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold  
Upon the altar — candlesticks of gold!

## SONG FOR THINKERS.

CHARLES SWAIN.

TAKE the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide ;  
Every rotten root of faction  
Hurry out and cast aside ;  
Every stubborn weed of Error ;  
Every seed that hurts the soil ;  
Tares, whose every growth is terror,—  
Dig them out, whate'er the toil !

Give the stream of Education  
Broader channel, bolder force ;  
Hurl the stones of Persecution  
Out, where'er they block its course :  
Seek for strength in self-exertion ;  
Work, and still have faith to wait ;  
Close the crooked gate to fortune ;  
Make the road to honor straight !

Men are agents for the future !  
As they work, so ages win  
Either harvest of advancement,  
Or the product of their sin !  
Follow out true cultivation,  
Widen Education's plan ;  
From the majesty of Nature  
Teach the majesty of Man !

Take the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide ;  
Every bar to true instruction  
Carry out and cast aside :  
Feed the plant whose fruit is Wisdom ;  
Cleanse from crime the common sod,  
So that from the throne of Heaven  
It may bear the glance of God.

## I'M GROWING OLD.

JOHN G. SAXE.

MY days pass pleasantly away,  
 My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep ;  
 I feel no symptom of decay,  
 I have no cause to mourn or weep ;  
 My foes are impotent and shy,  
 My friends are neither false nor cold,  
 And yet of late, I often sigh,—  
     I'm growing old !

My growing talk of olden times,  
 My growing thirst for early news,  
 My growing apathy to rhymes,  
 My growing love of easy shoes,  
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,  
 My growing fear of taking cold,  
 All tell me, in the plainest voice,—  
     I'm growing old !

I'm growing fonder of my staff,  
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,  
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh,  
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs,  
 I'm growing careless in my dress,  
 I'm growing frugal of my gold,  
 I'm growing wise, I'm growing — yes —  
     I'm growing old !

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight  
 My sombre muse too sadly sings ;  
 Thanks for the gleams of golden light  
 That tint the darkness of their wings !  
 The light that beams from out the sky,  
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold ;  
 Where all are blest, and none may sigh,  
     “ I'm growing old ! ”

## FRANKLIN AND THE CONSTITUTION.

Extract from an Address in honor of Franklin, delivered by Rev. Dr. CHAPIN, in Boston, Sept. 19, 1856.

FRANKLIN was one of the framers of the *Constitution*—waiving his personal objections for the sake of a wise humanity. He was one of the earliest projectors of a plan of *union*, the outlines of which had before been suggested in New England. Shall we say that in this work of constructing a nation the Constitution was primary, or the Union primary, or that they both drew their value from that liberty which they preserved and embodied? For a long time he had no idea of the union of the colonies; he regarded it as impossible. But when, in after years, it took place, he never supposed that its flag would be unfurled in the interests of tyranny and oppression. It is a noble ship that those wise workmen have built and launched upon the sea of time; no hasty hulk hammered together by careless hands, and set afloat with Marseilles hymns? But strong and seasoned timbers form the Constitution. Bonds of sympathy unite the vessel, and link joint to joint, and knee to knee.

But now for what has she been launched at all? What freight does she carry with her strong form steering over the deep? Is she to be a roving corsair, cruising with saucy muzzles around the globe and snatching what she can? Is she to be a slave-ship loaded with guns and manacles, staggering and settling with her guilty burden? Is this the value of the ship? Is it this that makes the Union sacred and the Constitution glorious? "No," answers Franklin, and he speaks for all the rest, "our cause is the cause of all mankind!" We have built this ship for *liberty* in its broadest scope; we mean that it shall carry great hopes and destinies for the world; for this we have laid these timbers of the Constitution, and knit this union strong. It is a quite modern doctrine that makes the ship of more value than the cargo, and the cargo of little consequence; and, in regard for the strength of the vessel, forget that it also had a purpose. He saw in the grand outlines of prophecy, what we see now partly in open vision, and, alas, partly only in glimpses of hope. He saw the great West filling up with swarming millions, working out the destinies of a mighty empire, and the latest issues of

history. He saw the splendid achievements of industry and art, the thriving towns, the rivers and lakes alive with commerce, the broad wilderness covered with waves of wheat. But did he also see the fearful struggle and the dark uncertainty,—the re-baptism of liberty in the blood of her own children,—passing again through the ordeal of the Revolution, but passing through it with tenfold suffering? And, looking further than we can behold, did he see her turning back, cast out, and stoned, and beaten, or still moving grandly westward, with light and plenty in her train, her clusters for the reaping of all nations, her boundaries measured by the spray of the Atlantic and Pacific seas?

If not with such prophetic vision, we know at least with what hopes and sympathies Franklin contemplated the future of his country; and it is no sectional declamation, it is an American duty, it is an honor which his memory itself claims for us, to refer to what those hopes and sympathies were, and to fulfil his glorious expectations.

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### THE INHUMANITY OF ROMANISM.

SOME time in 1858, a Roman Catholic servant, who was living in a Jewish family at Bologna, in the Pope's dominions, secretly baptized the only child of Mortara, a Jew, and on the strength of this informal introduction into the Christian church, the child was taken from its parents by authority of the Pope, and never returned. Several governments remonstrated against this assumption of power over the rights of parents; and indignation meetings were holden in every large city of the United States. At the meeting in St. Francisco, the Rev. Dr. PESC, after an appropriate introduction, said, as follows:

I AM mortified, sirs, that the act of flagrant oppression, which has called us together, has been perpetrated in the name of Christianity. Religion made to bind fetters on men! Religion invade the sanctity and the peace of home, disrupt the most sacred ties of humanity, and tear away with the hand of violence, the helpless child from the agonized parent! I am mortified that this enlightened age must acknowledge such a shocking perversion of a sacred name. I had thought religion came down from heaven to take off fetters, and not to put them on; to emancipate, and not to enslave. I thought it the all-pervading power of God, silently searching out human suffering to give it relief, bringing balm to the wounded spirit, and lift-

ing up the head of the sorrowing. A great and ancient organization, hoary in crimes, and claiming universal prerogatives, directing its energies and pledging the credit of its infallibility for the right of abducting a helpless child, and forcibly retaining him *in duress* for the good of his soul; a child born free, and whose rights are as dear as those of the honorable gentleman who sits in that chair. And all this in the name of religion! Sir, if it were only for the purpose of rescuing our holy religion from so foul an aspersion, I would stand up at your call, and join my brethren and fellow-citizens in one hearty and indignant protest. If it were for this alone, I can see ample reasons for the assembly of this vast concourse, in whose bosoms of humanity there throbs but one heart to-night.

I would express one thought more. There is one grand fact, in the nature of man, which I delight to recognize; one element of natural humanity which has survived the fall, — I mean sympathy for the oppressed. Pervert, trample on, or bury as you will that inborn tendency of the soul, it rises again, always and every where, to utter its protest and assert its divine prerogatives. To this law of our being you can never appeal in vain. What is the meaning of this demonstration? This, at least, it means, that you may not lay your hand on the social, civil, or religious rights of any individual, in a way to attract general attention, without rousing the indignation of the world. Outrage the rights of a child, and you touch a nerve that vibrates through the length and breadth of civilization. Let him be a little child, yet he was made in God's own image. We do not ask whether he was nobly or ignobly born, whether his parentage be rich or poor; one only question comes up from the deep sense of justice, — ~~HAS HE HIS RIGHTS?~~ and, if not, his cause is the cause of true manhood every where, and the cause of God. Be assured, sir, when we can tamely submit to such an act of public injustice, the same rights of our own homes are laid upon the altar of sacrifice. O, this, upon which we are now gazing, is one of the sublimest events in the history of the race! A dark and mysterious hand has reached out, and seizing a child, — a single, obscure child, — the nerve of the world is in agitation! A great principle is attacked; a sacred right of humanity is invaded, and a tremor runs through the nations, revealing the grand fact that, at least in one thing,

the race is a unit. It is as much as to say, with an authority that should make the knees of the oppressor smite together, Take off that hand there! Give back that boy to the arms of his agonized parents. If you are deaf to the wail of the helpless Israelite, hear the command of the civilized world. Deaf to this, also? Then hear thy doom in the thunder-tones of indignation, which come rolling up from every land beneath the sun.

Mr. Chairman : There is one way, and but one, in which we can approximate to a just conception of the wrong which might oppress every man here. Let such a visitation come to your own home ; let your own fireside be desolated by such an act. Look upon your own dear boy, as the tears start from his eyes, and hear him say, "I want to go home." Look at the wife of your bosom, and see her wringing her hands in agony, and then say if you would not be thankful for the voice of sympathy, even if it steals upon you with the softness of the zephyr ; but what gratitude would spring up when you knew that the thunders of a whole generation were saying, "Your child shall be free!" Sir, I have at some time heard of a child severely injured in the street, when a lady ran to him, lifted his bleeding head, and wiped the blood from his throbbing brow, and, with tears falling from her eyes, she gently kissed the boy, when some one coming up, said, "Is that your child, madam?"—"No," said she, "but he is somebody's child." This Jewish boy is not ours, indeed ; but, gentlemen, he is somebody's child. Then let every man that is a man stand up. If he has a great heart, let it throb with its greatness of sympathy and power. If it be a little heart, let it beat away until the throbbings of brother hearts shall be heard and felt at the Vatican. As I sit down, sir, let me say, the power which we invoke to-night is rising, while that which has done us this wrong is hoary and decrepit with age and with sins. However it might have been thirty or a hundred years ago, this usurped authority over the religious faith of the world will not be endured. From this time on, the tyranny of a fallen ecclesiastical power, and a dreaded secular arm, must unloose its grasp of the quivering heart of humanity, and the true religion of right and of love rise up in its stead. No system of wrong and outrage can forever defy the voice of the world.

## OUR DUTY TO FOREIGN IMMIGRANTS.

Extract from an Oration pronounced at Boston, July 4, 1857.—By Rev.  
WM. F. ALGER.

AN emphatic obligation resulting from the American posture is to preserve national fraternity in its relations abroad. To such an attitude, unless absolutely driven from it, we are pledged by the historic policy of our wisest men, urged by the force of interest, and bound by the sanctity of right. There may be different opinions upon some particulars touching our duty towards foreign races, but a few points are unmistakably clear. In the first place, we can not help sympathizing profoundly with the victims of oppression in Italy, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Ireland, and elsewhere. Their children starving, their hands tied, their mouths stopped, their noblest representatives pining in prison, or wandering broken-hearted in exile;—in our favored circumstances to view these facts, and then to withhold all commiseration from the sufferers, and refuse them a welcome here, would be to prove our souls alien from every moral attribute of God, and recreant to every generous fibre of humanity. Exempt here, under the palladium of our democracy, and in the citadel of our independence, from all the stinging wrongs heaped on the persecuted laborers and patriots of despotic countries, cold and mean is the heart that will not waft them a sigh of sympathy, and offer them a cheerful invitation! Our forefathers meant this land should be an asylum, where the hunted exile might come and find shelter and brotherhood. So may it ever be! Let the mighty doors of the West, through which the rising sun rushes in floods of gold and purple, stand wide open for the longing multitudes to come in. Do it, though they share our plenty and lessen our monopoly? They are our brothers; and their coming diminishes the average wrong and misery of humanity, and, mingling with our republican population, they will be so many happy freemen the more. Ay, let them come, with our hearts' greeting, for we have room enough. Let their axes wake the echoes of the primeval forests, their ploughs and spades encroach on the boundless prairies, and the smoke of their cabins curl to the astonished clouds in those teeming regions where lone-



some nature yet waits for the ornament and hum of man's companionship.

But this sympathizing reception of the spurned-laborers and flying refugees of other lands, does not bind our country to be made a common sewer and receptacle for the off-scourings of the Old World, the emptyings of its jails, hulks, almshouses, and hospitals. This indecent outrage has been deliberately inflicted upon us too long. Have we not a right to protect ourselves against the ravenous dregs of anarchy and crime, the tainted swarms of pauperism and vice, that Europe shakes on our shores from her diseased robes? When this naked mass of unkempt and priest-ridden degradation, bruised with abuse, festering with ignorance, inflamed with rancor, elated with blind expectations, has sprung on our continent, and, turning round, shakes its offcast fetters and rags in one hand, brandishing sword and torch in the other, its eyeballs glaring vindictive rage upon the governments which have expatriated it, — shall we, without the slightest regard to its preparedness, our own safety, or the peace of the world, give this monstrous multitude instantaneous possession of every political prerogative, letting it storm our ballot-boxes with its drift of mad votes, and fill half our offices with its unnaturalized fanatics? Our own sons serve an apprenticeship of twenty-one years to republican institutions, before they can throw a ballot or occupy an elective seat. Should not the banished insurgents, the honest immigrants, the unfortunate exiles, who seek a new home here, be willing to undergo a probation in some degree proportionate? Above all, should not that foreign spawn, which, with fierce and idiotic stubbornness, persists, in remaining foreign in the midst of us, keeping alive all its old clannish peculiarities, and refusing to blend itself by assimilating processes, with our composite and hospitable nationality, — should not this alien horde be compelled to refrain from ruling America until it has become a little Americanized? This should be insisted upon; for a few such viperous traitors as those whose incendiary appeals and fiendish curses against their native country have thickened our air ever since they landed, if admitted to influential public posts among us, might transform the Genius of America, now standing tiptoe on the kindling mountains of the West, a halo on his serene forehead, and a peace-branch

in his hand, into a stamping Fury, mustering a fleet of war-ships, and foaming through the sea towards the cliffs of England.

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## NON-INTERFERENCE IN THE WARS OF EUROPE.

Second Extract. — Rev. WM. F. ALGER.

Not only are we to give a friendly reception to those deprived of what we enjoy, considering them as good as ourselves, and entitled to all our privileges, just in the degree that they become a part of our nationality; we may, furthermore, utter the earnest expostulation of our public sentiment against the injustice under which they groan in their native countries. But we ought, before doing this, to clear our skirts of the glaring inconsistencies which will provoke retort, and rob our appeals of their divine point. And we ought to make our protest in a moral tone, without arrogance or threats. After all, we shall have to trust, for real influence in improving the Old World despotisms, to the power of our example. Set before the rulers and their people the example of our exuberant and diffused natural wealth, the rapidity of our unrivalled growth, the self-directing quietude of our prodigious power, our enthusiastic popular patriotism, — set this in significant contrast with their starving poverty, their overshadowing alarms, their revolutionary outbreaks, their compulsory standing armies, their general disaffection, and retrogression or paralysis. Let that contrast be seen and felt, and it must work far more mightily than any other agency we can devise.

Let not Americans be deceived with the vain notion that by a propagandist war they could overthrow monarchy and establish republicanism abroad. While the people in despotic countries are unequally pitted against their proscriptive oppressors, and need military help from without, obviously the fit time for a forcible change has not come. Any physical interference on our part, upon whatever pretext, would be equally a mistake and a tragedy. There is hardly a government in the Eastern hemisphere which would not, at the first signal of such a thing, join a coalition of crowned heads against us; and after wading in

carnage up to our horses' bridles, we should reap only a disastrous discomfiture. I know the specious plea which may be made, under certain circumstances, in behalf of such an enterprise. I know the attractions with which a generous heart, full of faith and sympathy, will respond to it. The blood must tingle and jump when one of our chivalrous countrymen, in answer to the magic voice of Kossuth, cries, "Unfurl the stars and stripes on the plains of Hungary in front of a hundred thousand American free-men, and then welcome be the armies of perjured Austria to the shock." The soul stirs wildly at the thought. But, ah! the pale Genius of Humanity would hover o'er the death-strown field, and, when the night-damp fell, bedew the mangled forms of her children with her tears. Long enough has this sort of experiment been tried; long enough have men sought redemption by battle, rending the nations with hate, and baptizing the new-born children of liberty in blood! Now, let a different course be fully tested. Let us improve the unparalleled opportunity Providence has given us, to try the policy of peace and magnanimous example. From all mortal contests,—in the name of righteousness, —in the name of humanity, —in the name of Christ, —in the awful name of God, —stand we aloof, henceforth, with clean hands! If our brethren of the old countries can not gradually win democratic emancipation by ripening steps of reform, but are compelled to snatch the prize with violence; when, at length, the rising regiments of the populace strike, we shall best keep the laws of wisdom and right, and best subserve the real interests of the world, not by plunging into the murderous struggle, but by tilling our fields and tending our tasks, praying God to preside over the issue, which we may not arbitrate, and, when the last great tempest of revolution has passed, to span the Eastern with a bright republican bow, like that which soars across our Western firmament. Then beneath it let the Alps answer from their misty shroud back to the joyous Alleghanies, who shall call to them aloud!

Let that spirit be cultivated, and that work be pursued, by the mass of the American people, and, year after year, the results will be seen in the diminution of the evils which now so sadly qualify our honor, our safety, and our influence; and in the purification, from all its stains, of

that banner of stripes and stars, whose solemn and splendid folds, streaming from the central mountains, shall yet be reflected at once in the girdling waters of the North, and the East, and the South, and the West ; — when this entire continent, untrodden by the foot of a slave, unprofaned by the throne of a tyrant, unshadowed by the mitre of a priest, shall be one united nation, powerful enough to overawe the world in arms ; virtuous enough to keep the cardinal laws of God in peace ; generous enough to win the grateful love of foreign empires ; and wise enough to insure the perpetuity of its own bounteous prosperity to the crowding generations, which shall successively flourish on its soil and migrate to its sky.

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### DECAY OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

**Extract from a Speech in Congress on the Decay of Public Virtue, and the Encroachments of the Government upon the Rights of the People**

[The Editor does not know the name of the orator.]

THE Executive party claim to be the exclusive democrats of the country. Of all their usurpations there is none more flagrant than this usurpation of the name of democracy. Democracy, as I understand it, and as I was taught it in the school of '98, is, — respect to the people's representatives, to the people's wishes ; the prosecution of measures which secure the interest of the people ; the promotion of a nation's happiness and prosperity. Is this the democracy of our President ? Hear what he says : "The people expect too much from the government. They must take care of themselves, and the government must take care of itself." Is this the dictate of democracy, of the democracy of the ancient time ? No, no ! Democracy demands the acquiescence of the representative in the will of the people, when that will is properly expressed, when that will is known to be the deliberate resolve of the constituent. Not under the Czar, not under the Sultan, are the people entirely without power. But in this country, at the present moment, allegiance to the powers that be is allegiance to the people ! If a candidate for the governorship of any of the states be rejected by the people, he is sure of advancement at Washington. Power at Washing-

ton is different from, and superior and paramount to, the will of the people. It is not devoted to the country's happiness. Serious attention should be paid to the basis of republicanism! Bad measures pass away. A single false step in government, made undesignedly, may lead to no permanent mischief. War itself is of transient duration. The calamities of pestilence and disease which befall the human species, inflicting severe agony and pain, pass from the memory, and, after a lapse of time, no traces are left of their ravages. But one truth is founded in human nature, verified by the history of the past, strengthened by our experience as a people, and that truth is,—*a republic can only exist upon the foundation of virtue and good morals.* This great principle is eternal, is unchangeable. A corrupt people may have the forms of a republic, but their government is dead to good works, its vitality is gone. We need only go back to Rome, to Greece, to republican France, for proof of this thing. Nor can any power save us from the same fate, but the ballot-box. That is the physician to heal us. The attempt has been made to corrupt the morals of the people, to corrupt the right of suffrage. When before, in private life, have we ever witnessed such a deplorable want of confidence? Go to desolate Mississippi,—go wherever you please, and you will find that violation of solemn contracts characterizes every part of our country. When before were sixty-three out of sixty-seven receivers of public moneys defaulters? There must be a cause for all this. The good old Jeffersonian interrogatories have not been put to those seeking office. "Is he honest—is he capable—is he faithful to the constitution?"—have not been asked, but a new rule has been adopted. "Is he boisterous at the polls,—is he devoted to my interests and party,—what number of votes can he give?"—these are the questions now asked. It is this system which has disfigured our country with a want of moral rectitude truly alarming. It was in the time of General Jackson's administration that this policy was introduced into the government. Perhaps the illustrious captain, then at the head of affairs, did not intend that such should be the construction of his course of conduct; but every man, who knows the law of cause and effect, must agree with me that such an appointment tended to this result. The elevation of such men to office

is evidence enough that honor, fidelity, and trustworthiness, were not the only passports to presidential favor, but that other qualifications were requisite, qualifications which tended to sap the foundations of our institutions. When before have so many fraudulent votes been given? When before have we seen men regardless of their oaths, multiplying their votes and receiving bribes equally disgraceful to the recipient and to the instigator, equally disgraceful to the times in which we live, and the country in which such scenes are enacted? It is a reproach to the parties concerned, and they should be marked as false to the country and the constitution. When vice is exalted, when corruption receives reward instead of reproof, the example can not fail to exert a pernicious influence on the country.

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### THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

WM. B. FOWLE.

'T WAS night in Babylon, but the bright rays  
Of day were not required amid the blaze  
Of glittering chandeliers, that lit the walls  
Of king Belshazzar's crowded festive halls,  
Where wealth unmeasured, and besotted pride,  
Had oped the portals of the palace wide.  
Satrap and soldier, at the royal call,  
Had met to celebrate the recent fall  
Of Israel and Judah, and the feast  
Was crowned with all the luxury of the East.  
But bright o'er all, upon the loaded board,  
The king displayed the vessels of the Lord,  
That late Jerusalem's fair temple graced,  
But now with impious scorn an Idol faced.

Up rose the king, and raised a flagon high,  
To pour libations to his deity,—  
When on the wall he saw,—portentous sight!—  
A hand, whose burning finger wrote in light,  
Mysterious words, MENE, MENE, TEKEL',  
UPHARSIN, and vanished. The deep swell  
Of music ceased; the tongue of every guest  
His awe in wondering silence deep expressed.

Aghast with fear, betrayed in every limb,  
Belshazzar called his wise men unto him,  
And offered honors high, and countless gain,  
To him who should the blazing words explain.  
But vain the attempt,—unhallowed lips afford  
No key to those dread words, "Thus saith the Lord."

At length, a prophet, who in sackcloth sate,  
Mourning for Zion in her low estate,  
Was ordered forth, and in the crowded hall,  
His garments changed, commanded, before all,  
To read the writing. Then the prophet broke  
The death-like silence, and the words he spoke  
Fell like the judgment doom upon the ear  
Of that ungodly king;—"Thy kingdom now  
Divided is and finished. Guilty, thou  
Art weighed in God's just balance, and  
Found wanting. At thy gates now stand  
The Medes, to whom thy kingdom has been given;—  
Thus saith the living God of earth and heaven!"

The words were hardly spoken, ere uprose  
The clang of arms, the shout of warring foes;—  
Surprised, defeated, ere the morning sun,  
The Median banner waved o'er Babylon.

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### TUBAL CAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might  
In the days when earth was young;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright  
The strokes of his hammer rung;  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and spear.  
And he sang, "Hurra for my handiwork!  
Hurra for the spear and the sword!  
Hurra for the hand that wields them well,  
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
As the crown of his desire ;  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang, " Hurra for Tubal Cain,  
Who has given us strength anew !  
Hurra for the smith, and hurra for the fire,  
And hurra for the metal true ! "

But a sudden change came o'er his heart  
Ere the setting of his sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done ;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind,  
That the land was red with the blood they shed,  
In their lust for carnage blind.  
And he said, " Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men, whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow-man ! "

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace smouldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bared his strong arm for the work,  
While the quick flames mounted high.  
And he sang, " Hurra for my handiwork ! "  
And the red sparks lit the air ;  
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ;  
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
And ploughed the willing lands ;



And sang, "Hurra for Tubal Cain!  
Our stanch good friend is he;  
And for the ploughshare and the plough  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the plough,  
We'll not forget the sword."

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## LIFE.

LIFE is onward, — use it  
With a forward aim;  
Toil is heavenly, — choose it,  
And its warfare claim.  
Look not to another  
To perform your will;  
Let not your own brother  
Keep your strong hand still.

Life is onward, — never  
Look upon the past;  
It would hold you ever  
In its clutches fast.  
*Now* is your dominion, —  
Use it as you please;  
Bind not the soul's pinion  
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward, — try it  
Ere the day be lost;  
It hath virtue, — buy it  
At whatever cost:  
If the world should offer  
Every precious gem,  
Look not at the scoffer,  
Change it not for them.

Life is onward, — heed it  
In each varied dress;  
Your own act can speed it  
On to happiness;

His bright pinion o'er you  
 Time waves not in vain,  
 If Hope chants before you  
 Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward,—prize it  
 In sunshine and in storm ;  
 O ! do not despise it,  
 In its humblest form.  
 Hope and Joy together,  
 Standing at the goal,  
 Through life's darkest weather,  
 Beckon on the soul.

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### THE TOAST.

[The author had only an imperfect copy of this beautiful poem.]

THE feast ran high, and round the board  
 In converse loud, and song, each lord  
 And knight, in merry glee,  
 Rehearsed his battles, nor forgot  
 The charm that gilds a soldier's lot,  
 True love and gallantry.

Then up arose the noble host,  
 And smiling cried, " A toast, a toast,  
 To all our ladyes fair !  
 Here, before all, I pledge the name  
 Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame,—  
 The Ladye Gundamere ! "

Quick to his feet each gallant sprung,  
 And joyous was the shout that rung  
 As Stanley gave the word ;  
 And every cup was raised on high,  
 Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,  
 Till Stanley's voice was heard.

" Enough, enough," he smiling said,  
 And lowly bent his haughty head ;  
 " That all may have their due,  
 Now each in turn must play his part,  
 And pledge the ladye of his heart,  
 Like gallant knight and true ! "

Then one by one each guest sprang up,  
And drained in turn the brimming cup,  
And named the loved one's name ;  
And each, as hand on high he raised,  
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,  
Her constancy and fame.

'T is now St. Leon's turn to rise ;  
On him are fixed those countless eyes,—  
A gallant knight is he ;  
Envied by some, admired by all,  
Far famed in ladye's bower and hall,  
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And lifts the sparkling cup on high ;  
" I drink to *one*," he said,  
" Whose image never may depart,  
Deep graven on this grateful heart,  
Till memory be dead.

" To one whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have past,  
So holy 't is and true ;  
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,  
And laid a hand upon his sword,  
With fury-flashing eye ;  
And Stanley said, " We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,  
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
Not breathe her name, in careless mood,  
Thus lightly to another ;  
Then bent his noble head, as though  
To give her name the reverence due,  
And gently said, " My Mother !"

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

GERALD MASSEY.

HIGH hopes, that burned like stars sublime,  
Go down the heavens of Freedom ;  
And true hearts perish in the time  
We bitterliest need 'em.  
But never sit we down and say  
There 's nothing left but sorrow ;  
We walk the wilderness to-day,  
The promised land — to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now ;  
There are no flowers blooming ;  
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,  
And Freedom's spring is coming.  
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,  
Though we may stand in sorrow ;  
And our good bark, aground to-day,  
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years,  
The people's cry ascendeth ;  
The earth is wet with blood and tears,  
But this meek sufferance endeth.  
The few shall not forever sway,  
The many toil in sorrow ;  
The powers of earth are strong to-day,  
But heaven shall rule to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes  
With smiling features glisten,  
For, lo ! our day bursts up the skies ;  
Lean out your souls and listen !  
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,  
And ripens with her sorrow ;  
Keep heart ! who bear the cross to-day  
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O youth ! flame earnest ; still aspire  
With energies immortal ;  
To many a heaven of desire  
Our yearning opes a portal.

And though age wearies by the way.  
 And hearts break in the furrow,  
 We'll sow the golden grain to-day,—  
 And harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives ! and all  
 Be like a sheathen sabre,  
 Ready to flash out at God's call,  
 O chivalry of labor !  
 Triumph and toil are twins, and aye  
 Joy suns the cloud of sorrow ;  
 And 't is the martyrdom to-day  
 Brings victory to-morrow.

### THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,  
 Sits gazing on her lovely face,— ay, lovely even now ;  
 Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of  
 care ?

Why steals that tear across her cheek ? She sees her first  
 gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace ;  
 His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her  
 face.

Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gayly  
 trip,  
 So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often marked by sorrow more than  
 years ;  
 The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret  
 tears ;  
 The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,  
 And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that can not  
 rest.

But *she* hath been a happy wife ;—the lover of her  
 youth  
 May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his  
 truth ;

A sense of slight, — of loneliness, — hath never banished  
sleep ;  
*Her* life hath been a cloudless one ; then, wherefore doth  
she weep ?

She looked upon her raven locks ; what thoughts did they  
recall ?  
O, not of nights when they were decked for banquet or for  
ball !  
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had  
learned to check  
With artificial wreaths the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seemed to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through  
her hair,  
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness  
there ;  
She seemed to view her father's smile, and feel the playful  
touch,  
That sometimes feigned to steal away the curls she prized  
so much.

And *now* she sees her first gray hair ! O, deem it not a  
crime  
For her to weep, when she beholds the first foot-mark of  
Time !  
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will  
increase,  
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall  
cease.

'Tis *not* the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane ;  
Yet, though the blossom may *not* sigh to bud and bloom  
again,  
It can not but remember, with a feeling of regret,  
The spring forever gone — the summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, lady ! heed the monitor ; thy mirror tells the truth ;  
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of  
youth ;  
Go, bind it on thy daughter's brow ; in *her* thou 'lt still  
look fair.  
'T were well would all learn wisdom who behold *the first*  
*gray hair !*

### AUNTIE'S WEE DAWTIE, AND UNCLE'S GUID BAIRN.

WAS there ever a bairn, sin' the warld began,  
 Sae brimfu' o' antics, o' frolic and fun,—  
 Sae kind and sae sonsie, sae winning and douce,  
 As the wee prattling laddie that cheers our wee house?  
 Love glints in his e'e, and mense sits on his broo,  
 While a blithe pawky smile aye encircles his mou',  
 Towards him our hearts daily mair and mair turn,  
 For he's auntie's wee dawtie, and uncle's guid bairn.

He tumbles the chairs, and makes carts o' the stools,  
 He chaps wi' the hammers, and digs wi' the shoofs,  
 He rows on the floor wi' the cat and the dog,  
 Grips them whiles by the tail and whiles by the lug,—  
 He plays wi' the pig, and the hens, and the deuks;  
 An' he doats upon whittles, and pictures, and beuks;  
 Aboon a' ither bairnees he sheens like a starn,  
 He is auntie's wee dawtie, and uncle's guid bairn.

When I come hame at e'en frae the toils of the day,  
 My heart thuds wi' joy sune's I hear him at play;  
 And whenever he kens my fit-fa' on the stair,  
 To the blithe ingle side he draws in the arm-chair;  
 Then patters to meet me — his wee han' he gi'es,  
 And leads to the chair he has set for my ease;  
 Frae sic acts o' kindness I mair and mair learn  
 That he's auntie's wee dawtie, and uncle's guid bairn.

He climbs on my knee, puts his arm round my neck,  
 And kindly he kisses baith mouth, broo, and cheek;  
 He pu's at my whisker, my nose, or my lug;  
 Then to dry my fause tears he flytes at the dog;  
 He dances wi' joy when he's riving my locks,  
 He warms my auld bauchels, and brings me dry socks;  
 The heart that could harm him is "hard as the airn,"  
 He's auntie's wee dawtie, and uncle's guid bairn.

Lang may he be spared wi' his antics and glee,  
 To tot out and in atween auntie and me;  
 He's the sun o' our system, the rose o' our bower,—  
 May the dark clouds o' sorrow aroun' him ne'er lower;

May he aye till the snaws o' auld age heap his pow,  
 Be guileless and pure as his spirit is now;  
 Frae him mony gray-beards a lesson micht learn,  
 Tho' he's auntie's wee dawtie, and uncle's guid bairn.

## THE TIPSY LAIRD.

WM. B. FOWLE.

A SCOTTISH laird that loved a glass,  
 And never let occasion pass  
 For drinking,  
 Sat blinking  
 At the tavern fire,  
 Without once thinking  
 Of his humble squire,  
 Who, in the shed  
 Without a door,  
 Was nearly dead  
 With cold and snaw.

Unable longer to endure  
 The breezing  
 And freezing,  
 Enough, I'm sure,  
 To authorize  
 Uneasiness, and something more,  
 He lifts the latch, and loudly cries,  
 "Laird! laird! the horse is at the door!"

"Get oot o' that, you fause auld loon!  
 No laird gangs till the bottle's done.  
 And so get oot,  
 You blathering brute!"—  
 "But, laird, they wish the door to lock,—  
 D'ye ken 't is amaiht twalf o'clock,  
 And very late?"—  
 "Well, Watty, wait,—

A blessing bides the patient waiter;  
 If it's full twalf, 't will ne'er be later!"

Watty withdrew, but soon got tired,  
 As aye one feels,  
 Of kicking heels  
 21'



And thrapping hands,  
As he idle stands ;—  
So back he goes, and loudly roared,  
“Laird ! laird ! ye left a lonesome wife !  
’Tis one o’clock, laird, on my life !”—  
“Well, Watty,” said the boozy laird,  
“’T will ne’er be airlier, on my word.”

Watty, defeated, slammed the door,  
And waited half an hour or more,  
When, seeing the moon  
His head aboon,  
He screams, “Laird ! laird ! the sun is up !”—  
“He ought to be,”  
Exclaims the laird,  
“Because, you see,  
He farther has to go  
Than you or I, you know,  
And needs must be prepared.”

At length, his brain completely addle,  
The laird was lifted to his saddle,  
And, humming a song,  
He jogged along,  
Until, in fording a deep brook,  
His beast a sup of water took,  
And, stooping low,  
Contrived to throw  
The laird, who did n’t of danger dream,  
Into the stream.

The laird had sense enough to know  
That something wrong had happened,—so  
He called out, “Watty, Watty, look !  
Something has fallen in the brook !”—  
“Faith,” Watty said, “the truth you tell,—  
And, laird, that thing is just yoursel’.”—  
“Hout, Watty, man, that can na be,  
I haired it, Watty, man, you see.”—  
“No matter, maister, I know well  
The plash you heard was but yoursel’.”—  
“No, Watty,” said the laird, “’tis clear,  
It can’t be me, for I am here !”

## THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

WM. B. FOWLE.

LEYDEN beleaguered was, and there  
Gaunt famine stalked, and pale despair,  
Until the citizens, who still,  
With mighty heart and iron will,  
Closed up the gates, and manned the guns,  
Were shadows of the stalwart ones  
Who first defied the Papal host,  
And oft repulsed them to their cost.

A final summons came ; to wit,  
A promise, that, if they submit  
Ere sets the sun, there lives should be  
All spared ; but, if they yielded not,  
In lowest dungeons they should rot,  
Till, in the flames, at last they breathe  
Their souls out in eternal death.

"Ye men of Leyden," said, in brief,  
The hero who had been their chief  
From first to last, "ye all do know  
The mercy of our faithless foe.  
'Tis vain for any aid to hope,—  
No human power with fate can cope.  
We have no strength, no means to fight ;  
The foe knows this, and when the night  
Shall wrap the town in solemn gloom,  
A new assault must seal our doom.  
My wish is to await that hour,  
And then, collected in the tower,  
With wives and children, all to go  
Together up, and cheat the foe."  
A smile lit up their sunken eyes ;  
Amens, in tones determined, rise ;  
And female voices were not weak  
The death-defying word to speak.  
The herald to the camp returned,  
Defiance bore, — the mercy spurned.  
The foe the last assault prepare ; —  
The doomed, in silence, breathe their prayer  
To God, who never will forsake  
The oppressed, who Him their refuge make.

Then rose the roar of angry floods  
Louder than tempest-shaken woods ;  
A wall of water, that no hand  
Short of Almighty could withstand,  
Advances o'er the level plain,  
Sweeping away whate'er in vain  
Opposed. Man's arm had helpless grown,  
And God had just laid bare his own.  
Cannon and horse, and man and tent,  
In one promiscuous ruin blent,  
Like leaves upon a mighty river,  
Are lifted, merged, and lost forever.  
The hosts that girt the city wall  
Before the advancing ocean fall  
Like reptiles, when the mountains launch  
The devastating avalanche.

The wondering citizens beheld  
The mighty flood that onward swelled,  
And their parched tongues, in notes of praise,  
Their anthems to Jehovah raise.  
The glorious prince, whose well-used power  
Had led his people to that hour,  
And every means had tried, in vain,  
Some access to the town to gain,  
Resolved upon a desperate throw,  
To crush the invaders at a blow.  
The Dike, that untold years had stood  
'Twixt Holland and the ocean's flood,  
Was ruptured, and the invading tide,  
O'erwhelming lowlands far and wide,  
Bore succor to the long distressed,  
And woe to Spain, upon its breast.  
William of Nassau Leyden trod,—  
His nation's savior under God.

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### IMMORTALITY.

British Magazine.

O ! STEAL not thou my faith away,  
Nor tempt to doubt the trusting mind ;  
Let all that earth can yield, decay,  
But leave this heavenly gift behind.

Our life is but a meteor gleam,  
Lit up amid surrounding gloom,—  
A dying lamp, a fitful beam,  
Quenched in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,  
There lies beyond that dreary bourn,  
Some region where the faithful dead  
Eternally forget to mourn,—  
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,  
The fagot fire, the black abyss ;  
I shrink not from the path of pain,  
Which endeth in a world like this.

But, O ! if all that nerves us here,  
When grief assails and sorrow stings,  
Exists but in the shadowy sphere  
Of Fancy's weak imaginings,—  
If hopes, though cherished long and deep,  
Be bold and baseless mockeries,—  
Then welcome that eternal sleep,  
Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet, hush ! my troubled heart be still ;  
Renounce thy vain philosophy ;  
Like morning on the misty hill,  
The light of truth will break on thee ;  
Go — search the gospel's deathless page,  
Go — question thou the earth and sky,  
And learn from them, mistaken sage !  
The glorious words, — “ Thou shalt not die ! ”

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### LOOK ALOFT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,  
“ Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If thy friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,

Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,  
 "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to the eye,  
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
 Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,  
 "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, — the son of thy heart,  
 The wife of thy bosom, — in sorrow depart,  
 "Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
 To that soil where affection is ever to bloom."

And, O! when Death comes in his terror to cast  
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart.

### THE PILOT.

ALEXANDER COCHRAN.

THE waves are high, the night is dark,  
 Wild roam the foaming tides,  
 Dashing around the straining bark,  
 As gallantly she rides.  
 "Pilot, take heed what course you steer,  
 Our bark is tempest driven!" —  
 "Stranger, be calm, there is no fear  
 To him who trusts in heaven!"

"O, pilot! mark yon thunder-cloud,—  
 The lightning's lurid rivers;  
 Hark to the wind, 't is piping loud,—  
 The mainmast bends and quivers!  
 Stay, pilot, stay, and shorten sail,  
 Our stormy trysail's riven!" —  
 "Stranger, what matter's calm or gale,  
 To him who trusts in Heaven!"

Borne by the winds, the vessel flees  
 Up to the thundering cloud;  
 Now, tottering low, the spray-winged seas  
 Conceal the top-mast shroud.

"Pilot! the waves break o'er us fast,  
Vainly our bark has striven!"—  
"Stranger, the Lord can rule the blast;  
Go, put thy trust in Heaven!"

Good hope! good hope! one little star  
Gleams o'er the ocean waste,  
A feeble light, reflected far,  
Faith's light-house — up, and haste!  
That star, like the All-seeing Eye,  
Has watched our dangerous way,  
And still will keep its watch on high  
Forever and for aye.

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### LONDON.

Extracted from a Speech of Kossuth to the Lord Mayor and citizens of London, at a meeting called to consider the cause of Hungary.

As in one family, or in one community, the general interest can not be promoted by two different and divergent powers, so, ere long, one of the two ruling principles of the world, and only one, must prevail. Liberty and tyranny can not much longer subsist together in the present advanced development of the mind and heart; one or the other must vanish from the earth, and unity must rule. The principle of freedom can exist in different countries and under different governments, according to the wishes and wants of different peoples and nations; and this principle, which is the only basis of moral grandeur and material welfare, of contentment and happiness, may be seen in the United States and in England. With which principle, Absolutism or Freedom, will London, the metropolis of the world, be found to side?

You gave your sympathy to Hungary, and watched with lively interest her cause in the late struggle with her tyrannic oppressors; you frankly expressed your wishes for its success; now, let me earnestly request that this sympathy, so warmly expressed, may not prove a barren sound. You have the power to help, — help! One principle that I see here is social order. With some, such social order is blasphemy. Absolutism, with them, is social order; humanity in prison, the tongue of truth

silenced, is their social order. Here, in London, hundreds of thousands of the people are rushing forward to greet the humble representative of a down-trodden people, without any effusion of blood, but with the enthusiasm of warm and noble hearts; and what is the safeguard of social order in this great concourse of the people? I have seen no troops and but four police-men. The Tyrants of the continent would have had their twenty thousand soldiers to preserve — what? Social order? No — but to oppose their own subjects. The people are never averse to social order. They are the only security for person and property. What, then, is the safeguard of social order in London? I answer — LIBERTY.

You have marked, my lord and gentlemen, how we in Hungary have struggled for that very freedom, which experience here in England has shown to be the surest safeguard of social order; you gave your sympathy to the past; you give your sympathy to the present, — let me again entreat you, in the name of that principle, not to let your sympathy be barren; — you have the power, — help! help!

Since London became a municipal institution, even here in England dynasties have passed away; religion and government have been changed; a revolution has swept over England like a mighty storm; a restoration, which never in history lasts long, has come and passed; and London, based upon the principle of liberty and social order, stands, — a giant; — itself an empire, and more than any empire; — itself a nation, and more than a nation. And what is the key-stone of this mighty arch! London is founded on municipal institutions. These are crushed down on the continent every where by the principle of centralization and absolutism. Hungary had municipal institutions, and, so long as it was free, it was a check upon Russia and an impregnable defence to Austria; but Austria crushed these municipalities, and she is at the feet of the Czar.

When I ask your aid to carry our noble cause to a happy issue, I do not intend to ask England to take up arms for the restoration of Hungary to its independence and liberty. No, gentlemen, that is the affair of Hungary itself; we will provide for our own freedom. All I wish is that the public opinion of England may establish it to be the ruling

principle of the politics of Europe, that every nation shall have the right to dispose of its own internal concerns, and not be crushed for exercising this right, as Hungary has been crushed by Russia, for this principle affects all countries as well as my own.

In the cause of Hungary, I could go on for weeks to show how much she is in harmony with those principles, which you cherish and love, and which are the glory of Englishmen; but I must not detain you longer, and will only intreat you not to think me importunate if I repeat my prayer that the wishes you have expressed for the future of my country may not be barren words. You have the power to help, — then help! for the sake of freedom, and the love of man, — help!

Gentlemen, I will again and again repeat to you these words; I will repeat them with the faith of those martyrs of old, which moved the hills and the mountains; I will concentrate all the fire of my sentiments, all the blood of my heart, all the energy of my mind, to raise these words high and loud, deep and solemn, till the almighty echo of public opinion becomes like the thundering trumpet, before the sound of which the "Jericho" of human oppression shall fall down; and should this feeble frame succumb sooner, — should the longing of my heart to see my fatherland independent and free, which longing beats everlastingly in my feeble frame, as the captive lion beats his iron cage — be disappointed, even the grass that will grow over my grave shall cry out to heaven and to man, "England and America, do not forget in your proud security those who are oppressed. Do not grant a charter to the Czar to dispose of humanity. Do not grant a charter to the despots of Europe to drown liberty in blood. Save the myriads who else will bleed; and thus be the liberators of the world!"

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### THE PEOPLE OF HUNGARY.

From KOSSUTH's Address to the people of England.

THE people, — that mighty basis of the pyramid of mankind, — the people is every where highly honorable, noble, and good. Some few may be selected to be the honored of humanity; they may, by the powerful flight of their



genius, rise to the very height, whence "Man is forbidden nearer to approach God." But they are exceptions, and, because so, they are not the manifestation of the eternal law. And you know the development to which mankind is called is going on according to steady eternal laws. Those selected few stand on the top of humanity, but they are not the basis of it. The basis is the people; they are steady and lasting. My belief, therefore, is, that it is the instinct of the people which is the true revelation of mankind's divine origin. But, though to me, as an Hungarian, the same sort of sentiment may not be becoming, which befits a Briton, who, whatever be his personal merits, places — and with right — his greatest pride in being a citizen of Great Britain; still allow me to prostrate myself in spirit before the memory of my suffering people; allow me to bear witness before you that the Magyar people can take, with noble self-esteem, a place in the great family of nations; allow me, even in view of your greatness, to proclaim that I feel proud to be a Magyar. While, during our holy struggle, we were secluded from the world, our enemies, wanting to cover their crimes by lies, told you the tale that we are in Hungary but an insignificant party, and this party fanaticized by myself. Well, I feel proud at my country's strength. They stirred up by foul delusions, to the fury of civil war, our brethren against us. It did not suffice. The house of Austria poured all its forces upon us; still it would not do. We beat them down. The proud dynasty was forced to stoop at the feet of the Czar. He thrust his legions upon us, and still we could have been a match for them. One thing there was that we, — the plain children of strict uprightness, could not match, — that is, the intrigues of Russian diplomacy, which introduced treason into our ranks. This, combined with Russian arms, caused us to fail. But still we were said to be only a *party* fanaticized by me. Well, "I thank them for the word." You may judge by this what we shall be, when, not a mere party, all the Magyars, melted into one body, shall range under the standard of freedom and right. And be sure they will. Humanity, with its childish faith, can be deluded for a moment, but the bandage soon falls from its eyes, and it will be cheated no more. The scorned party turned out to be a nation, and a valiant one. But still they said, it was I who in-

spired it. Perhaps there might be some glory in inspiring such a nation, and to such a degree. But I can not accept the praise. No; it was not I who inspired the Hungarian people,—it was they who inspired me. Whatever I thought, and still think,—whatever I felt, and still feel,—is but a feeble pulsation of that heart which beats in the breast of my people. In history, the glory of battles is ascribed to the leaders,—theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet, on meeting the danger, they know that, alive or dead, their names will live upon the lips of the people forever. How different, how much purer, is the light spread on the image of thousands, who, knowing that where they fell, they would lie unknown, their names unhonored and unsung, nevertheless, animated by the love of freedom and fatherland, went calmly, singing national anthems, against the batteries whose cross-fire vomited death and destruction on them, and took them without firing a shot,—they who fell, falling with the shout, “Hurrah for Hungary!” And so they died by thousands, the unnamed demigods. Such is the people of Hungary. Still, they say it is I who have inspired them. No; a thousand times, no! It is they who have inspired me.

The moment of death, gentlemen, is a dreary one. Even the features of Cato partook of the impression of this dreariness. A shadow passed over the brow of Socrates on drinking the hemlock. But, with us, the nameless victims of the love of country, lying on the death-field beneath Budah's walls, wore the impression of a smile, and the frozen lips of the dead and the dying answered those who would console them, by the words, “Never mind; Buda is ours. Hurrah for the fatherland!” So they spoke and died. He who witnessed such scenes, not as an exception, but as a constant rule in thousands of the people's nameless sons; he who saw the youth weep when told he was yet too young to die for his country; he who saw the willing sacrifices; he who heard what a fury spread over the people on hearing of the catastrophe; he who marked their behavior toward the victors, after all was lost; he who knows what sort of curse is mixed in the prayers of the Magyar, and knows what sort of sentiment is burning alike in the breast of the old and of the child, of the strong man, and of the tender wife, and ever will be burning on, till the hour of national resurrection strikes;—he who is

aware of all this, will surely bow before this people with respect, and will acknowledge with me that such a people wants not to be inspired, but is an everlasting source of inspiration itself. This is the people of Hungary. And, for me, my only glory is that this people found in myself the personification of their own sentiments. This is all he can tell of himself, whom you are honoring with so many tokens of your sympathy. Let me, therefore, hold the consoling faith, that, in honoring me by your sympathy, you are willing to give your sympathy to the people of the Magyars. But let me ask, what can be the meaning of this sympathy of the English people? Is it but a funeral feast, offered to the memory of the noble dead? God forbid! The people of England are the people of life,—their sympathy belongs to the living. The hurrah which greeted me on your shores,—the warm, sincere cheering of the hundred thousands in your streets, so generous and still so modest, so loud and so sincere, so free and still so orderly,—I take for the sound of the trumpet of freedom, justice, and popular rights. To be sure, deep is the sorrow which weighs on me; it is, as I said, the concentrated woe of millions; but do not think this sorrow is that of despondency, which knows nothing better than hopelessly to complain. No, this sorrow is such a one as enlarges the horizon of hope and of perseverance, getting, like the Antæus of the fable, new strength from every fall.

Let me, therefore, assure you, gentlemen, that the people of Hungary has a future yet; let me confidently state that the people of England has not spent its sympathy on a corpse. But, well may you ask, "What are the motives of this hope?" The first basis of my hope is the Almighty himself, the God of Justice, who can not grant a lasting victory to wickedness. History has, to be sure, recorded the downfall of mighty empires, of nations, compared with whom we Magyars can scarcely claim a name. But the fall of those nations was precisely the revelation of the eternal justice of God. They fell by their own crimes. Nations die only by suicide. That is not our case. Hungary is not the sacrifice of its own crimes. No, gentlemen, for such a reason a nation may suffer, but not die. The God of humanity can not admit this. And do you not already mark his judgment? They said, down with Hungary that the Hapsburgs may rule as they please. And,

look! they already, in the first act of their sacrilegious plot, beg the help of him whose aid gave them a dishonorable bondage instead of the coveted might. Let them but rely on their Czar: his hour also will come. The millions of Russia can not be doomed to be nothing else than blind instruments of a single mortal's despotic whims. Humanity has a nobler destiny than to be a footstool to the ambition of certain families. The destiny of mankind is freedom, sir, and the sun of freedom will rise over Russia, also; and in the chorus, in which liberated nations will raise the song of thanksgiving to God, not even the Russians will fail. So let the house of Austria trust in his Czar. The people of Hungary and myself, we trust in God.

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### THE SLAVE POWER.

CHARLES SUMNER, at New York, May 4, 1855.

NOTWITHSTANDING all its excess of numbers, wealth and intelligence, the North is now the vassal of an OLIGARCHY, whose single inspiration comes from Slavery. According to the official tables of our recent census, the *slave-masters*—men, women and children all told—are only THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND; and yet this small company, now dominates over the Republic, determines its national policy, disposes of its offices, and sways all to its absolute will. With a watchfulness that never sleeps, and an activity that never tires,—with as many eyes as Argus, and as many arms as Briareus,—the SLAVE OLIGARCHY asserts its perpetual and insatiate masterdom; now seizing a broad territory once covered by a time-honored ordinance of freedom; now threatening to wrest Cuba from Spain by violent war, or hardly less violent purchase; now hankering for another slice of Mexico, merely to find new scope for slavery; now proposing once more to open the hideous, heaven-defying slave-trade, and thus to replenish its shambles with human flesh; and now, by the lips of an eminent senator, asserting an audacious claim to the whole group of the West Indies, whether held by Holland, Spain, France or England, as “our Southern Islands,” while it assails

the independence of Hayti, and stretches its treacherous ambition even to the distant valley of the Amazon.

In maintaining its power, the slave oligarchy has applied a new test for office, very different from that of Jefferson, "Is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to the Constitution?" These things are all forgotten now in the controlling question, "Is he faithful to slavery?" With arrogant ostracism it excludes from every national office all who can not respond to this test. So complete and irrational has this tyranny become, that, at this moment, while I now speak, could Washington, Jefferson, or Franklin, once more descend from their spheres above, to mingle in our affairs, and bless us with their wisdom, not one of them, with his recorded, *unretracted* opinions on slavery, could receive a nomination for the presidency from a national convention of either of the late great political parties; nor, stranger still, could either of these sainted patriots, whose names alone open a perpetual fountain of gratitude in all your hearts, be confirmed by the Senate of the United States for any political function whatever under the national government,—not even for the office of postmaster. What I now say, amidst your natural astonishment, I have more than once uttered from my seat in the Senate, and no man there has made answer, for no man, who has sat in its secret sessions, and there learned the test which is practically applied, could make answer; and I ask you to accept this statement as my testimony derived from the experience which has been my lot. Yes, fellow-citizens, had this test prevailed in the earlier days, Washington,—first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,—could not have been created Generalissimo of the American forces; Jefferson could not have taken his place on the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence; and Franklin could not have gone forth to France, with the commission of the infant Republic, to secure the valuable alliance of that ancient kingdom.

And this giant strength is used with a giant heartlessness. By a cruel enactment, which has no source in the Constitution, which defies justice, which tramples on humanity, and which rebels against God, the free States are made the hunting-ground for slaves, and you, and I, and all good citizens, are summoned to join in the loathsome and abhorred work. Your hearts and judgments,

swift to feel and to condemn, will not require me to expose here the abomination of the fugitive slave bill or its utter unconstitutionality. Elsewhere I have done this, and have never been answered. Nor will you expect that an enactment, so entirely devoid of all just sanction, should be called by the sacred name of LAW. History still repeats the language in which our fathers persevered, when they denounced the last emanation of British tyranny which heralded the Revolution, as the Boston Port *Bill*, and I am content with this precedent. I have said that if any man finds in the Gospel any support of slavery, it is because slavery is already in himself; so do I now say, if any man finds in the Constitution of our country any support of the fugitive slave bill, it is because that bill is already in himself. One of our ancient masters — Aristotle, I think — tells us that every man has a beast in his bosom; but the northern citizen, who has the fugitive slave bill there, has worse than a beast — a devil! And yet in this bill — more even than in the ostracism at which you rebel — does the slave oligarchy stand confessed; heartless, grasping, tyrannical; careless of humanity, right, or the Constitution; wanting that foundation of justice which is the essential base of every civilized community; stuck together only by confederacy in spoliation; and constituting in itself a *magnum latrocinium*; while it degrades the free States to the condition of a slave plantation, under the lash of a vulgar, despised and revolting overseer.

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## THE CHARACTER AND EFFECTS OF SLAVERY.

Extract from a Speech of CHARLES SUMNER, in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 21, 1854.

SLAVERY is the forcible subjection of one human being in person, labor, and property, to the will of another. In this simple statement is involved its whole injustice. There is no offence against religion, against morals, against humanity, which may not, in the license of this institution, stalk “unwhipt of justice.” For the husband and wife there is no marriage; for the mother there is no assurance that her infant child will not be ravished from her breast; for all who bear the name of slave, there is nothing that

they can call their own. Without a father, without a mother, almost without a God, the slave has nothing but a master. It would be contrary to that rule of right which is ordained by God, if such a system, though mitigated often by a patriarchal kindness and by a plausible physical comfort, could be otherwise than pernicious in its influences. It is confessed that the master suffers not less than the slave. And this is not all. The whole social fabric is disorganized; labor loses its dignity; industry sickens; education finds no schools, and all the land of slavery is impoverished. And now, sir, when the conscience of mankind is at last aroused to these things; when, throughout the civilized world, a slave-dealer is a bye-word and a reproach, we, as a nation, are about to open a new market to the traffickers in flesh that haunt the shambles of the South. Such an act at this time is removed from all reach of that palliation often vouchsafed to slavery. This wrong we are speciously told, by those who seek to defend it, is not our original sin. It was entailed upon us, so we are instructed, by our ancestors; and the responsibility is often with exultation thrown upon the mother-country. Now, without stopping to inquire into the value of this apology, which is never adduced in behalf of other abuses, and which availed nothing against that kingly power imposed by the mother-country, and which our fathers overthrew, it is sufficient for the present purpose to know that it is now proposed to make slavery our own original act. Here is a fresh case of actual transgression which we can not cast upon the shoulders of any progenitors, nor upon any mother-country, distant in time or place. The Congress of the United States, the people of the United States, at this day, in this vaunted period of light, will be responsible for it, so that it shall be said hereafter, so long as the dismal history of slavery is read, that in the year of Christ 1854 a new and deliberate act was passed, by which a vast territory was opened to its inroads.

Alone in the company of nations does our country assume this hateful championship. In despotic Russia, the serfdom, which constitutes the "peculiar institution" of that great empire, is never allowed to travel with the imperial flag, according to the American pretension, into provinces newly acquired by the common blood and treasure, but is carefully restricted by positive prohibition,

in harmony with the general conscience, within its ancient confines; and this prohibition—the Wilmot proviso of Russia—is rigorously enforced on every side, in all the provinces, as in Bessarabia on the south, and Poland on the west; so that, in fact, no Russian nobleman has been able to move into these important territories with his slaves. Thus Russia speaks for freedom, and disowns the slaveholding dogma of our country. Far away in the East, at the “gateways of the day,” in effeminate India, slavery has been condemned. In Constantinople, the queenly seat of the most powerful Mohammedan empire, where barbarism still mingles with civilization, the Ottoman Sultan has fastened upon it the stigma of disapprobation. The Barbary States of Africa, occupying the same parallels of latitude with the slave States of our Union, and resembling them in the nature of their boundaries, their productions, their climate, and the “peculiar institution” which sought shelter in both, have been changed into abolitionists. Algiers, seated on the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ , has been dedicated to freedom. Morocco, by its untutored ruler, has expressed its desire, stamped in the formal terms of a treaty, that the very name of slavery may perish from the minds of men; and only recently from the Dey of Tunis has proceeded that noble act by which, “in honor of God, and to distinguish man from the brute creation,”—I quote his own words,—he decreed its total abolition throughout his dominions. Let Christian America be willing to be taught by these examples. God forbid that our republic—“heir of all the ages, foremost in the files of time”—should adopt anew the barbarism which they have renounced!

It is beyond question, sir, that our Constitution was framed by the lovers of human rights; that it was animated by their divine spirit; that the institution of slavery was regarded by them with aversion, so that, though covertly alluded to, it was not named in the instrument; that, according to the debates in the Convention, they refused to give it any “sanction,” and looked forward to the certain day when it would be obliterated from the land. But the original policy of the government did not long prevail. The generous sentiments which filled the early patriots, giving to them historic grandeur, gradually lost their power. The blessings of freedom being already secured to themselves, the freemen of the land grew indifferent to



the freedom of others. They ceased to think of the slaves. The slave-masters availed themselves of this indifference, and, though few in numbers compared with the non-slaveholders, even in the slave States (according to the late census they are only about three hundred thousand), they have, under the influence of an imagined self-interest, by the skilful tactics of party, and especially by an unhesitating, persevering union among themselves, swaying by turns both the great political parties, succeeded, through a long succession of years, in obtaining the control of the national government, bending it to their purposes, compelling it to do their will, and imposing upon it a policy friendly to slavery, offensive to freedom only, and directly opposed to the sentiments of its founders. Our republic has swollen in population and power, but it has shrunk in character. It is not now what it was at the beginning, a republic merely permitting while it regretted slavery; tolerating it only where it could not be removed, and interdicting it where it did not exist; but a mighty propagandist, openly favoring and vindicating it; visiting also with displeasure all who oppose it. The prohibition of slavery in the Territory of Nebraska stands on foundations of adamant, upheld by the early policy of the fathers, by constant precedent and time-honored compact. It is now in your power to overturn it; you may remove the sacred landmark, and open the whole vast domain to slavery. To you is committed this high prerogative. Our fathers, on the eve of the Revolution, set forth in burning words among their grievances that George III., "in order to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, had prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce." Sir, like the English monarch, you may now prostitute your power to this same purpose; but you can not escape the judgment of the world nor the doom of history.

## THE RENDITION OF ANTHONY BURNS.

Extracted from a supposed Speech delivered in Boston on the evening after the reënslavement. — WM. B. FOWLE.

MR. MODERATOR : It is a common remark that the times change, and we change with them. No one will doubt the truism, and well would it be for society if all the changes were for the better. I had imagined, sir, that the world was improving ; that the march of progress, on the whole, was towards truth and virtue, liberty and happiness ; but the sight I have this day witnessed is calculated to dispel all such imaginations, to discourage all those hopes, which the human heart is prone to indulge, and which the inspired Word has authorized us to cherish.

Nearly a hundred years ago, sir, the troops of England were stationed in the chief street of Boston, to overawe the citizens and suppress the spirit of liberty. A collision between the king's troops and the unarmed citizens took place, and five of the citizens were killed. No circumstances of cruelty appeared on the trial of the soldiers ; they were provoked, and in a moment of passion took their revenge. The thing has happened a thousand times without any consequences ; but, sir, the *times* gave importance to the act, and the act was styled a massacre. Not only Boston, but Massachusetts, and all New England, was on fire, and the funeral of those massacred patriots, poor men all of them, and one of them an African, was a triumphal procession, a demonstration, which spoke defiance, not only to the troops, the poor tools of tyranny, but to the government of Great Britain, — the tyrant king himself.

But the times change, and we change with them. To-day we have seen one of these changes. In the same street of Boston, no longer King-street but State-street, we have seen a large military force, commanded not by the minion of a tyrant, but by a General of Massachusetts ; and what was the object of this formidable display ? Was it to welcome a Lafayette or a Washington ; was it to give *éclat* to the completion of a monument at Lexington or Bunker Hill ? No, sir ; it was to escort a poor negro from the Hall of Justice — Heaven save the mark ! — to the wharf, where a government vessel was waiting to convey him to chains and slavery. If it be asked what had he done, what offence

had he committed to call for such an array of men and weapons of war? his enemies will acknowledge that he was a peaceful citizen, pursuing his ordinary employment, plotting no rebellion, and guilty of no crime; nay, incapable of any crime that could not be prevented by a common constable.

What, then, it may well be asked, was it that struck terror into the heart of Massachusetts? What was it that arrayed the forces of this great and free State against so humble an individual? I again ask, What was his crime? I will tell you. When he arrived at manhood, he found himself a slave in a Southern State. He asked for freedom, and received the lash. He demanded justice, and was told that he had no claim to it. He urged the common right of humanity, and was told that he was not a man. He refuted the lie by breaking his chain and fleeing to the home of Adams and Hancock, to the shadow of Bunker Hill. It was to convey this poor fugitive back to his chains that all the civil and military power of Massachusetts was concentrated in Boston,—infantry, artillery, and dragoons,—“with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.”

Can it be, sir, that the people of Massachusetts, the citizens of Boston, have so changed that not only can they look tranquilly on such an outrage, and not rise like the noble African of the massacre to prevent it? It would seem so—it would seem so. I wish I could imagine one redeeming feature in the rendition of this poor fugitive back to slavery, after he had so manfully wrought out his own redemption.

We are told, sir, that Boston is a city of law, and her citizen-soldiers are the bulwark of the law. So they were in 1770, but they resisted the oppressive acts of the most powerful government in the world; made waste paper of her stamps, and dish-water of her tea. But we are further told the fugitive slave law is a decision of our own free courts, and must be sustained at all hazards. Sir, at the moment when all the troops of Boston and its vicinity were ordered out to prevent the rescue of the poor slave from the hands of the agent of the slave-power, was it not a notorious fact that an act of our own Legislature, the merciful object of which law was to give freedom to the slaves of intemperance, lay a dead letter in our police office, and

not a platoon of our citizen troops was called out to enforce it in this boasted city of law?

Why, then, this array of force to-day? Was it not to intimidate the people, to repress their sympathy, and to render any impulsive movement to release the fugitive utterly hopeless? We know that Boston has no affection for the administration, nor any of its works. We know that she has always been foremost in every work of freedom and benevolence; whence, then, is it that the public heart must be forbidden to throb, and the higher law of God and humanity be set at nought of our rulers? Is it not, sir, because they view the outrage in a commercial rather than a legal or humane point of view, and have for once sacrificed their honor, their well-earned fame, and their proverbial magnanimity, to the meaner question of loss and gain, to the degrading influence of trade?

#### LORD THURLOW'S REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

In speaking the following reply, the pupil should read or recite the introduction also.

EDWARD THURLOW was an English lawyer, who rose by his talents to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of England. Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, says: "It was my good fortune to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, who reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission into the peerage. His lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience, and, under these circumstances, he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. Lord Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor generally addresses the House of Lords, and then, fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder, he said: (*In a level tone of voice.*)

"I am amazed at the attack which the noble duke has made on me. (*Then, raising his voice.*) Yes, my lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke can not look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which

I belong. Does he not feel that it as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited *me*,—not I the peerage. Nay, more; I can say, and *will* say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me,—*AS A MAN*,—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this time as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

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### JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

WM. B. FOWLE.

THE golden sun, with fiery ray,—  
 True emblem of the wrathful day  
 That was to crush the Ammonite,  
 Or Israel's hope to shroud in night,—  
 Now shone upon the embattled tent;  
 And forth from either army went  
 The shout defiant, till around  
 The mountains echoed back the sound.

Then Ammon's monarch bowed him low,  
 And on his altars laid the vow  
 That if the day to him was given  
 A hecatomb should smoke to heaven.  
 When Jephthah heard the pagan swear,  
 With sword uplifted in the air,—  
 "No wine," said he, "nor beast I bring,  
 To make auspicious heaven's high King;  
 But here I vow, if God will smite  
 The army of the Ammonite,  
 The first that greets me at my door,  
 However dear, shall bleed before  
 The altar of the living God  
 Our fathers built on Shiloh's sod."

Unhallowed vow ! By Israel's Lord  
Such sacrifices are abhorred ;  
But all the gods men worship bear  
The image of the worshipper.

The foes were fierce, the battle long ;  
But Israel's arm, by faith made strong,  
Prevailed ; and, with the setting sun,  
The star of Ammon dark went down.

The victor, on his homeward way,  
With song, and dance, and long array  
Of joyful crowds, to Mizpeh sped ; —  
All memory of his vow had fled,  
When from his door his daughter sprang,  
And words of welcome sweetly sang,  
While shouts of thunder shook the air  
From the assembled nation there.

The father turned him from the sight ;  
His vow, like dark and baleful night,  
Had shrouded sense, and chilled the heart  
With death's unutterable smart.  
What mattered it he wore a crown !  
What that the foe was smitten down !  
What mattered it a throne to save  
And she, the loved one, in the grave !  
In vain he cursed the sinking sun ;  
In vain he wished the day undone ;  
His word to heaven before the host  
Was given, — and he must pay the cost.

But when her accents reached his ear,  
“ My father, conqueror, welcome here ! ”  
The heart, o'erburdened, sought relief  
In groans, and tears, and speechless grief.  
“ My father ! ” cried the affrighted child,  
“ What mean these tears, these actions wild,  
When nought but joy should gild the scene ?  
Say, father, say, what can it mean ? ” —  
“ My child,” in broken accents, then  
He shuddering said, “ my oath is ta'en,  
To slay upon the altar-stone  
My child, O God ! my only one.”

That child by father-hand was slain ;—  
That father never smiled again.  
Ages have passed, but that rash vow  
Of Jephthah, thrills the nations now.

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## THE OCEAN.

Irish Magazine.

LIKENESS of heaven ; agent of power ;  
Man is thy victim ; shipwrecks thy dower !  
Spices and jewels, from valley and sea,  
Armies and banners are buried in thee !

What are the riches of Mexico's mines,  
To the wealth that far down in thy deep water shines ?  
Thy proud waves that cover the conquering west,  
Thou fling'st them to death with one heave of thy breast !

From the high hills that view thy wreck-making shore,  
When the bride of the mariner shrieks at thy roar ;  
When, like lambs in the tempest, or mews in the blast,  
O'er thy ridge-broken billows the canvas is cast ;

How humbling to one with a heart and a soul,  
To look on thy greatness and list to its roll ;  
To think how that heart in cold ashes shall be,  
While the voice of eternity rises from thee !

Yes ! where are the cities of Thebes and of Tyre ?  
Swept from the nations like sparks from the fire ;  
The glory of Athens, the splendor of Rome,  
Dissolved, — and forever, — like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty, eternal, sublime,  
Unweakened, unwasted, — twin-brother of time !  
Fleets, tempests, nor nations, thy glory can bow ;  
As the stars first beheld thee, still chainless art thou !

But, hold ! when thy surges no longer shall roll,  
And that firmament's length is drawn back as a scroll ;  
Then, then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now,  
Be more mighty, more lasting, more chainless than thou !

## THE WINDY NIGHT.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ALOW and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 How the midnight tempests howl !  
 With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune  
 Of wolves that bay at the desert moon ;  
 Or whistle and shriek  
 Through limbs that creak,  
 " Tu-whoo ! tu-whit ! "  
 They cry and flit,  
 " Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! " like the solemn owl.

ALOW and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 Sweep the moaning winds amain,  
 And wildly dash  
 The elm and ash,  
 Clattering on the window-sash ;  
 With a clatter and patter,  
 Like hail and rain,  
 That well-nigh shatter  
 The dusky pane !

ALOW and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 How the tempests swell and roar !  
 Though no foot is astir,  
 Though the cat and the cur  
 Lie dozing the kitchen fire before ;  
 There are feet of air  
 On every stair !  
 Through every hall,  
 Through every gusty door,  
 There 's a jostle and bustle,  
 With a silken rustle,  
 Like the meeting of guests at a festival !

ALOW and aloof,  
 Over the roof,  
 How the stormy tempests swell !  
 And make the vane  
 On the spire complain,—



They heave at the steeple with might and main ;  
And burst and sweep  
Into the belfry, on the bell !  
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,  
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,  
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell !

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## THE MISSING SHIP.

G. P. MORRIS.

SHE left the port in gallant style,  
With sails and streamers full and free ;  
I watched her course, for many a mile,  
Far out upon the distant sea.  
At dusk she lessened to a speck,  
And then I could not trace her more ;  
Sad hearts were beating on her deck,  
Sad hearts were beating on the shore.

Two of the outward-bound I knew,  
One beautiful, the other brave ; —  
The master worthy, and the crew  
Born to contend with wind and wave.  
For travel some, and some for gain,  
And some for health had gone abroad :  
Our prayers were with them on the main, —  
God-speed the ship, and all on board !

That vessel never reached the land !  
No tidings of her ever came ;  
Those who beheld her leave the strand,  
For years in anguish heard her name.  
And, even now, in vain they try  
To breathe it with a tranquil lip,  
Or hide the moisture of the eye  
While speaking of that missing ship.

## THE WRECK.

R. H. HORNE.

I SCALED the cliff, and saw a darkness  
 Gathering like a dread decree !  
 And yet more fast a widening shadow  
 Sped across the affrighted sea !  
 I saw the rocking ship prepare  
 To meet her oldest foe, — the raging air !  
 The tempest burst above the crowded deck !  
 Her mast fell all to ruins ! her steep sides  
 Groaned — yawned asunder — down she sunk ! the winds  
 Lashed high the waves — the God of Storm laughed wild,  
 And cried, “ Disorder rules ! — destruction — death —  
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! ”  
 Then came a silence ; — and through one clear space,  
 In the black, heaving clouds, a solemn voice  
 Breathed these deep words :

The devastation and the wrecks,  
 That mortal sense beholds,  
 Are but the whirling atom-specks  
 Which moving power enfolds.

Rejoice not, then, thou poor, blind storm,  
 Thy wrecks are for large gains ;  
 That which confusion seems to thee,  
 Is order ; — Wisdom reigns !

## A PLAIN DIRECTION.

Imitated and adapted. — THOMAS HOOD.

At Washington I lost my way in roving to and fro,  
 And asked a ragged, little boy the way that I should go ;  
 He gave me a knowing nod and wink, and told me to get  
 there,  
 “ Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
 Square.”

I boxed his saucy little ears, and then away I strode ;  
But, since, I've found that weary path is quite a common  
road.

Utopia is a pleasant place, but how shall I get there ?  
"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've read about a fairy-land in some romantic tale,  
Where dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive, and wicked  
giants fail ;

My will is good, my shoes are strong ; but how shall I  
get there ?

"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've heard about some happy isle, the home of Liberty,  
Where none can lie in bonds, whate'er the caste or color  
be ;

Where all are free and equal too ; — but how shall I get  
there ?

"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've dreamed about a blessed spot, without monopoly,  
Where bread and justice never rise too dear for folks to  
buy ;

Where speculation is not known ; — O, how shall I get  
there ?

"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

I've heard there is a famous land, for public spirit known,  
Where patriots love its interests far better than their  
own ;

The Land of Promise sure it is ; but how shall I get there ?

"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

They say there is a senate-house as pure as it is high,  
Where members always speak their minds, and never,  
never lie.

I'm fond of eccentricities ; but how shall I get there ?

"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

They boast, too, of a government, maintained in simple  
state,

Where only able men and good can e'er hope to be great.  
I'm very fond of seeing sights ; but how shall I get there ?  
"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

They say there is a garden fair, that's haunted by the Dove,  
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse the golden light of  
Love.

The place must be a Paradise, and how shall I get there ?  
"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

'Tis said there is a holy-land, where laws are made to  
bless,

And where the higher laws of God man's lower laws  
repress ;

Where truth and right forever rule ; but how shall I get  
there ?

"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

They say there is a temple, too, where Christians meet to  
pray,

And canting knaves and hypocrites, and bigots keep away.  
O, that's the only church for me ! but how shall I get  
there ?

"Straight down the Crooked-lane, and all round the  
Square."

## THE FASHIONABLE BELLE.

Harper's Magazine.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,  
And rocks in her easy-chair ;  
She is clad in silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair ;  
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,  
And simpers, and giggles, and winks,  
And though she talks but little,  
"T is a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies a-bed in the morning  
 Till nearly the hour of noon,  
 Then comes down snapping and snarling  
 Because she was called so soon.  
 Her hair is still in papers,  
 Her cheeks still 'fresh' with paint,—  
 Remains of her last night's blushes,  
 Before she intended to faint!

She doats upon men unshaven,  
 And men with "flowing hair;"  
 She's eloquent over moustaches,  
 They give such a foreign air!  
 She talks of Italian music,  
 And falls in love with the moon,  
 And if a mouse were to meet her  
 She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,  
 Her hands are so very white,  
 Her jewels so very heavy,  
 And her head so very light;  
 Her color is made of cosmetics,  
 (Though this she will never own);  
 Her body's made mostly of cotton,  
 Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow  
 Who swells with a foreign air;  
 He marries her for her money,  
 She marries him for his — hair!  
 "One of the very best matches,"—  
 Both are well mated in life;  
 She's got a fool for a husband,  
 He's got a fool for a wife!

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### THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

I'm thinking, Charles, 't is just a year;  
 Or will be, very soon,  
 Since you first told me of your love,  
 One glorious day in June.

The birds caught up our notes of love  
In a song not half so sweet,  
And earth's green carpet, violet-flowered,  
It scarcely felt our feet.

But, *apropos* of carpets, Charles,  
I looked at some to-day,  
Which you will purchase, won't you, dear,  
Before our next *soirée*?

And then remember you, how, lost  
In love's delicious dream,  
We long stood silently beside  
A gentle, gliding stream?

'T was nature's mirror; when your gaze  
No longer I could bear,  
I modestly cast down my eyes,  
Yet but to meet it *there*.

And, *apropos* of mirrors, love,  
The dear gift of your mother  
Is quite old-fashioned, and to-day  
I ordered home another.

Ah, well do I remember, Charles,  
When first your arm stole round me;  
You little dreamed how long your *soul*  
In golden chains had bound me.

But, *apropos* of chains, my own,  
At Banks's store, last week,  
I found the sweetest one, so rich,  
So tasteful, and unique!

The workmanship is most superb,  
The gold most fine and pure;  
I quite long, Charles, to see that chain  
Suspend your miniature!

I heard sad news when you were out,—  
My nerves are much affected; —  
You know the navy officer  
I once for you rejected?

Driven to despair by your success,  
 Made desperate by my scorn,  
 He went to sea, and has been lost  
 In passing round Cape Horn.

Ah, *apropos* of capes, my love,  
 I saw one in Broadway,  
 Of lace, as fine as though 't was wove  
 Of moonbeams, by a fay.

You 'll purchase the exquisite thing,  
 'T will suit your taste completely ;  
 Above the heart that loves you, Charles,  
 'T will rise and fall so sweetly.

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

LONGFELLOW.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
 Across its antique portico  
 The poplar trees their shadows throw ;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient time-piece says to all,—  
 “ Forever — never !  
 Never — forever ! ”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who under his cloak  
 Crosses himself, and sighs alas,  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
 “ Forever — never !  
 Never — forever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light,  
 But, in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say at each chamber door,—  
 “ Forever — never !  
 Never — forever ! ”

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted hospitality ;  
 His great fires by the chimney roared,  
 The stranger feasted at his board ;  
 But like the skeleton at the feast,  
 The warning time-piece never ceased,—  
     “ Forever — never !  
     Never — forever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,  
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
 And influence of love and time ;  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—  
     “ Forever — never !  
     Never — forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
 The bride came forth on her wedding-night ;  
 There in that silent room below  
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
 We heard the old clock on the stair,—  
     “ Forever — never !  
     Never — forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled ;  
 Some are married, some are dead ;  
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
 “ Ah, when shall they all meet again,  
 As in the days long since gone by ? ”  
 The ancient time-piece makes reply,—  
     “ Forever — never !  
     Never — forever ! ”

Never here ; forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain and care,  
 And death, and time, shall disappear,  
 Forever there, but never here !  
 The horologe of eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,—  
     “ Forever — never !  
     Never — forever ! ”



## THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

J. G. WHITTIER.

A letter-writer from Mexico states that, at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking Northward far  
away,

O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,  
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far, or come  
they near?

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm  
we hear.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now  
advance!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging  
lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot  
together fall;

Like the ploughshare in its furrow, through them ploughs  
the Northern ball."

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head  
on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear  
me, canst thou see?

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once  
more

On the blessed Cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is  
o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down  
to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the Cross upon his  
breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses  
said;

To-day, thou poor bereav'd one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier  
lay,  
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his  
life away ;  
But, as tenderly before him then the lorn Ximena knelt,  
She saw the Northern hostile Eagle shining on his pistol-  
belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her  
head ;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her  
dead ;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling  
breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips  
again.

"A bitter curse upon them, boy, who to battle led thee forth,  
From some gentle, saddened mother, weeping lonely in  
the North !"  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with  
her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living still, and bind the wounds  
which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena ! "Like a cloud before the  
wind  
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and  
death behind ;  
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the dust the  
wounded strive ;  
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O, thou Christ of God,  
forgive !"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains ! let the cool, gray  
shadows fall ;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons,—drop thy curtain over  
all !  
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the  
battle rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew  
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint,  
and lacking food ;  
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they  
hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and  
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father ! is this evil world of ours ;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the  
Eden flowers ;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their  
prayer,  
And still Thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air !

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## DEFENCE OF THE ABOLITIONISTS

AGAINST THE CHARGE OF INJUDICIOUS AND UNCALLED-FOR SEVERITY.

Extracted from a Speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS before the American  
Anti-Slavery Society, in Boston, Jan. 27, 1853.

I CLAIM for the anti-slavery movement with which this society is identified, that, looking back over its whole course, and considering the men connected with it in the mass, it has been marked by sound judgment, unerring foresight, the most sagacious adaptation of means to ends, the strictest self-discipline, the most thorough research, and an amount of patient and manly argument addressed to the conscience and intellect of the nation, such as no other cause of the kind, in England or this country, has ever offered. I claim, also, that its course has been marked by a cheerful surrender of all individual claims to merit or leadership,—the most cordial welcoming of the slightest effort of every honest attempt to lighten or to break the chain of the slave. I need not waste time by repeating the superfluous confession that we are men, and, therefore, do not claim to be perfect. Neither would I be understood as denying that we use denunciation, and ridicule, and every other weapon that the human mind knows. We must plead guilty, if there be guilt in not knowing how to separate the sin from the sinner. With all the fondness for abstractions attributed to us, we are not yet capable of

that. We are fighting a momentous battle at desperate odds,—one against a thousand. Every weapon that ability or ignorance, wit, wealth, prejudice, or fashion, can command, is pointed against us. The guns are shotted to their lips. The arrows are poisoned. Fighting against such an array, we can not afford to confine ourselves to any one weapon. The cause is not ours, so that we might, rightfully, postpone or put in peril the victory by moderating our demands, stifling our convictions, or filing down our rebukes to gratify any sickly taste of our own, or to spare the delicate nerves of our neighbor. Our clients are three million of slaves, standing dumb suppliants at the threshold of the Christian world. They have no voice but ours to utter their complaints, or to demand justice. The press, the pulpit, the wealth, the literature, the prejudices, the political arrangements, the present self-interest of the country, are all against us. God has given us no weapon but the truth faithfully uttered, and addressed, with the old prophet's directness, to the conscience of the individual sinner. The elements which control public opinion and mould the masses are against us. We can but pick off here and there a man from the triumphant majority. We have facts for those who think, arguments for those who reason; but he who can not be reasoned out of his prejudices, must be laughed out of them; he who can not be argued out of his selfishness, must be shamed out of it, by the mirror of his hateful self held up relentlessly before his eyes. We live in a land where every man makes broad his phylactery, inscribing thereon, "All men are created equal;" "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." It seems to us that, in such a land, there must be, on this question of slavery, sluggards to be awakened as well as doubters to be convinced. Many more, we verily believe, of the first than of the last. There are far more dead hearts to be quickened than confused intellects to be cleared up; more dumb dogs to be made to speak than doubting consciences to be enlightened. We have use, then, sometimes, for something beside argument.

What is the denunciation with which we are charged? It is endeavoring, in our faltering human speech, to declare the enormity of the sin of making merchandise of men; of separating husband and wife, taking the infant from its mother, and selling the daughter to prostitution; of a pro-

fessedly Christian nation denying, by statute, the Bible to every sixth man and woman of its population, and making it illegal for "two or three" to meet together, except a white man be present! What is this harsh criticism of motives with which we are charged? It is simply holding the intelligent and deliberate actor responsible for the character and consequences of his acts. Is there any thing inherently wrong in such denunciation or such criticism? This we may claim; we have never judged a man but out of his own mouth. We have seldom, if ever, held him to account, except for acts of which he and his own friends were proud. All that we ask the world and thoughtful men to note are the principles and deeds, on which the American pulpit and American public men plume themselves. We always allow our opponents to paint their own pictures. Our humble duty is to stand by and assure the spectators, that what they would take for a knave or a hypocrite is really, in American estimation, a Doctor of Divinity or Secretary of State.

The South is one great brothel, where half a million of women are flogged to prostitution, or, worse still, are degraded to believe it honorable. The public squares of half our great cities echo to the wail of families torn asunder at the auction-block; no one of our fair rivers that has not closed over the negro seeking in death a refuge from a life too wretched to bear. Thousands of fugitives skulk along our highways, afraid to tell their names, and trembling at the sight of a human being; free men are kidnapped in our streets, to be plunged into that hell of slavery, and now and then one, as if by miracle, after long years, returns to make men aghast with his tale. The Press says, "It is all right;" and the Pulpit cries, "Amen." We print the Bible in every tongue in which man utters his prayers, and get the money to do so, by agreeing never to give the book, in the language our mothers taught us, to any negro, free or bond, south of Mason and Dixon's line. The Press says, "It is all right;" and the Pulpit cries, "Amen." The slave lifts up his imploring eyes, and sees in every face, but ours, the face of an enemy. Prove to me now that harsh rebuke, indignant denunciation, scathing sarcasm, and pitiless ridicule, are wholly and always unjustifiable; else we dare not, in so desperate a case, throw away any weapon which ever broke up the crust of an

ignorant prejudice, roused a slumbering conscience, shamed a proud sinner, or changed, in any way, the conduct of a human being. Our aim is to alter public opinion. Did we live in a market, our talk should be of dollars and cents, and we would seek to prove only that slavery was an unprofitable investment. Were the nation one great, pure church, we would sit down and reason of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Had slavery fortified itself in a college, we would load our cannons with cold facts, and wing our arrows with arguments. But we happen to live in the world,—the world made up of thought and impulse, of self-conceit and self-interest, of weak men and wicked. To conquer, we must reach all. Our object is not to make every man a Christian or a philosopher, but to induce every one to aid in the abolition of slavery. We expect to accomplish our object long before the nation is made over into saints, or elevated into philosophers. To change public opinion, we use the very tools by which it was formed. That is, all such as an honest man may handle.

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## SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME,

### IN ANSWER TO THE CHARGE OF MISMANAGEMENT.

WHEN we come to talk of statesmanship, of sagacity in choosing time and measures, of endeavor, by proper means, to right the public mind, of keen insight into the present and potent sway over the future, it seems to me that the abolitionists, who have taken — whether for good or for ill, whether to their discredit or to their praise — this country by the four corners, and shaken it until you can hear nothing but slavery, whether you travel in railroad or steamboat, whether you enter the hall of legislation or read the columns of a newspaper; it seems to me that such men may point to the present aspect of the nation, to their originally avowed purpose, to the pledges and efforts of all your great men against them, and then let you determine to which side the credit of sagacity and statesmanship belongs. Napoleon busied himself at St. Helena, in showing how Wellington ought not to have

conquered at Waterloo. The world has never got time to listen to the explanation. Sufficient for it that the allies entered Paris. In like manner, it seems hardly the province of a defeated Church and State to deny the skill of measures by which they have been conquered.

Every thoughtful and unprejudiced mind must see that such an evil as slavery will yield only to the most radical treatment. If you consider the work we have to do, you will not think us needlessly aggressive, or that we dig down unnecessarily deep in laying the foundations of our enterprise. A money power of two thousand millions of dollars, as the prices of slaves now range, held by a small body of able and desperate men ; that body raised into a political aristocracy by special constitutional provisions ; cotton, the product of slave labor, forming the basis of our whole foreign commerce, and the commercial class thus subsidized ; the press bought up, the pulpit reduced to vassalage, the heart of the common people chilled by a bitter prejudice against the black race ; our leading men bribed, by ambition, either to silence or open hostility, — in such a land on what shall an abolitionist rely ? On a few cold prayers, mere lip-service, and never from the heart ! On a church resolution, hidden often in its records, and meant only as a decent cover for servility in daily practice ! On political parties, with their superficial influence at best, and seeking, ordinarily, only to use existing prejudices to the best advantage ? Slavery has deeper root here than any aristocratic institution has in Europe ; and politics is but the common pulse-beat of which revolution is the fever-spasm. Yet we have seen European aristocracy survive storms which seemed to reach down to the primal strata of European life. Shall we then trust to mere politics where even revolution has failed ? How shall the stream rise above its fountain ? Where shall our church organizations or parties get strength to attack their great parent and moulder, the slave-power ? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus ? The old jest of one who tried to lift himself in his own basket, is but a tame picture of the man who imagines, that, by working solely through existing sects and parties, he can destroy slavery. Mechanics say nothing but an earthquake, strong enough to move all Egypt, can bring down the Pyramids.

Experience has confirmed these views. The abolitionists who have acted on them have a "short method" with all unbelievers. They have but to point to their own success, in contrast with every other man's failure. To waken the nation to its real state, and chain it to the consideration of this one duty, is half the work. So much we have done. Slavery has been made the question of this generation. To startle the South to madness, so that every step she takes, in her blindness, is one step more toward ruin, is much. This we have done. Witness Texas, Kansas, and the Fugitive Slave Law. To have elaborated for the nation the only plan of redemption, pointed out the only Exodus from this "sea of troubles," is much. This we claim to have done in our motto of IMMEDIATE, UNCONDITIONAL EMANCIPATION ON THE SOIL. The closer any statesmanlike mind looks into the question, the more favor our plan finds with it. The Christian asks fairly of the infidel, "If this Religion be not from God, how do you explain its triumph, and the history of the first three centuries?" Our question is similar. If our agitation has not been wisely planned and conducted, explain for us the history of the last twenty years! Experience is a safe light to walk by, and he is not a rash man who expects success in future from the same means which have secured it in times past.

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### MANIFEST DESTINY.

Extracted from a Speech of THOMAS CORWIN, in Congress, on the War with Mexico, March, 1847.

MR. PRESIDENT: This uneasy desire to augment our territory has blighted the moral sense, and blunted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. What has been the fate of all nations who have acted upon the idea that they must advance? Our young orators cherish the notion with a fervid, but fatally mistaken zeal. They call it by the mysterious name of "DESTINY," "Our destiny," they say, is onward; and hence they argue, with ready sophistry, the propriety of seizing upon any territory and any people, that may lie in the way of our "fated" advance. Recently these progressives have grown classical; some



assiduous student of antiquities has helped them to a patron saint. They have wandered back into the desolated Pantheon, and there, among the Polytheistic relics of that "pale mother of dead empires," they have found a god whom the Romans, centuries ago, baptized "Terminus," the God of Boundaries.

Sir, I have heard much of this same Terminus. Alexander the Great was a devotee of this divinity. But we have seen the end of him and his empire. It was said to be an attribute of this god that he must *always* advance, and never recede. So both republican and imperial Rome believed. It was, as they said, their destiny; and for a while it did seem to be even so. Roman Terminus did advance. Under the eagles of Rome he was carried from his home on the Tiber, to the farthest East on one hand, and to the far West, among the then barbarous tribes of Western Europe, on the other. But, at length, the time came when retributive justice had also become "a destiny." The despised Gaul calls out to the contemned Goth, and Attila with his Huns answers back to the battle-shout of both. The "blue-eyed nations of the North," in succession or united, pour forth their countless hosts of warriors upon Rome, and the battle-axe of the barbarian strikes down the conquering eagle of Rome. Terminus at last recedes, slowly at first, but finally he is driven to Rome, and from Rome to Byzantium. Rome thought, as you now think, that it was her destiny to conquer provinces and nations; and where now is she, the Mistress of the World. The spider weaves his web in her palaces, the owl sings his watch-song in her towers. Teutonic power now lords it over the servile remnant, the miserable memento of old and once-omnipotent Rome.

Sad, very sad, are the lessons which Time has written for us. In them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law, which ordains as eternal the cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor *any thing* which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations, who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria and Prussia, united in the dis-

memberment of Poland. They too, said, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Cuba. Did they remain untouched? No; far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny too. A very few years pass, and a new man, a Corsican Lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of democracy," Napoleon, ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace.

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death. But how fares the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Mr. President, a mind less prone than mine to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men, can not fail in this to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered, and heaved, and rolled upwards, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing in characters of flame, on the front of his throne, the doom that shall fall upon the strong nation, which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

But what fortune awaited *him*, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small,—Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But, while he witnessed the humiliation, and meditated the subjugation of Russia, He, who holds the winds in his fist, gathered the snows of the North and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men; they fled—they froze—they perished. And the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, *he*, too, is sum-

moned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet any thing which is thy neighbor's."

How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, is an exile at Elba, and a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena; and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, *there* is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his *annexations* have come to this. The man of *destiny*, who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless,—still; even as the beggar, so he died. On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of the eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. So shall it be with you. You may carry your colors to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave with insolent triumph in the Halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them; but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a Power, in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

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## HUMAN IMPROVEMENT.

WM. B. FOWLE.

ARE we to be told that the world is growing worse; that that fair work which, in its infancy, the beneficent Creator pronounced good, has no tendency but to evil, no progress but to decay, no end but physical and moral death? Are we to believe that, while inanimate nature breaks upon the eye of each successive generation of men without diminished interest or beauty, and with all the improvement of art, and even with the added charms of age, man, the chief work of the divine hand, the only work wrought after the divine image, is to fall from his original rank, and so to continue to sink forever?

We grant that he has wandered; we grant that he has sinned; we grant, if you demand it, that he has fallen; but where do we find recorded, the edict which prohibits

the wanderer's return, which forbids the chief of sinners to repent, or the lowest fallen to rise? Grant that all men had mistaken the way to God and goodness; grant that they had erred and strayed from the truth; grant that they had incurred the tremendous penalty of death, grant it all, and we may triumphantly point to Him who is the Way to those that are lost, who is the Truth of God to all that are in error, and who is the Resurrection and the Life to all that believe. Yes, sink man as low as that gulf into which the rebellious angels were plunged, and divine mercy will still regard him, divine love will still yearn over him, and the almighty arm will be outstretched to snatch him back.

But is it true that we behold no work of man but what is evil, no movement but that which is only downward, downward continually? If it be so, I know not how to interpret what I see. It is not many years since man could bind his brother to the stake, and by a death of agony punish him for his opinions. Is it nothing that no civil or ecclesiastical power in Christendom now dares to commit this outrage upon human right, this usurpation of the judgment-seat of the Eternal?

It is not long since the desire of extended empire was a sufficient excuse for inflicting the curse of war upon unoffending and defenceless nations. Is it nothing that public opinion has restrained those purpled butchers, whose shambles were incessantly reeking with human blood? Is it no gain that human life has at last been counted too precious to be poured out to mark the boundary line of states, too sacred to be made the plaything of ambitious or profligate potentates, too solemn a tie to be loosed by any hand but God's?

Finally, is it nothing that, instead of the desolation which excessive indulgence had spread over the moral world, instead of the blight which had chilled the heart, shrunk up the affections, and crushed the hopes of millions of the unhappy victims of intemperance, we behold a great army of the redeemed, which no man can number, pressing forward, conquering, and, we trust, to conquer; is it nothing that their banner is reason, and their war-cry peace; is it nothing that, unlike the armies whose tramp has desolated the earth, beneath *their* feet the virtues are beginning to put forth vigorous blossoms, the neglected affections have begun to distil their precious balsams, and earthly

comforts, and eternal hopes give promise of a splendid harvest?

If these are indications that the world is continually growing worse, God grant that it may continue to do so. If these are proofs that our course is downward and backward, God forbid that we should ever advance one step. Individual crimes, individual wrongs, no doubt exist every where, but the public is composed of individuals, and if the progress of the *whole* is onward, we must never despair of the parts, but with grateful hearts and unwavering resolution, "thank God and take courage."

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### PUNISHMENT FOR CRIME.

Extract from a Speech in the Legislature of Massachusetts on the bill to render more certain the punishment for crime. — WM. B. FOWLE.

MR. SPEAKER: It seems to me there can be no doubt in any reflecting mind that the whole strength of a criminal code must lie in the belief that the penalty will as certainly follow the crime as the thunder follows the electric flash. The chief argument for the mitigation of punishment in all civilized countries has been, that, where the penalty is too severe, the conviction becomes uncertain, and the murderer is more likely to escape than the thief or the lower class of offenders. There can be no doubt of this, sir; but it is not my purpose at present to discuss this position, which, of late, has met with unusual favor. I wish rather to call the attention of the house to a defect of legislation, which, in my opinion, underlies the whole subject of punishment, and which must receive more attention than has been paid to it, before the great end of punishment, the reformation of the offender, can ever be successfully attained. What sir, is the employment of our legislatures, what the business of our courts? Is it not to enact laws to meet the inventions of the criminal, to provide for those evasions of the statute which the ingenuity of the wicked is constantly effecting? You see, sir, volumes of statutes, and endless reports of decisions, and the whole object of both is the punishment of crime. In my conscience I believe that if one tenth of the talent and acumen which have been displayed — I had almost said wasted — in the punishment

of crime, had been employed in its prevention, our courts would not be crowded as they now are, and the expense of criminal legislation, courts, witnesses, juries, police-officers, to say nothing of the lawyers, would be essentially reduced. When crime abounds, we make new laws, establish new courts, increase our police, and provide for a volunteer militia — the last resort, we are told, of free states. I should be sorry to utter a sentiment that would weaken in any mind that reverence for the law and its administration which is indispensable to the good order of society; nor shall I do this when I assert, as I do from a full conviction of its truth, that your police and your militia afford but slight security for the enforcement of laws, if public opinion is not enlightened, and the great assembly, which we call the people, entrenched behind the militia, above the statute.

What, then, is the obvious duty of legislation? Not the enactment of laws to punish crime, but the encouragement of institutions, the establishment of influences to prevent it. In most of our states there is some attempt to reform the prisoners who have fallen into the hands of justice; but who does not know that the attempt is entirely unequal to the object, and almost a mockery of reform? The subjects of the humane care of the solitary chaplain are adults, habituated to crime, the slaves of evil habits, and more frequently educated to villany than converted to honesty by the surroundings of his cell.

No, sir, if we would reform society, we must begin with the young, before vice has corrupted or crime hardened the heart. We must see to it that parents are faithfully instructed in regard to the duties they owe their children, and compelled, yes, sir, compelled to perform them. We must see that children, who have no parents, or, what is worse than none, those who set a bad example, must be placed under better influences. We must encourage the church to look after the lambs of the great Christian flock; we must see to it that our public schools are less anxious to avoid sectarian instruction than to exert a positive religious influence upon the young mind; we must not wait until the child has committed a crime, before we establish reform schools; we must anticipate, and prepare schools for children who show any tendency to vice or crime. We must not be satisfied with the forlorn hope of

reforming the criminal; we must save him from temptation, and render it impossible for him to run into any essential error.

I know, sir, I shall be esteemed visionary by some who hear me; but, sir, my convictions are derived from a long and earnest study of the life of one who never would have been satisfied with less than I have demanded in the name of humanity; who never was known to punish even his enemies; the basis of whose preaching was love, the reward of whose love,—may God forgive the guilty court!—was death.

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### THE PRESERVATION OF LEARNING IN THE DARK AGES.

WM. B. FOWLE.

WHENEVER we assert, as Protestants have always done, that the tendency of that sect which modestly assumes to be the true and only church, is to suppress liberty of thought, and to encourage ignorance, it is not unusual for us to be met with the remark that we owe all the learning there is in the world to that church, which for centuries was the depository of learning and science, and in its archives preserved the literature of the Greeks and Romans, the works of the Christian Fathers, and even the Holy Scriptures, from neglect and oblivion.

And, yet, what can be more certainly demonstrated than the fact that countries in which Romanism prevails are inferior to Protestant countries in every thing that deserves the name of civilization and progress? Travellers in Europe assure us that the very face of the country indicates the boundary line between a Protestant and a Popish country. But when we look upon man, and upon his works,—upon the institutions for the improvement of society, and the elevation of the race,—it bears the semblance of a battle in which it is the object of one party to depress, fetter, and break down the intellect by all the violence and strategy of war, and that of the other to uphold, improve, and advance the human mind to its highest attainments.

The fact of the inferiority of Catholic countries stares us in the face, and the desolation is the more dreadful the more completely the country is subjected to the church.

Romanism has never had more complete sway than in the Spanish and French portions of America, and how do these compare with the United States? Most of the Catholic states had the start of us a whole century; they were never exposed to change; had it all their own way; and what is the result? Where stands Lower Canada? Where Chili, Peru, and where unhappy, degraded Mexico? It would be an insult to compare Catholic with Protestant America. And why is all this? What cause can possibly be assigned but the Religion, which has palsied the intellect and repressed all the energies of the people? They have not the necessary knowledge to establish a free government, and every attempt has failed through the lack of public virtue and enlightened patriotism.

But the Catholic church is not entitled to any credit for preserving the literature of the world during the dark ages. What caused the dark ages but the very prevalence of this baneful church? For nearly a thousand years this church held undisturbed possession of the human mind, and whence arose the danger of destruction to which the classical and theological literature of the antecedent ages was exposed? Was it not from the general ignorance, and was not this the product of Romanism? It may be true that the classics and other ancient writings were preserved in the monasteries and other dark places of the church; but there they slept, and would have slept to all eternity, had not the Reformers dug them out and given them to the day. There was no more merit in thus burying the talent entrusted to them, than there would have been had the works of Newton, Laplace, and Cuvier, been confided to their care, and suffered to lie untouched through ages of ignorance and retrogression.

The truth is, that, just in proportion to the progress of corruption in the Romish church, was the dread of knowledge. The stability of the monstrous abuse, and even its very existence, now lie in the blindness, and ignorance, and universal debasement of the worshippers. It has preserved the Scriptures, but never allowed them to be read in any language the people understood. The priest has stepped between reason and the revelation that was made to it, and the church has thrust so many saints and relics between the devout heart and its God, that all the motives to knowledge and progress in science and literature, in



truth and lofty excellence, are lost; and virtue, if it exist, is not the result of conscientious conviction, but of fear, which enslaves the soul.

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## YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

WM. B. FOWLE.

How I do wish folks would n't be all the time telling me I am too young to do this, too small to go there, and too little to do the only thing I wish to do! I should like to know when a fellow will ever be old enough to enjoy himself! I suppose when I am as old as Methuselah they will let me do something; but I can't wait.

If a fellow is not as big as a house, they cut him off from every comfort. If I light a cigar, or just puff a meerschaum,—and I like the meerschaum best,—up starts some old teetotaller, and says, "Boy, be done! Smoking will lead to something worse." Well, I should like to know what won't lead to something worse, if you abuse it.

And then, if a body gets mad and swears a little, even if I don't swear right out, and only say "By gracious!" or "You be darned!" up starts my old Uncle Deacon, and gives me a lecture on profanity, and the awful danger of taking the name of the Lord in vain. Who took anybody's name in vain? I did n't; I dodged it by what is called a — circum-revolution, or some thing else.

So, if I wish to go to the opera, where I know *she* is going, up starts old Aunt Rachel, and says, "I don't wish to interfere, but I think little boys and girls had better go to bed." Well, so they had, if they have no engagements, and nothing better to do. The misfortune is, you see, that these old folks reckon ever so many days to a year; but to me these prohibitions make every day a whole year, and so I am not so young as they think. I have seen three-score and ten half-a-dozen times, by ———; no, I won't swear, though I'll take my oath on 't.

Then there is that standing nuisance called a school. By the great bell of Moscow, that I read about in Morse's Geography, if there is any thing I hate the sound of, it is that word *school*! If a fellow wants to play, it is sure to be school-time; if he wants a frolic, he must get his lesson

first, and then it is too late ; if he wants to be married, he is told to wait till he has done going to school. We are sent to school to keep us out of mischief ; but I guess that is the main study there now a' days, especially if the school is a mixed one, and I would n't go to a gander school if I was sure to turn out a goose.

So, when some chap invites me to ride, to wear away some stupid Sunday, up jumps mother and says, " No ; you must go to meeting." I thought " the Sabbath was made for man," and not for boys ; and I suppose it is, for father stays at home and sends me. Well, I have counted the posts, and the windows, and the window-panes in the old church a hundred thousand times, and I know every man that comes to meeting in the morning, and has the Sunday headache in the afternoon ; and I have counted how many times the minister says ahem in the course of his sermon, and I guess I've learned all there is to be got there.

Mother and the parson are after me to go to the Sunday-school, but I won't go. It is bad enough to go to Monday-school. Who wants to go where they do nothing but take care of a fellow, and try to make him mind his p's and q's ? I hate every letter of the alphabet, and especially these two ; and, besides, when a young gentleman goes to Sunday-school, he as good as says he is no better than he should be, and he is sure to be laughed at by the outsiders, and who likes to be laughed at, hey ?

On the whole, I don't see what encouragement there is for any free and independent aspirations ; and if I thought it would n't hurt me, I'd borrow a revolver, and blow out my brains, if I have any, of which old Solomon Cowhide says he has serious doubts. The upshot of it all is, this is a bad world, and all up-hill till a fellow gets so old he can't walk. But my experience shall not be lost. I am resolved upon one thing, — that if I ever grow up, I'll never grow down again ; and if I ever have any boys and girls of my own, — they'll buy it.

## BARNEY BUNTLINE.

From an Irish Paper.

ONE night it blew a hurricane, the waves were mountains  
rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid, and said to Billy  
Bowline : —

“A strong nor-wester 's blowing, Billy ; don't you hear it  
roar, now ?  
Lord help 'em ! How I pities all unhappy folks ashore  
now !

“Fool-hardy chaps, as lives in towns, what dangers they  
are all in,  
And how they 're quaking in their beds for fear the roof  
should fall in ;  
While you and I upon the deck are comfortably lying,  
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots about their heads  
are flying !

“Lord help those folks who rashly take a voyage in the  
stages,  
Some packed on top, some stowed inside, as snug as birds  
in cages ;  
Crash, down they go, and all are killed ! while, when our  
vessel can't float,  
Without the risk of broken necks we snugly take the long-  
boat.

“And oftentimes we sailors hear how men are killed or  
undone,  
By overturns in carriages, by thieves, and fires in London ;  
We've heard what risks all landsmen run, from noblemen  
to tailors,  
So, Billy, let 's thank Providence that you and I are  
sailors.”

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“ NO.”

THERE 's a word very short, but decided and plain,  
And speaks to the purpose at once ;  
Not a child but its meaning can quickly explain,  
Yet oft 't is too hard to pronounce ;

What a world of vexation and trouble 't would spare,  
What pleasure and peace 't would bestow,  
If we turned when temptation would lure and ensnare,  
And firmly repulsed it with — "No!"

When the idler would tempt us with trifles and play  
To waste the bright moments so dear;  
When the scoffer unholy our faith would gainsay,  
And mock at the Word we revere;  
When deception, and falsehood, and guile would invite,  
And fleeting enjoyments bestow,—  
Never palter with truth for a transient delight,  
But check the first impulse with — "No!"

In the morning of life, in maturity's day,  
Whatever the cares that engage,  
Be the precepts of virtue our guide and our stay,  
Our solace from youth unto age!  
Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no matter how tried,  
But firmness and constancy show,  
And when passion or folly would draw us aside,  
We'd spurn the seducer with — "No!"

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#### THE LITTLE MAID.

THERE was a little maid,  
Who wore a little bonnet;  
She had a little finger,  
With a little ring upon it.  
She screwed her little waist,  
To such a little size,  
That it made her little blood  
Rush to her little eyes.

This pretty little maid  
Had a pretty little beau;  
Who wore a little hat,  
And gloves as white as snow;  
He said his little heart  
Was in a little flutter,—  
That he loved the little maid,  
And no one else but her.

He smiled a little smile  
 When he breathed his little vows ;  
 And he kissed her little hand  
 With many little bows.  
 By little and by little  
 Her little heart did yield,  
 Till little tears and sighs  
 Her little heart revealed.

A little while, — alas !  
 And her little beau departed,  
 With all his little vows,  
 And left her broken-hearted !  
 Now all ye little maids,  
 A moral I will give you, —  
 Don't trust to little men,  
 They surely will deceive you.

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### NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

WM. B. FOWLE.

THREE jolly rovers, on a winter day,  
 Encountered each the other in the way  
 That gives the finest view, 't is thought by some,  
 Of Boston's pride, the lofty State-House Dome,  
 The highest pinnacle of that famed town,  
 Or city, as they call it, now 'tis grown  
 In size and sin, in taxes and expense, —  
 And gazing at the dome, with look intense,  
 Johnnty to Johnny Bull, and Patrick, swore  
 It beat St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, and even  
 Was second to no dome but the blue heaven.

A passer-by, who wished to try the wit  
 Of the three gazers, by a lucky hit,  
 Thought of a question, took each man aside,  
 As each his eyes and mouth bestretched so wide,  
 That had they frozen stiff, as well they might,  
 Medusa's head had been a safer sight  
 For fools to gaze at. "Honest man," said he,  
 And Jonathan, alarmed, said, "Is 't to me  
 You speak?" (for bards must tell the truth, and own,  
 That by this name the Yankee was not known.)

"What would you take, my honest friend, an hour  
 Naked to stand outside that dome, in a shower  
 Of rain, or driving storm of hail or snow?" —  
 "I could n't say, — I never *done* it, — so,  
 Say what 'you'll give?" said Jonathan, "you see,  
 That dome is plaguy high, and slippery." —  
 "O," said the stranger, "you must name your price,  
 And you must answer give me in trice,  
 Or lose the job." — "Well," with a knowing look,  
 The Yankee said, "I never *gin* \* nor took  
 Sich a job before, and so, you see, I guess  
 'Tis worth ten dollars, — I'll not do 't for less."

The stranger to the Englishman then said :—  
 "Tell me, my friend," as him aside he led,  
 "What would you take, stark-naked, in the air,  
 To stand an hour outside the dome, up there?" —  
 "What would I take?" said Bull, — "a cursed cold." —  
 "Quite likely," said the stranger, self-controlled,  
 And turned to Patrick. "What, friend, would you take,  
 Naked as you were born, and no mistake,  
 To stand outside that dome one blessed hour?" —  
 "Naked? your honor, — is it naked, sure?" —  
 "Ay, naked," said the stranger, "what will you  
 Now take, that splendid feat one hour to do?" —  
 "Naked!" said Patrick, with a shuddering note,  
 "'Tis I would take a devilish thick great-coat."

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### NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! — it is wiser and better  
 Always to hope, than once to despair; —  
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetters,  
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.  
 Never give up, or the burden may sink you, —  
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup;  
 And in all trials and troubles bethink you,  
 The watchword of life must be, "Never give up?"  
 Never give up; there are chances and changes,  
 Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,

\* *G* pronounced hard, as in *give*.

And through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges  
Ever success, if you 'll only hold on.

Never give up ; for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,  
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,  
Is the stern watchword of " Never give up ! "

Never give up, though the grape-shot may rattle,  
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst ;  
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

Never give up ; if adversity presses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel in all your distresses  
Is the stout watchword of " Never give up ! "

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### THE HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

R. H. STODDARD.

I 've lost my little May at last !  
She perished in the spring,  
When earliest flowers began to bud,  
And earliest birds to sing ;  
I laid her in a country grave,  
A rural, soft retreat,  
A marble tablet o'er her head,  
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,  
In all her childish bloom,  
My joy and hope have followed her,  
My heart is in her tomb !  
I know that she is gone away,  
I know that she is fled,  
I miss her every where, and yet  
I can not make her dead !

I wake the children up at dawn,  
And say a simple prayer,  
And draw them round the morning meal,  
But one is wanting there !

I see a little chair apart,  
A little pinafore,  
And memory fills the vacancy,  
As time will — nevermore !

I sit within my room, and write,  
The lone and weary hours,  
And miss the little maid again  
Among the window flowers.  
And miss her with her toys beside  
My desk in silent play ;  
And then I turn and look for her,  
But she has flown away !

I drop my idle pen, and hark,  
And catch the faintest sound,—  
She must be playing hide-and-seek  
In shady nooks around ;  
She 'll come and climb my chair again,  
And peep my shoulder o'er ;  
I heard a stifled laugh, — but, no,  
She cometh nevermore !

I waited only yester-night,  
The evening service read,  
And lingered for my idol's kiss  
Before she went to bed,  
Forgetting she had gone before,  
In slumbers soft and sweet,  
A monument above her head,  
And violets at her feet.

### THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

Hood.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,  
My curtains drawn, and all is snug ;  
Old puss is in her elbow-chair,  
And Tray is sitting on the rug.  
Last night I had a curious dream,—  
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg! —  
What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
What d'ye think of that, my dog?



She looked so fair, she sang so well,  
 I could but woo, and she was won ;  
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,  
 The ring was placed, the deed was done !  
 Away we went in chaise-and-four,  
 As fast as grinning boys could flog.

What d' ye think of that, my cat ?

What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come !  
 But tête-à-têtes must still defer !  
 When Susan came to live with me,  
 Her mother came to live with her !  
 With sister Bell she could n't part,  
 But all *my friends* had leave to jog !

What d' ye think of that, my cat ?

What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

The mother bought a Pretty Poll, —  
 A monkey too, — what work he made !  
 The sister introduced a beau, —  
 My Susan brought a favorite maid ;  
 She had a tabby of her own,  
 A snappish mongrel christened Gog.

What d' ye think of that, my cat ?

What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

The monkey bit, — the parrot screamed, —  
 All day the sister strummed and sung ;  
 The petted maid was such a scold,  
 My Susan learned to use her tongue ;  
 Her mother had such wretched health,  
 She sat and croaked like any frog.

What d' ye think of that, my cat ?

What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,  
 I soon came down to simple " M— ;  
 The very servants crossed my wish,  
 My Susan let me down to them ;  
 The poker hardly seemed my own,  
 I might as well have been a log.

What d' ye think of that, my cat ?

What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

At times we had a spar, and then  
 Mamma must mingle in the song,—  
 The sister took a sister's part,—  
 The maid declared her master wrong,—  
 The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"  
 My life was like a London fog.  
     What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
     What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,  
 As proved by bills that had no end;  
 I never had a decent coat,  
 I never had a coin to spend!  
 She forced me to resign my club,  
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog.  
     What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
     What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout  
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list;  
 And when I tried to steal away,  
 I found my study full of whist!  
 Then, first to come, and last to go,  
 There always was a Captain Hogg.  
     What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
     What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream  
 For one who single is, and snug,  
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair,  
 And Tray reposing on the rug?  
 If I must totter down the hill,  
 'Tis safest done without a clog.  
     What d'ye think of that, my cat?  
     What d'ye think of that, my dog?

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#### THE BACHELOR'S CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
 And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
 Away from the world, and its toils, and its cares,  
 I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

My snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks  
With worthless old knicknacks, and silly old books,  
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,  
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from  
friends.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,  
There's one that I love and I cherish the best ;  
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair  
I never would change thee, my straw-bottomed chair.

'T is a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,  
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;  
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
I bless thee and love thee, old straw-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have passed through thy withered old arms ;  
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair  
That I could be turned to a straw-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place ;  
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face ;  
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there and bloomed in my straw-bottomed  
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;  
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare  
The queen of my heart and my straw-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night as I sit here alone,—  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair,—  
For Fanny I see in my straw-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room ;  
She looks, as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair ;  
And yonder she sits in my straw-bottomed chair.

## THE EQUALITY OF ALL MEN AND THEIR RIGHT TO PROTECTION.

Extract from a Speech of CHARLES SUMNER, in the Senate of the United States, on the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Feb. 21, 1854.

As the effort now making is extraordinary in character, so no assumption seems too extraordinary to be wielded in its support. The primal truth of the equality of man, as proclaimed in our Declaration of Independence, has been assailed, and this great charter of our country discredited. Sir, you and I will soon pass away, but that will continue to stand above impeachment or question. The Declaration of Independence was a declaration of rights, and the language employed, though general in its character, must obviously be restrained within the design and sphere of a declaration of rights, involving no such absurdity as was attributed to it yesterday by the Senator from Indiana (Mr. Pettit). Sir, it is a palpable fact that men are not born equal in physical strength or in mental capacity, in beauty of form or health of body. These mortal cloaks of flesh differ, as do these worldly garments. Diversity or inequality, in these respects, is the law of creation. But, as God is no respecter of persons, and as all are equal in his sight, whether Dives or Lazarus, master or slave, so are all equal in natural inborn rights; and pardon me if I say, it is a vain sophism to adduce in argument against this vital axiom of liberty, the physical or mental inequalities by which men are characterized, or the unhappy degradation to which, in violation of a common brotherhood, they are doomed. To deny the Declaration of Independence is to rush on the bosses of the shield of the Almighty, which, in all respects, the supporters of this measure seem to do.

To the delusive suggestion of the senator from North Carolina (Mr. Badger), that by the overthrow of this prohibition the number of slaves will not be increased—that there will be simply a beneficent diffusion of slavery and not its extension,—I reply at once that this argument, if of any value,—if not mere words and nothing else,—would equally justify and require the overthrow of the prohibition of slavery in the free States, and indeed every

where throughout the world. All the dikes, which, in different countries, from time to time, with the march of civilization, have been painfully set up against the inroads of this evil, must be removed, and every land opened anew to its destructive flood. It is clear beyond dispute, that, by the overthrow of this prohibition, slavery will be quickened, and slaves themselves will be multiplied, while new "room and verge" will be secured for the gloomy operations of slave law, under which free labor will droop, and a vast territory be smitten with sterility. Sir, a blade of grass would not grow where the horse of Attila had trod; nor can any true prosperity spring up in the footprints of slavery.

But it is argued that slaves will not be carried into Nebraska in large numbers, and that, therefore, the question is of small practical moment. Sir, the census shows that it is of vital consequence. There is Missouri at this moment, with Illinois on the east and Nebraska on the west, all covering nearly the same spaces of latitude, and resembling each other in soil, climate, and productions. Mark the contrast! By the potent efficacy of the ordinance of the North-western Territory, Illinois is now a free State, while Missouri has 87,000 slaves; and the simple question which challenges an answer is, whether Nebraska shall be preserved in the condition of Illinois, or surrendered to that of Missouri? Surely this can not be treated lightly. But, for myself, I am unwilling to measure the exigency of the prohibition by the number of persons, whether many or few, whom it may protect. Human rights, whether in a vast multitude or a solitary individual, are entitled to an equal and unhesitating support. In this spirit, the flag of our country only recently became the impenetrable panoply of a homeless wanderer, who claimed its protection in a distant sea; and in this spirit I am constrained to declare that there is no place accessible to human avarice, or human lust, or human force, whether in the lowest valley or on the loftiest mountain-top; whether on the broad flower-spangled prairies or the snowy caps of the Rocky Mountains; where the prohibition of slavery, like the commandments of the Decalogue, should not go.

Sir, Congress may now set aside this obligation, repudiate this plighted faith, annul this compact; and some

of you, forgetful of the *majesty of honest dealing*, in order to support slavery, may consider it advantageous to use this power. To all such let me commend a familiar story: An eminent leader in antiquity, Themistocles, once announced to the Athenian Assembly that he had a scheme to propose, highly beneficial to the State, but which could not be expounded to the many. Aristides, surnamed the Just, was appointed to receive the secret and to report upon it. His brief and memorable judgment was, that, while nothing could be more advantageous to Athens, nothing could be more unjust; and the Athenian multitude, responding at once, rejected the proposition. It appears that it was proposed to burn the combined Greek fleet, which then rested in the security of a treaty, in a neighboring sea, and thus confirm the naval supremacy of Athens. A similar proposition is now brought before the American Senate. You are asked to destroy a safeguard of freedom, consecrated by solemn compact, under which the country is now reposing in the security of peace, and thus confirm the supremacy of slavery. To this institution and its partisans the proposition may seem to be advantageous; but nothing can be more unjust. Let the judgment of the Athenian multitude be yours.

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### THE OBLIGATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Extract from a Speech of CHARLES SUMNER, at the Republican Convention in Worcester, Sept. 7, 1859.

THE existence of slavery any where within the national jurisdiction, in the territories, in the District of Columbia, and on the high seas, beneath the national flag, is an unconstitutional usurpation, which must be opposed. The Fugitive Slave Bill, monstrous in cruelty, as in unconstitutionality, is a usurpation, which must be opposed. The admission of new slave States, from whatsoever quarter, must be opposed. And to every scheme of slavery, whether accomplished or merely plotted, whether pending or in prospect, we must send forth an *everlasting* NO.

But it is sometimes gravely urged, that, since the Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the constitutionality of the fugitive act, there only remains to us in all places, whether in public station or as private citizens, the duty of absolute submission. Now, without

stopping to consider the soundness of the judgment, affirming the constitutionality of this act, let me say that the Constitution of the United States, as I understand it, exacts no such submission. And, in taking the oath to support the Constitution, I have sworn to support it as I understand it, and not as other men understand it. This declaration was first authoritatively made by Andrew Jackson, when, as President of the United States, in the face of the decisions of the Supreme Court, he asserted the unconstitutionality of the United States Bank, which assertion John Quincy Adams afterwards declared was the best he ever made.

For myself let me say that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect ; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men ; and in all ages have shown a full share of human frailty. The worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which nailed the Saviour to the cross. It was a judicial tribunal surrounded by all the forms of law which doomed the fair Virginia, in ancient Rome, as a slave ; which, in modern times, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition, amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims ; and which compelled Galileo to deny the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth moved round the sun. Ay, sir, it was a judicial tribunal, in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry VIII., from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas More ; which lighted the fires of persecution, that glowed at Smithfield over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers ; which, after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship money against the opposition of Hampden ; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sidney and Russell to the block ; and which persistently enforced the laws of conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey. And it was a judicial tribunal in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem, affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act, and admonished "judges and jurors" to obey,—and which, now in our day, has sanctioned the atrocity of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

The judgments of courts are of binding authority upon inferior tribunals and executive functionaries, whose virtue does not prompt them to resign office rather than aid in the execution of an unjust law. Over all citizens, whether in public or private station, they will naturally exert, as precedents, a commanding influence; this I admit; but no man, who is not lost to self-respect, and ready to abandon that manhood which is shown in the heaven-directed countenance, will voluntarily aid in enforcing a judgment, which, in his conscience, he solemnly believes to be against the fundamental law, whether of the Constitution or of God. Not lightly, not rashly, will he take the grave responsibility of open dissent; but, if the occasion requires, he will not hesitate. Pains and penalties may be endured; but wrong must not be done. "I can not obey, but I can suffer," was the exclamation of the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, when imprisoned for disobedience to an earthly statute. Better suffer injustice than do it. Better be even the poor slave, returned to bondage, than the unhappy Commissioner.

Fellow-citizens of Massachusetts — our own local history is not without encouragement. In early colonial days, the law against witchcraft, now so abhorrent to reason and conscience, was regarded as constitutional and binding; precisely as the Fugitive Slave Bill, not less abhorrent to reason and conscience, has been regarded as constitutional and binding. The Supreme Court of the province, with able judges, whose names are entwined with our history, enforced this law at Salem, by the execution of fourteen persons as witches; precisely as petty magistrates, acting under the sanction of the Supreme Court of the United States, and also of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, have enforced the fugitive act, by the reduction of two human beings to slavery. The clergy of Massachusetts, particularly near Boston, were for the law. "Witchcraft," shouted Cotton Mather from the pulpit, "is the most nefandous high treason," — "a capital crime," — even as opposition to the fugitive act has been denounced, by authority, as "treason."

But the law against witchcraft was not triumphant long. The General Court of the province first became penitent, and asked pardon of God for "all the errors of his servants and people in the late tragedy." Jurymen united in con-



demning and lamenting the delusion to which they had yielded, under the decision of the judges, and acknowledged that they had brought the reproach of wrongful bloodshed on their native land. Sewall, one of the judges, who had presided at the trials, stood up in his place before the congregation, and implored the prayers of the people "that the errors he had committed might not be visited by the judgments of an avenging God on his country, his family, or himself." And now, in a manuscript diary of this departed judge, may be read on the margin against the description of these trials, in his own hand-writing, the words, Woe ! woe ! woe !

The parallel between the enforcement of the laws against witchcraft, and the fugitive act is not yet complete. It remains for our Legislature, the successor of that original General Court, to lead the penitential march. In the slave cases there have been no jurymen to recant, and it is too much, perhaps, to expect any magistrate, who has sanctioned the cruelty, to imitate the magnanimity of other days by public repentance. But it is not impossible that future generations may be permitted to read in some newly exhumed diary or letter, by one of these unhappy functionaries, words of woe not unlike these which were wrung from the soul of Sewall.

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### THE ATTACK ON CHARLES SUMNER.

Extract from the Speech of ANSON BURLINGAME in the House of Representatives of the United States, June 21, 1856, after the ruffianly attack of Preston Brooks, a member of the House from South Carolina, upon Charles Sumner, a Senator from Massachusetts, while writing at his desk in the Senate Chamber, so that his attitude prevented him from rising to defend himself.

BUT, Mr. Chairman, all these assaults upon the State of Massachusetts sink into insignificance compared to the one I am about to mention. On the 19th of May, it was announced that Mr. Sumner would address the Senate upon the Kansas question. The floor of the Senate, the galleries, and avenues leading thereto, were thronged with an expectant audience, and many of us left our places on this floor to hear the Massachusetts orator. To say that we were pleased, — delighted with the speech we heard, —

would but faintly express the deep emotions of our hearts, awakened by it. I need not speak of its language, nor of the nobility of its sentiments. It was heard by many; it has been read by millions, (No such speech has been made in the Senate since the days when those Titans of American eloquence, the Websters and the Haynes, contended together for the mastery.) It was made in the face of a hostile Senate. It continued through the greater portion of two days; and yet during that time the speaker was not once called to order. This fact is conclusive as to the personal and parliamentary decorum of the speech. He had provocation enough. His State had been called "hypocritical." He himself had been called a "puppy," a "fool," a "fanatic," a "dishonest man." Yet he was parliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. No man knew better than did he the proprieties of the place, for he had always observed them. No man knew parliamentary law better than he did, because he had made it the study of his life. No man saw more clearly than he did the flaming sword of the Constitution turning every way at all the avenues of the Senate. But he was not thinking of these things; he was not thinking then of the privileges of the Senate, nor of the guarantees of the Constitution. He was there to denounce tyranny and crime; and he did it. He was there to speak for the rights of an empire; and he did it bravely and grandly.

So much for the occasion of the speech. A word—and I shall be pardoned—about the speaker himself. He is my friend. For many and many a year I have looked to him for guidance and light, and I never looked in vain. He never had a personal enemy in his life. His character is as pure as the snow that falls upon his native hills. His heart overflows with kindness for every being having the upright form of man. (He is a ripe scholar and a chivalric gentleman. He sat at the feet of Channing, and drank in the sentiments of that noble soul. He bathed himself in the learning and undying love of the great jurist, Story, and the hand of Andrew Jackson, with its honors and its offices, sought him early in life; but he shrank from them with an instinctive modesty. Sir, he is the pride of Massachusetts. His mother commonwealth found him adorning the highest walks of literature and law, and she bade him go and grace somewhat the rough character of politi-

cal life. (The people of Massachusetts) the old and the young and the middle-aged, now pay their full homage to the beauty of his public and private life. Such is Mr. Sumner.

On the 22d of May, when the Senate and the House had clothed themselves in mourning for a brother fallen in the battle of life, in the distant State of Missouri, the senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate Chamber, engaged in employments appertaining to his office, when a member from this House, who had taken an oath to sustain the Constitution, stole into the Senate, — that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence, — and smote him as Cain smote his brother.

One blow was enough; but it did not satiate the wrath of that spirit, which had pursued him through two days. Again, and again, and again, quicker and faster fell the leaden blows, until he was torn away from his victim, when the senator from Massachusetts fell into the arms of his friends, and his blood ran down the Senate floor.

Sir, the act was brief, and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the Constitution it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of that fair play, which bullies and prize-fighters respect. What, strike a man when he is pinioned, when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that? God knows my heart. I desire to speak with kindness. I speak in no sort of revenge. I do not believe the member has a friend who must not in his heart of hearts condemn the act. Even the member himself — if he has left a spark of that chivalry, and gallantry attributed to him — must loathe and scorn the act. But much as I reprobate the act, much more do I reprobate the conduct of those who stood by and saw the outrage perpetrated. O, magnanimous Slidell! O, prudent Douglas! O, audacious Toombs!

Sir, there are questions arising out of this, which are far more important than those of a mere personal nature. Of those personal considerations I shall speak when the question comes properly before us, if I am permitted to do

so. The higher question involves the very existence of the government itself. If, sir, freedom of speech is not to remain to us, what is the government worth? If we from Massachusetts, or any other State, — senators or members of the House, — are to be called to account by some “gal-lant uncle,” when we utter something which does not suit their sensitive nature, we desire to know it.

If the conflict is to be transferred from the peaceful intellectual field to one where, it is said, “honors are easy and responsibilities equal,” then we desire to know it. Massachusetts, if her sons and representatives are to have the rod held over them, — though she utters no threats, — may, be called upon to withdraw them to her own bosom, where she can furnish to them that protection which is not vouchsafed to them under the flag of their common country. But while she permits us to remain, we shall do our duty; we shall speak whatever we choose to speak, whatever we will, and however we will, regardless of the consequences.

Sir, the sons of Massachusetts are educated, at the knees of their mothers, in the doctrines of peace and good-will, and God knows we desire to cultivate those feelings, — feelings of social kindness, and public kindness. The House will bear witness that we have not violated or trespassed upon any of them; but, sir, if we are pushed too long and too far, there are men from the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts who will not shrink from a defence of freedom of speech, and the State they represent, in any field where they may be assailed.

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### SUPPORT OF AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.

Extract from a supposed Speech in the House of Representatives of the United States, on the proposal to set off a portion of the public lands for the support of Agricultural Schools. — WM. B. FOWLE.

MR. SPEAKER: After voting away half a hundred millions of dollars to increase and support the army and navy — dollars, sir, wrung from the hard earnings of the common people, for it is principally on them that the duties fall which support this great republic; after voting away, almost without inquiry, this sum, which, like

the host above, no man could number, I am surprised to hear, as I do from all sides, an expression of unwillingness to devote a few million acres of uncultivated land to establish and encourage seminaries, where the true principles of agriculture may be taught to the farmers of the several States that compose this mighty Union. I suppose it is unnecessary for me to enter into a discussion of the relative claims of war and agriculture, of trade and production ; I need not even enter into a statement of the disadvantages under which agriculture labors for want of that information which science and experience alone can impart, and which are as necessary to give efficacy to the labor of the husbandman, as instruction in geometry and kindred subjects is to the other great concern of nations, their mutual destruction !

I do not choose, sir, to base my remarks upon any such ground, although I consider it as immovable as the eternal hills ; no, sir, I will only glance at a few familiar considerations which may be understood, without much acquaintance with the rules of logic ; as they are felt, without much respect for the justice and prudence of our legislation. Our records show, sir, that the income of our custom-houses and public lands has increased in a manner unexampled, and, not long since, it was the great question in this House, " What shall be done with the surplus revenue ? " After much wrangling of parties, it was given to the several States ; and, lest such another *calamity* should overwhelm the country, the duties were reduced, so that the revenue should not exceed the expenses of government. But it did exceed the expenses, notwithstanding they were tripled to meet the emergency, tripled, sir, by those who had come into office shouting retrenchment with more than the energy of truth.

The national coffers were again filled ; the claims of partisan agents, widely as the spoils were scattered, could not keep down the increase of revenue, and something must be done, or the country would be ruined by its prosperity ! The few millions that were received from the sale of lands were not wanted, and some one, who thought it would be well to let the people have the benefit of them, proposed to appropriate the proceeds to the reduction of newspaper and letter postage, one of the very few things that government has established for the good of the

people. The proposition met with no favor, sir, and the administration only proposed to increase the rate of postage, and continue the great abuse, which is at the bottom of the lack of income from the post-office, I mean, the franking privilege, a monopoly as gross and as much abused as any of those which Hampden, Sidney and their coadjutors resisted unto death.

Sir, the lands could not be disposed of for the benefit of the *whole* people, but there was a portion of this people who were useful to the administration, and who claimed not only a reward for past services, but a bounty for services yet to be performed. Hundreds of thousands of needy immigrants had already entered our fair domain, and other thousands were needed to enable the administration, which constituted a minority of the native Americans, to control the majority, and of course to manage the hundred millions of dollars that passed through the hands of those in office. In short; sir, it was proposed to give an estate to every foreigner that would receive it; and, in this way, the public lands of the country are to be thrown away, nay, worse than this, sir, they are to be made the means of bringing to our shores millions of wretched, ignorant, and bigoted men, who are to be clothed with the rights of freemen, invested with the sacred right of suffrage, and enabled to nullify the vote, and, in time, destroy the institutions which were built upon the personal independence, sublime piety, and almost supernatural prudence of the early founders and subsequent defenders of this Union. It seems, sir, to be an established object of our government to use the means of the nation, and the people themselves, for the promotion of party ends, for the furtherance of governmental plans, to strip the people of the rights they claim by inheritance, and to make them the obedient tools of their own servants.

The pittance required for the advancement of agriculture can not be spared, but we find no difficulty in appropriating two hundred thousand dollars annually to support the only school ever patronized by this government,—that where the art of war alone is taught, and where a spirit is cultivated, not only hostile to agriculture and all the arts of peace, but hostile to civil liberty, to humanity, to Christian civilization, and the law of God as expounded by the Prince of Peace.

## THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

Extracted from a supposed Speech in the Legislature of Massachusetts, on the petition for protection, presented by the colored citizens of Massachusetts.— WM. B. FOWLE.

MR. SPEAKER: No act of the slave power in these United States equals in atrocity the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, lately pronounced at Washington, by Chief-Justice Taney; nothing so fearfully marks the progress of the slave power towards absolute rule. It was not enough, sir, to subject the bondman to labor for which he received no recompense; it was not enough to doom him to ignorance, and, of course, to brutality; it was not enough to sunder all the ties of affection and all the bonds of family; it was not enough to declare the victim a chattel, a *thing*, though he could speak, and weep, and worship, as things do not; it was not enough that all manner of wrong, and every form of cruelty, should be heaped upon him, but he must be made defenceless; the penalty of death must be inflicted if he raises an arm to ward off the uplifted scourge, and he must be declared an outlaw, subject to all the penalties of the statute-book, but not entitled to seek redress in any court of the United States.

This is the decision. It is not enough that God has made the slave, as a classic has said, with face erect and not prone to earth; it is not enough that "he has made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth;" it is not enough that the nicest eye of science can not always distinguish the line of demarkation between the slave and the judges that would degrade him; but in the face of truth and fact, of science and religion, the victim of oppression has been denied the name of man, and refused the right of remonstrating, petitioning, or bringing any suit at law, for any purpose whatever, and this by a Christian judge, in these free states, and in this enlightened age!

Nobody, I think, will be so unjust as to suppose that the highest judicial officer in the United States believes that his recorded opinion is founded in truth and justice; for, such a supposition would be as great a libel upon the judge, as his decision is upon human nature and divine equity; but the slave power has compelled the court to belie its

once exalted character, and we are called upon to submit quietly to what the unrighteous decision has declared to be *law*.

Other states, sir, will act as they please, and we can not interfere with their decisions; but we must decide for Massachusetts; and, I need not add that our responsibility can not be measured by that of ordinary legislation. Massachusetts has no slaves, but she has colored citizens, probably all of them the descendants of slaves. She has declared them to be citizens, has taxed them, and allowed them to exercise the highest privileges of freemen;—they vote, they sue and are sued, and the state has bound herself to protect them in all their rights. Many of these citizens of Massachusetts are mariners, and, in southern ports, are imprisoned and declared out of the protection of law, although the Constitution secures to every citizen his rights in whatever state he may be; and, as every offence or wrong committed at sea must be tried in the United States Court, the colored mariner of Massachusetts has no redress if an officer treat him ever so brutally.

What, then, is his resource? If he can not bring the case into the courts, he must take the law into his own hands; and who will blame him? We stand, sir, upon a precipice, and well will it be for us if the calm action of the people prevent us from taking the fatal plunge to which the decision of the chief-justice invites, and almost impels us. While we protest, here and every where, against the wrong inflicted by this judicial decision, we must also defend our citizens, unless we wish to see our state at the feet of the slave power. If we neglect to do this, we shall show ourselves to be really the *things* that have no manhood. It is too late in the day, sir, to preach the doctrine of the court; the rights of man are fully understood by the masses, and acknowledged by the greatest and best minds in Christendom. The slave states may endeavor to chain down the mind of the slave; the Supreme Court may sanction all such injustice, and endeavor to blast all the hopes, and repress all the aspirations of the enslaved; but common sense, and common law, and our common humanity, will soon confound the courts; and, do what they will, decide what they will, the Providence of God will, ere long, thunder in their ears, the immortal declaration of Scotia's bard: "A man's a man for all that!"



## YOUTHFUL REFLECTIONS.

N. Y. Sunday Times. Adapted.

Look here, now! I say, it's real mean, *that's* what it is,—up and down mean, besides being stingy! I suppose that all sorts of sciences, and ologies, and Latin, Greek, and Algebra, and all that, ought to be learned,—at least when a fellow is old, and wears spectacles, and takes snuff. I expect it's prime to know the names of things, and to be able to "come it strong" over other old fellows that don't know 'em, and quote Latin at 'em that they don't understand. It's what firing a stone, that's too small to hurt a fellow, is to us, I suppose.

But, then, you know, when they give a fellow a story-book, why don't they give him one, and not a grammar? He's got more than he wanted of that sort of thing, already. I should think he had! May be you don't know what I mean? Well, I'll tell you. I've got an uncle, you see. His name is Humphrey Davy Isaac Newton Herschel Socrates Tompkins. *That's* enough,—his name explains him like a dictionary. I *need n't* tell you any more about him; but I *will*, out of spite. Ma says, "he has taken a fancy to me." I'm sure I wish to gracious he *had n't*, then; for it's a regular bore to have that horrid, knowing old fellow always poking questions at one. You can't tell what a plague it is, if you have n't got a dreadful, horrid, old, scientific uncle of your own. If he comes to dinner, and I happen to pass him the potatoes, he'll say, "Thank you, nephew! Now, can you tell me how long it is since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced potatoes into Madagascar, or somewhere else?" And then, if a fellow can't answer, don't he feel flat? Or he'll catch a fellow this way, sometimes. "Well, my boy, you go to school, hey?" Then a fellow has to say, "Yes, sir."—"Ah," says uncle, "Ah! And who is your favorite schoolmate?"—"Harry Smith, sir."—"Harry Smith, hey? Now, can you give me the exact description of the celebration of the nuptials of Harry the Eighth with Anne Boleyn, nephew? The name of your friend reminds me of that celebrated king, my boy!" You know, if I had said, "Peter Snooks," it would have reminded him of "Peter the Great,"—or,

"Tom Trip," and he'd have fished up old "Thomas & Becket," and thrown him at my head like a ball.

Then, on holidays, midsummer vacations, or Christmas week, or Fourth of July, or my own birthday, Ma'll say, "We must take Bub to see something or other to-day;" and then I'll begin to think of a play, or a panorama, or something good. And, just as Pa is going to speak, Uncle Humphrey Davy Isaac Newton Herschel Socrates Tompkins will poke in his word, and say, "Leave that to me, brother-in-law; I'll see to that. I will take nephew where he shall receive not only amusement, but instruction also." And *then* I know what is coming. If it is n't a lecture on metaphysics, it is what he calls "a cabinet of mineralogy," which means a lot of rubbishy old stones, with labels tacked on 'em, stuck up on shelves in rows. And then he'll make me a present of a book — a regular humbug — which will begin in this way, perhaps: "The summer sun shone with unclouded splendor upon the roofs and spires of the village of Templeton. A myriad of butterflies fluttered amid the fragrant woodbine blossoms, and the air was redolent with perfume, when little Gregory Studyhard stepped forth into the garden to breathe the balmy zephyrs, the while he perused a small work upon zoölogy, thus combining the healthful exercise of his *mind* with that of his body. He had scarcely left the portico, when his father, who was also abroad, thus accosted him: 'Come hither, Gregory, my son, come hither, and tell me, if you can, of what does etymology treat?' Whereupon Gregory, with that diffidence and readiness he always exhibited, replied: 'Etymology treats of the different parts of speech, and their classes and modifications.'"

Did you ever? Now, if that an't a shame, I should like to know what is; to take and send a fellow to school, whether he wishes to go or not, and *then* to bore his holidays in that style! Now, I say, while a fellow's a boy, if his Uncle Humphrey Davy Isaac Newton Herschel Socrates Tompkins wishes to give him a story-book, let him give him a story-book that *is* a story-book — and not a rusty, fusty, nasty old — Grammar!

## OUT OF THE TAVERN.

Translated from the German.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night ;  
Street ! you are caught in a very bad plight ;  
Right hand and left hand are both out of place,—  
Street ! you are drunk, 't is a very clear case.

Moon ! 't is a very queer figure you cut,  
One eye is staring while t' other is shut ;—  
Tipsy, I see, and you 're greatly to blame ;  
Old as you are, 't is a horrible shame !

Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight !  
None of them soberly standing upright ;  
Rocking and staggering, — why, on my word,  
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion ; now, is n't it odd ?  
I am the only thing sober abroad ;  
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain,—  
Better go into the tavern again.

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THE DYING SOLDIER'S MESSAGE.

Mrs. NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers ;  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of  
woman's tears ;  
But a comrade stood before him, while his life-blood ebbed  
away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native  
land ;  
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of  
mine,  
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen, on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old  
age,—

I always was a truant bird that thought his home a cage;  
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce  
and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's  
sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used  
to shine

On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping  
head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad and  
gallant tread;

But to look upon them kindly with a calm and steadfast  
eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.

There's another,—not a sister;—in the happy days gone  
by,

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in  
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—  
O, friend! I fear the brightest heart makes sometimes  
heaviest mourning,—

Tell her the last night of my life,—(for ere this moon be  
risen,

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—  
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight  
shine,

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with  
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered  
walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine,—

But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the  
Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser ; his grasp was childlike  
 weak ;  
 His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to  
 speak ;  
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled ;  
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead.  
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked  
 down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses  
 strown ;  
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed  
 to shine,  
 As on the lovely Bingen,—his Bingen, on the Rhine !

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### THE BURIAL OF EROS.\*

H. HIRST.

Love lieth in his halls a corpse,  
 While, mourning round his coffin, stand  
 The wan and pallid feelings, like  
 Dim spectres from the shadow-land.  
 His nose is pinched, his lips are blue,  
 His once round cheeks are sunk and thin,  
 And heavily lie his clotted locks  
 Along his yellow, waxen skin.  
 "Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,  
 "'T is sad that one so young should die ;  
 Poor Love, dear Love, O, dreary day,  
 That sees him in the cold earth lie !"  
 "He was a merry wight," saith one,  
 "But fond of mischief," saith another,  
 "And yet, despite his wayward ways,"  
 Quoth Hope, "I loved him as a brother ;  
 He used to laugh and chat with me,  
 Seeming to live upon my smiles,  
 Whilst I was heedless of his tricks,  
 There was such magic in his wiles."—

\* The fabled God of Love.

"Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,  
"He was too good a lad to die;"  
And then uprose from every lip  
A wild, and weird, and wailing cry.

"I never shall forgive myself,"  
Quoth Hope, "that I forsook the boy;  
Had I remained, those sightless eyes  
Would now be lit with life and joy."  
Quoth Grief, "No sooner had you gone,  
Than down he came and sat with me,  
Crying and sighing, night and day,  
A very baby at my knee."—  
"Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,  
"T was wrong in Hope to leave the boy;  
Had she remained, this dreary day  
Would be a day of golden joy."

Then spoke Despair, "From Grief he came  
To me, his eyes with fury wild;  
I took him in, and cherished him,  
But soon a maniac grew the child;  
And then I took his quivering form,  
And on my bosom made his bed,  
Nursing him with a mother's love,  
Until he slumbered with the dead."—  
"Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,  
"A weary vigil was Despair's;  
Hers was the mother's gentle watch,  
And hers the mother's many cares."

They screwed Love's coffin-cover down,  
With many a sigh and many a tear,  
And placed him, heavily of heart,  
Upon his plum'd ebon bier.  
And, ranging them in double line,  
(How did the plumes and weepers wave!)  
They bore him from his lonely home,  
And laid him in his silent grave.  
The bell is tolled,— the mass is o'er,—  
The prayers are said,— the service done,  
And all are gone, save Hope, who weeps,  
By Love's untimely tomb alone.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

LONGFELLOW's Ballad, condensed.

It was the schooner Hesperus  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter  
To bear him company.

Colder and colder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter !  
And do not tremble so,  
For we can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his own sea-coat  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O, father ! I hear the church-bell toll,  
O say what may it be ?"—  
"'T is a fog-bell on the rock-bound coast,"—  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O, father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be ?"—  
"Some ship in distress, that can not live  
In such an angry sea."

"O, father ! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be ?"—  
But the father answered never a word,—  
A frozen corpse was he !

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

The breakers were right beneath her side,  
She drifted a helpless wreck;  
And a whooping billow swept the crew,  
Like icicles, from her deck.

The rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank; —  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to the drifting mast.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus  
In the midnight and the snow; —  
God save us all from a death like this  
On the reef of Norman's Woe! \*

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### MRS. UNTIDY.

Abridged from the New York Independent.

In every city and village there lives  
A notable dame, and her own name she gives  
As Mrs. UNTIDY, who "never is clean;"  
And never, when called on, "is fit to be seen,  
Her dress is so dirty," — though she and we know  
'T is as clean, and as white as the new-fallen snow.  
"Her cap is so soiled she's ashamed to come in,"  
Though every one sees 't is as neat as a pin.  
And she knows, and she feels, that she then is drest  
In the nicest she has, and the neatest, and best;  
And go when you please, at morn or at night,  
Her house is a model of all that is right.

\* Norman's Woe is a dangerous reef of rocks near the entrance to Salem harbor, in Massachusetts.



But Mrs. Untidy declares that "each room  
Must be gone over twice with the duster and broom,  
Before 't will be decent, and fit to receive  
Any company," — which she herself don't believe.  
For we knew, and she knew, her house had been cleaned  
From garret to cellar, and nothing was screened  
In closet or corner, whatever it be,  
That such notable housekeepers only can see.

Poor Mr. Untidy, a few days before,  
Had declared all this house-cleaning business a bore ;  
"He 'd rather go dirty, not fit to be seen,  
Than be tortured to death to be terribly clean."  
But Mrs. Untidy declared, "'T was a pity,  
That *he* should complain, of all men in the city ;  
For she, the poor soul, had the work all to do,  
While the spine of her back was near broken in two !"

At home, in her house, every thing that she had  
With a free will was yours, though 't was "ever so bad."  
But though ever so good, she would always repeat,  
"Dear ladies, I've nothing whatever to eat ;  
At my table I'm sorry to see such a lack,  
But then I have had such a pain in my back."  
Now, if any man said that she ever told lies,  
'T would be well if the dame did n't scratch out his eyes.

O ladies ! why will ye be false and untrue ?  
Why say that you 've nothing to wear or to do ?  
Why say, what ye mean not, and try thus to seem,  
What a shame and disgrace, were it true, you would  
deem ?

There 's an eye omnipresent, that searches within,  
That reads every motive, and sees every sin, —  
There 's an ear ever open to false words and fair ;  
There 's a book, too, of record, — your deeds are writ  
there, —

There 's a solemn time coming, and then 't will be shown  
What words ye have wasted, what seeds ye have sown ;  
And it will not be asked if your houses are clean,  
But whether your HEARTS are all "fit to be seen."

## NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

JOHN PIERPONT.

"To fall on the battle-field, fighting for my dear country, that would not be hard." —  
*The Neighbors.*

O, no, no — let me lie  
Not on a field of battle when I die !  
Let not the iron tread  
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head ;  
Nor let the reeking knife,  
That I have drawn against a brother's life,  
Be in my hand when death  
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath  
His heavy squadron's heels,  
Or gory fellows of his cannon wheels.

From such a dying bed,  
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,  
And the bald eagle brings  
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,  
To sparkle in my sight,  
O, never let my spirit take her flight !

I know that beauty's eye  
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,  
And brazen helmets dance,  
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance ; —  
I know that bards have sung,  
And people shouted till the welkin rung  
In honor of the brave  
Who on the battle-field have found a grave.

I know that o'er their bones  
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.  
Some of those piles I've seen ;  
The one at Lexington, upon the green,  
Where the first blood was shed,  
And to my country's independence led ;  
And others, on our shore, —  
The " Battle Monument " at Baltimore,  
And that on Bunker's Hill.  
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still ;

Thy "tomb," Themistocles,  
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,  
And which the waters kiss  
That issue from the Gulf of Salamis.  
And thine, too, have I seen,  
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,  
That, like a natural knoll,  
Sheep climb, and nibble over as they stroll,  
Watched by some turbaned boy,  
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,  
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,  
And hears, as life ebbs out,  
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout;  
But as his eye grows dim,  
What is a column or a mound to him?  
What, to the parting soul  
The mellow notes of bugles? What the roll  
Of drums? No, let me die  
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,  
And the soft summer air,  
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white air,  
And from my forehead dries  
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies  
Seem waiting to receive  
My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave  
The world, when round my bed  
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,  
And the calm voice of prayer  
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare  
To go and be at rest  
With kindred spirits, — spirits who have blessed  
The human brotherhood  
By labors, cares, and counsels, for their good.

In my dying hour,  
When riches, fame, and honor, have no power  
To bear the spirit up,  
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup  
That all must drink at last,  
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!  
Then let my soul run back,  
With peace and joy along my earthly track,

And see that all the seeds  
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,  
Have sprung up and have given,  
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven !

And though no grassy mound  
Or granite pile says 't is heroic ground  
Where my remains repose,  
Still will I hope, -- vain hope, perhaps, -- that those  
Whom I have striven to bless,  
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,  
May stand around my grave,  
With the poor prisoner, and the poorest slave,  
And breathe an humble prayer,  
That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering  
there.

### THE THREE CALLERS.

CHARLES SWAIN.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying  
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew ;  
She calls, — but he still thinks of nought, save playing ;  
And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu !  
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,  
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn ! returns no more.

Noon cometh, — but the boy, to manhood growing,  
Heeds not the time ; — he sees but one sweet form,  
One young, fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,  
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.  
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,  
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement, gleaming  
With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low,  
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming  
O'er pleasures gone, — as all Life's pleasures go.  
Night calls him to her, — and he leaves his door,  
Silent and dark ; — and he returns no more !

## NAME NOT THE DEAD.

A. L. A.

O, NEVER say, "Name not the Dead!"  
Their memory we should keep  
Among the heart's most cherished things,  
O'er which we watch and weep.

O, never say, "Name not the Dead!"  
Nor bid us to "forget;"  
"Would'st lightly prize the summer's sun,  
Because that sun has set?"

O, never say, "Name not the Dead!"  
But give them still their place,  
And round the dear domestic hearth  
Bring each remembered face.

O, never say, "Name not the Dead!"  
'T will ease the sufferer's lot  
To whisper in his dying ear,  
"Thou shalt not be forgot."

"Name not the dead!" O, speak not so,  
The low voice seems to say  
Of one, who, like a dream of bliss,  
Passed from our earth away.

O, never say, "Name not the Dead!"  
These gentle accents come  
From lips long since in silence sealed,  
The silence of the tomb.

Then never say, "Name not the Dead!"  
Their memory is given  
To link the chain good spirits weave  
Between our souls and heaven.

## THE LAST WITCH-BURNING IN ENGLAND.

WALTER THORNBURY. — Altered.

At Forfar, on a summer eve,  
The sun in all his pride,  
They led Witch Elspeth to the stake,  
Her withered hands both tied ;  
They led her with a blast of pipes,  
As men lead home a bride.

The eager children hooted loud ;  
Even the beggar's cur  
Bit at her as she trembling passed  
To die — none pitying her.  
Patched garments went with scarlet cloaks,  
Saints, sinners, mix'd were.

They struck her as men do a thief,  
Pelting with blackening mud ;  
They would not let her cross the bridge,  
But dragged her through the flood.  
Old bed-rid hags from windows screamed,  
Longing to shed her blood.

Across the neighboring fields were seen  
An eager, thoughtless rout  
Of ploughmen running, while the wind  
Brought curse, and oath, and shout.  
O God ! to hear no single sigh  
From any heart break out !

Old Elspeth, with her lean arms crossed  
Most humbly on her breast,  
Walks painfully, with bleeding feet,  
A rope strained round her chest ;  
Hopeless, her tearful eyes, upturned,  
Her innocence attest.

Her coif is lost, her ragged hair,  
Snow-white with wintry years,  
Flows out as every gust of wind  
Brings billowing storms of cheers ;

The rolling mob still screech and roar ;  
No eye but hers shed tears.

She kissed a Bible — close she kept  
The volume to her lip ;  
And then arose a burst of yells,  
As when the Indians strip  
Their captives ; and the hangman then  
Sought for a heavier whip.

Yet all this while the mounting larks  
Shot far the noise above ;  
And all around the waving trees  
Smiled full of peace and love ;  
Man's heart alone God's gentle works  
To mercy could not move.

'T was pitiful to see them bind  
Those shrunk limbs to the stake,  
To hear the distant death-bell toll,  
To mark the pains they take  
To make the wretched victim see  
Them preparation make.

An iron collar round her neck  
The hard-faced hangman fits ;  
An iron chain around her waist  
And round her ankles knits,  
While ready for the fire, his man  
The pitch-pine branches splits.

The savage sacrifice is lit ;  
A thunder-cloud of smoke,  
In one vast column, tall and black,  
Rose many yards, and broke,  
And blotted out the setting sun,  
As with a shrouding cloak.

And chief among the staring crowd,  
Amid the shouting bands,  
The little maid the hag bewitched  
There ignorantly stands ;  
And, when she heard the dying scream,  
She clapped her little hands.

Then from the centre of the flame  
 Was heard a broken prayer ;  
 And lo ! a shriek, as dagger keen,  
 Assailed the listening ear ;  
 Then one poor burning hand appeared,  
 Upraised, and beckoning there. .

Then close above their guilty heads  
 A lark appeared to rise !  
 Was it the sinner's pleading soul  
 That went up to the skies,  
 High, high above the cursèd blaze,  
 And sea of brutal eyes ?

They fled, the frightened, cruel folk,  
 Nor lit that fire again ;  
 'T was a cruel deed, and only sweet  
 To the bigot's darkened brain.  
 God pardon all their ignorance  
 Forever and amen !

### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
 And fiery hearts and armed hands  
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah ! never shall the land forget  
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—  
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
 Upon the soil they fought to ~~ave~~ live.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still ;  
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
 And talk of children on the hill,  
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ;  
 Men start not at the battle-cry ;—  
 O ! be it never heard again !



Soon rested those who fought ; but thou  
 Who minglest in the harder strife  
 For truths which men receive not now,  
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long  
 Through weary day and weary year ;  
 A wild and many-weaponed throng  
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
 And blench not at thy chosen lot ;  
 The timid good may stand aloof,  
 The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,—  
 The eternal years of God are hers ;  
 But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
 And dies among his worshippers.

## THE GRAND MARCH.

COLE.

MARCH,—march,—march !  
 Making sounds as they tread,  
 Ho—ho ! how they step,  
 Going down to the dead !  
 Every stride, every tramp,  
 Every footfall is nearer ;  
 And dimmer each lamp,  
 As darkness grows drearer ;  
 But ~~how~~ how they march,  
 Making sounds as they tread,  
 Ho—ho ! how they step,  
 Going down to the dead !

March,—march,—march !  
 Making sounds as they tread,  
 Ho—ho ! how they laugh,  
 Going down to the dead !  
 How they whirl,—how they trip,  
 How they smile, how they dally,

How blithesome they skip,  
 Going down to the valley !  
 'O — ho ! how they march,  
 Making sounds as they tread ;  
 Ho — ho ! how they skip,  
 Going down to the dead !

March,— march,— march !  
 Earth groans as they tread !  
 Each carries a skull,  
 Going down to the dead !  
 Every stride, every stamp,  
 Every footfall is bolder ;  
 'T is a skeleton's tramp,  
 With a skull on his shoulder !  
 But, ho ! how he struts  
 With a high-tossing head,  
 That clay-covered bone,  
 Going down to the dead !

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### THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.\*

WM. B. FOWLE.

FAMINE within the walls, a foeman at the gates,  
 But death more dreaded far the pent-up victim waits ;  
 Pale woman shrinks in terror before the Moslem cry,  
 And hope in man has perished ;— the rescue is — to die.

The foeman's cannon thunder, but silent is their own ;  
 The Sepoys' lust and rapine to hellish madness grown,  
 Had made resistance useless, and hearts, that never  
     quailed  
 Before the human tigers, from inanition failed.

\* During the attempt of the Sepoys, or native troops, in 1858, to recover Hindoostan from the British, the city of Lucknow was surprised, and those English residents who were not massacred were obliged to take refuge in a small fort with the garrison. The fort was surrounded by the enraged Sepoys, who kept up a constant fire, night and day, for several weeks, until food and powder failed the brave defenders of the fort, and another day's resistance seemed impossible, when the gallant Highlanders cut a passage through the besieging army, entered the little fort, and triumphantly carried off all their friends in safety.

The mines were charged with powder, and scanty the  
supply,  
That rather than admit the foe should blow all to the sky.  
Wives bade adieu to husbands, and mothers kissed the  
cheek  
Of children with an agony no utterance could speak.

Fair maidens, still as statues, and white as driven snow,  
Resigned, on loving bosoms leant, await the final blow;—  
That blow whose only mercy was, that hearts, endeared  
by woe,  
Should not be severed by the stroke, but up together go.

Just then a maid of Scotia, who on the ground was lain,  
Started as from a mortal trance, and with a maniac strain,  
So shrill and wild midst thunder it roused the dying ear,  
“Dinna ye hear it? God aboon! The pibroch! They  
are here!”

The doomed ones start with pity, and deem the girl dis-  
traught;  
But, laying close her ear to earth, a second strain she  
caught;—  
“Dinna ye hear?” she cried; “’tis they! I know the  
slogan well,—  
The Campbells, they are coming!—God!”—and on the  
ground she fell.

Dead silence reigned a moment then, the cannon’s mouth  
was dumb,  
And on the breeze they hear the note of Scotia’s war-  
charge come;  
They know it well, they hear the shout, the clash of arms,  
the blow;  
The Highlanders, an avalanche, are bearing down the foe.  
No mortal could withstand that shock,—the Sepoys fell  
like grass  
Before the unsparing scythe, and on the avenging saviors  
pass.  
The pipes struck up the “tune of tunes,” and every soul  
was stirred,  
“*Should auld acquaintance be forgot*” the new, life-giving  
word

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